

THE
WORKS
OF

SHAKESPEARE,

From Mr. *POPE*'s EDITION.

VOLUME the EIGHTH.

CONTAINING,

CORIOLANUS.

JULIUS CESAR.

ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA.

CYMBELINE.



BIRMINGHAM:

Printed and sold by ROBERT MARTIN; and by R. GOADBY, in
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MDCCLXVIII.

THE
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VOLUME FIFTH

CONTAINING

Coriolanus.
Julius Cæsar.
Antony and Cleopatra.
Cymbeline.



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MDCCLXXIII.



C. M A R C I U S

C O R I O L A N U S .





Dramatis Personæ.

CAIUS Marcius Coriolanus, *a noble Roman,
hated by the common People.*

Titus Lartius, }
Cominius, }
 *Generals against the Volscians,
 and Friends to Coriolanus.*

Menenius Agrippa, *Friend to Coriolanus.*

Sicinius Velutus, }
Junius Brutus, }
 *Tribunes of the People, and ene-
 mies to Coriolanus.*

Tullus Aufidius, *General of the Volscians.*

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Young Marcius, Son to Coriolanus.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

Volumnia, *Mother to Coriolanus.*

Virgilia, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

Valeria, *Friend to Virgilia.*



*Roman and Volscian Senators, Ædiles, Licitors, Soldiers,
Common People, Servants to Aufidius,
and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE is partly in Rome; and partly in the
Territories of the Volscians, and Antiates.*

CORIO LANUS.



C O R I O L A N U S.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A Street in ROME.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 CITIZEN.

BEFORE we proceed any farther, hear me speak.
All. Speak, speak.

1 *Cit.* You are all resolv'd rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1 *Cit.* First, you know, *Caius Marcius* is the chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have Corn at our own price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't, let't be done; away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good Citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor Citizens; the Patricians, good: what Authority surfeits on, would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely: but they think, we are too dear; the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Rakes: for the Gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against *Caius Marcius*.

A 3

All.

All. Against him first: he's a very dog to the Commonalty.

2 Cit. Consider you, what services he has done for his Country!

1 Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't; but that he pays himself with being proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end; though soft conscienc'd Men can be content to say, it was for his Country; he did it to please his Mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: you must in no ways say, he is covetous.

1 Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are those? the other side o' th' City is risen; why stay we prating here? To the Capitol——

All. Come, come.

1 Cit. Soft——who comes here?

S C E N E II.

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 Cit. **W**ORTHY *Menenius Agrippa*; one that hath always lov'd the People.

1 Cit. He's one honest enough; 'would, all the rest were so!

Men. What Work's, my Countrymen, in hand? where go you

With bats and clubs? the matter—Speak, I pray you.

2 Cit. Our business is not unknown to the Senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds: they say, poor Suiters have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too. *Men.*

CORIO LANUS.

7

Men. Why, Masters, my good Friends, mine honest Neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, Friends, most charitable care
Have the Patricians of you: For your wants,
Your sufferings in this Dearth, you may as well
Strike at the Heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the *Roman State*; whose Course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand Curbs
Of more strong Links asunder, than can ever
Appear in your Impediment. For the Dearth,
The Gods, not the Patricians, make it; and
Your Knees to them (not Arms) must help. Alack,
You are transported by Calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander
The Helms o' th' State, who care for you like Fathers,
When you curse them as Enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us!—true, indeed!—they
ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their
Store-houses cramm'd with grain: make Edicts for
Usury, to support Usurers; repeal daily any whole-
some Act established against the Rich, and provide
more piercing Statutes daily to chain up and restrain
the Poor. If the Wars eat us not up, they will; and
there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wond'rous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty Tale, (it may be, you have heard it;)
But, since it serves my purpose I will venture
* To scale't a little more.

2 *Cit.* Well,

* To scale't a little more] Thus all the Editions as Mr. *Theobald* confesses, who alters it to *state't*. And for a good Reason, *because he can find no Sense* (he says) *in the common Reading*. For as good a Reason, I who can, have restor'd the old one to its Place. *To scale't* signifying to weigh, examine and apply it.

Warb.

I'll hear it, Sir——yet you must not think
To fob off our disgraces with a Tale:
But, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members

Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it;
That only, like a Gulf, it did remain
I' th' midst o' th' body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the Viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where th' other instruments

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite, and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd——

2 Cit. Well; Sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—
(For look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak) it tauntingly reply'd
To th' discontented Members, th' mutinous Parts,
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly,
As you malign our Senators, for that
They are not such as you——

2 Cit. Your belly's answer——what!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Or steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter;
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they——

Men. What then?—'Fore me, this fellow speaks.
What then? what then?

2 Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' th' body,——

Men. Well,——what then?

2 Cit. The former Agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you,

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience, a while; you'll hear the belly's answer.

2 *Cit.* Y'are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good Friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash, like his accusers; and thus answer'd;
True is it, my incorporate Friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body. But, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the Court, the Heart; to th' seat o'th' brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live. And tho' that all at once,
You, my good Friends, (this says the belly) mark
me——

2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flow'r of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

2 *Cit.* It was an answer;——how apply you this?

Men. The Senators of *Rome* are this good belly,
And you the mutinous Members; for examine
Their Counsels, and their Cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o'th' Common; you shall find,
No public benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves. What do you think?
You, the great toe of this Assembly!——

2 *Cit.* I the great toe! why, the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o' th' lowest, basest,
poorest,

Of this most wise Rebellion, thou goest foremost:

Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first, to win some 'vantage.—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs,
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle :
The one side must have bale.

S C E N E III.

Enter Caius Marcius.

Hail, noble *Marcius* !

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter, you dissentious
rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs ?

2 Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will
flatter

Beneath abhorring. What would you have, ye Curs,
That likes not peace, nor war ? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares :
Where foxes, geese : You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the Sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice, did it. Who deserves Great-
ness,

Deserves your Hate ; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most That
Which would encrease his evil. He, that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye——
trust ye !

With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble, that was now your hate ;
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in the several places of the City
You cry against the noble Senate, who
(Under the Gods) keep you in awe, which else

Would

Would feed on one another? what's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates, whereof they say,
The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em: they say!——
They'll sit by th' fire, and perfume to know
What's done i' th' Capitol; who's like to rise;
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and
give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feeble such, as stand not in their Liking,
Below their cobled shoes. They say, there's Grain
enough!

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd Slaves, as high
As I could pitch my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded:
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd; hang 'em,
They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth Proverbs;
That *hunger broke stone walls*—that *dogs must eat*,—
That *meat was made for mouths*—that *the Gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only*—With these shreds
They vented their complainings: which being an-
swer'd,

And a Petition granted them, a strange one,
To break the heart of Generosity,
And make bold Power look pale; they threw their
caps.

As they would hang them on the horns o'th' Moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five Tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice. One's *Junius Brutus*,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not — s' death,
The rabble should have first unroof'd the City,

Ere so prevail'd with me ! it will in time
Win upon Power, and throw forth greater themes
For Insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments !

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's *Caius Marcius* ?

Mar. Here——what's the matter ?

Mes. The news is, Sir, the *Volscians* are in arms.

Mar. I'm glad on't, then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity. See, our best Elders——

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, Cominius,
Titus Lartius, with other Senators.*

1 *Sen.* **M**ARCIOUS, 'tis true, that you have lately
told us,

The *Volscians* are in arms.

Mar. They have a Leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.

I sin in envying his Nobility :

And were I any thing but what I am,
I'd wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together ?

Mar. Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he
Upon my Party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him. He is a lion,
That I am proud to hunt.

1 *Sat.* Then, worthy *Marcius*,
Attend upon *Cominius* to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is ;

And I am constant : *Titus Lartius*, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at *Tullus*' face,
What, art thou stiff ? stand'st out ?

Tit. No, *Caius Marcius*,

T'll

I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t'other;
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O true bred!

1 Sen. Your company to th' Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest Friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on;
Follow, *Cominius*; we must follow you;
Right worthy you Priority.

Com. Noble *Lartius*——

1 Sen. Hence to your homes——be gone,
[*To the Citizens.*]

Mar. Nay, let them follow;
The *Volsians* have much Corn: take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners. Worshipful Mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth; pray follow——

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Citizens steal away. Manent Sicinius and Brutus.*]

Sic. Was ever man so proud, as is this *Marcus*?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen Tribunes for the
People——

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the
Gods——

Sic. Be-mock the modest Moon——

Bru. The present wars devour him! He is grown
Too proud, to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon; but I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under *Cominius*.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A Place below the first; for what miscarries
Shall be the General's fault, though he perform

To

To the utmost of a man ; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of *Marcus* : oh, if he
Had borne the business——

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on *Marcus* : shall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius*.

Bru. Come,
Half all *Cominius*' Honours are to *Marcus*,
Though *Marcus* earn'd them not ; and all his faults
To *Marcus* shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made ; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to Corioli.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Senators of Corioli.

Sen. **S**O, your opinion is, *Aufidius*,
That they of *Rome* are entred in our Counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours ?

Whatever hath been thought on in this State,
That could be brought to bodily act, ere *Rome*
Had circumvention ? 'tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence—these are the words—I think,
I have the letter here ; yes—here it is ;
They have prest a Power, but it is not known

[*Reading.*]

Whether for East or West ; the Dearth is great,
The People mutinous ; and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, *Marcus* your old enemy,
(Who is of *Rome* worse hated than of you)
And *Titus Lartius*, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation

Whither

Whither 'tis bent—most likely, 'tis for you :
Consider of it.

1 *Sen.* Our Army's in the Field :
We never yet made doubt, but *Rome* was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd 'till when [ing,
They needs must shew themselves; which in the hatch-
It seem'd, appear'd to *Rome*. By the discovery
We shall be shortned in our aim, which was
To take in many Towns, ere (almost) *Rome*
Should know we were a-foot.

Sen. Noble *Aufidius*,
Take your Commission, hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard *Corioli*;
If they set down before's, 'fore they remove
Bring up your Army: but, I think, you'll find,
They've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that,
I speak from certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their Power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your Honours.
If We and *Caius Marcius* chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
'Till one can do no more.

All. The Gods assist you !

Auf. And keep your Honours safe !

1 *Sen.* Farewel.

2 *Sen.* Farewel.

All. Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Changes to Caius Marcius's House in Rome.

*Enter Volumnia and Virgilia; they sit down on two low
stools, and sew.*

Vil. I Pray you, Daughter, sing, or express yourself
in a more comfortable sort: if my Son were
my

my Husband, I would freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only Son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of Kings' entreaties, a Mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I, considering how Honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by th' wall, if Renown made it not stir, was pleas'd to let him seek Danger where he was like to find Fame: to a cruel war I sent him, from whence he return'd, his brows bound with Oak. I tell thee, Daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a Man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, Madam; how then?

Vol. Then his good Report should have been my Son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen Sons each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good *Marcus*, I had rather eleven die nobly for their Country, than one volumptuously surfeit, out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady *Valeria* is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, thou shalt not:

Methinks, I hither hear your Husband's Drum:
I see him pluck *Aufidius* down by th' hair:
(As children from a bear) the *Volscei* shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus—and call thus—
Come on, ye cowards, ye were got in fear,
Though ye were born in *Rome*; his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a harvest man, that's talk'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir.

Vir. His bloody brow! oh, *Jupiter*, no blood!—

Vol. Away, you fool; it more becomes a man,
Than Gilt his trophy. The breast of *Hecuba*,
When she did suckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier
Than *Hector*'s forehead, when it spit forth blood
At *Grecian* swords contending; tell *Valeria*,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit. Gent.*]

Vir. Heav'n's blefs my Lord from fell *Aufidius*!

Vol. He'll beat *Aufidius*' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria with an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies Both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam —

Vir. I am glad to see your Ladyship —

Val. How do you both? you are manifest House-keepers. What are you sewing here? a fine spot, in good faith. How does your little Son?

Vir. I thank your Ladyship: well, good Madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum,
than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the Father's Son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd on him o' *Wednesday* half an hour together—h'as such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; and caught it again; or whether his Fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and did tear it; oh, I warrant, how he mammoct it!

Vol. One of's Father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble Child.

Vir. A crack, Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your Stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good Madam, I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not over the threshold, 'till my Lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another *Penelope*; yet they say, all the yarn, she spun in *Ulysses's* absence, did but fill *Ithaca* full of moths. Come, I would, your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good Madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me, and I'll tell you excellent news of your Husband.

Vir. Oh, good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, Madam —

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a Senator speak it. Thus it is — The *Volsicians* have an army forth, against whom *Cominius* the General is gone, with one part of our Roman Power. Your Lord and *Titus Lartius* are set down before their City *Corioli*; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on my honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good Madam, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, Lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would: fare you well, then. Come, good sweet Lady. Pr'ythee, *Virgilia*, turn thy Solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, Madam; indeed, I must not.

I wish

I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Walls of Corioli.

Enter Marcius, Titus Lartius, with Captains and Soldiers: To them a Messenger.

Mar. **Y**ONDER comes news: a wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our General met the enemy?

Mes. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll not sell, nor give him: lend him you, I will,

For half an hundred years: Summon the Town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mes. Within a mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their larum, and they ours.

Now, *Mars*, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with smoaking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded Friends! Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a Parley. Enter two Senators with others on the Walls.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your Walls?

1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little: hark, our drums

[*Drum afar off.*]

Are bringing forth our Youth: we'll break our Walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our Gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off

[*Alarm, far off.*]

There

There is *Aufidius*. List, what work he makes
Among your cloven army.

Mar. Oh, they are at it!——

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho!

Enter the Volscians.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their City.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave

Titus,

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts;
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on my
fellows;

He that retires, I'll take him for a *Volscian*,
And he shall feel mine edge.

[*Alarm; the Romans beat back to their Trenches.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Re-enter Marcius.

Mar. **A**LL the Contagion of the South light on
you,

You shames of *Rome*, you!——herds of boils and
plagues

Plaister you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile!——you souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From Slaves, that apes would beat? *Pluto* and *Hell*!
All hurt behind, backs red, and faces pale,
With flight, and agued fear! mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of Heaven, I'll leave the Foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't, come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another Alarm, and Marcius follows them to the gates.

So now the gates are ope: now prove good seconds;
'Tis

'Tis for the followers, fortune widens them;
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the gates, and is shut in.*

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness, not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in.

[*Alarm continues.*

All. To th' pot, I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of *Marcus*?

All. Slain, Sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapt to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the City.

Lart. Oh, noble fellow!

Who, sensible, out-does his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up: thou art left, *Marcus*—
A carbuncle intire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to *Cato's* wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes, but with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Enter Marcus bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1 *Sol.* Look, Sir.—

Lart. O, 'tis *Marcus*.

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the City.*

Enter certain Romans with Spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't, I took this for silver.

[*Alarm continues still afar off.*

Enter

Enter Marcius and Titus Lartius, with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these Movers, that do prize their honours

At a crack'd drachm: cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up; down with them;
And hark, what noise the General makes!—to him;—
There is the man of my soul's hate, *Aufidius*,
Piercing our *Romans*: then, valiant *Titus*, take
Convenient numbers to make good the City;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help *Cominius*.

Lart. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood, I drop, is rather physical
Than dangerous to me.

T' *Aufidius* thus I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair Goddess Fortune
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! bold gentleman!
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less,
Than those she placeth highest! so, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest *Marcius*.
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place,
Call thither all the officers o'th' town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

Changes to the Roman Camp.

Enter Cominius retreating, with Soldiers.

Com. **B**REATHE you, my friends; well fought;
we are come off

Like

CORIO LANUS.

23

Like *Romans*, neither foolish in our Stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: Believe me, Sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts, we have heard
The Charges of our friends. * *Ye Roman Gods*,
Lead their successes, as we wish our own; [ring,
That both our Powers, with smiling fronts encount-
May give you thankful sacrifice! Thy news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The citizens of *Corioli* have issued,
And given to *Lartius* and to *Marcus* battle.
I saw our Party to the trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Tho' thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't
since?

Mes. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly, we heard their drums,
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring the news so late?

Mes. Spies of the *Volsicians*:
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, Sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcus.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were fle'd? O Gods!
He has the stamp of *Marcus*, and I have
Before time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a
tabor,

*—THE Roman Gods &c.

This is an Address and Invocation to them, therefore we should
read,

—Ye Roman Gods.

More

More than I know the sound of *Marcus'* tongue
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. Oh! let me clip ye
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward.

Com. Flower of Warriors,
How is't with *Titus Lartius*?

Mar. As with a man busied about Decrees;
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening th' other;
Holding *Corioli* in the name of *Rome*,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me, they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague! Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shun'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' th' field?
If not, why cease you 'till you are so?

Com. *Marcus*, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? know you on what
side
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, *Marcus*,
Their bands i'th vaward are the *Antiates*
Of their best trust: o'er them *Aufidius*,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By th' blood we've shed together, by the Vows
We've made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against *Aufidius*, and his *Antiates*;
And that you not delay the present, but
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.——

Com. Though I could wish,
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those,
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they,
That most are willing; If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this Painting,
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Less for his person than an ill report:
If any think, brave death out-weighs bad life,
And that his Country's dearer than himself,
Let him, alone, (or many, if so minded)
Wave thus, t' express his disposition,
And follow *Marcus*.

*They all shout, and wave their swords, take him up
in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

Oh! me alone, make you a sword of me:
If these shews be not outward, which of you
But is four *Volscians*? none of you, but is
Able to bear against the great *Aufidius*
A shield as hard as his. A certain number
(Tho' thanks to all) must I select from all:
The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd; please you to march,
And four shall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E X.

Changes to CORIOLI.

Titus Lartius *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius; Enter with a lieutenant, other soldiers, and a scout.*

Lart. **S**O, let the Ports be guarded; keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send,
dispatch

Those Centries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding; if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, Sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon's:
Our guider, come! to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt,*

S C E N E XI.

Changes to the Roman Camp.

Alarm, as in battle. Enter Marcius and Aufidius,
at several doors.

Mar. **I**'LL fight with none but thee, for I do hate
thee

Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike:

Not *Afric* owns a serpent I abhor

More than thy Fame, and envy; fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the Gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,

Halloo me like a Hare.

Mar. Within three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,

And

And made what work I pleas'd: 'tis not my blood,
Wherein thou see'st me mask'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to th' highest.

Auf. Wert thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou should'st not 'scape me here.

[Here they fight, and certain Volscians come to the aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights, 'till they be driven in breathless.]

Officious, and not valliant!—you have sham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.

Flourish. Alarm. A retreat is sounded. Enter at one door, Cominius with the Romans; at another door, Marcius, with his arm in a scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where Senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great Patricians shall attend and shrug;
I' th' end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull
Tribunes,

That with the fusty Plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—We thank the Gods,
Our *Rome* hath such a soldier!—
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus Lartius with his Power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O General,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld——

Mar. Pray now, no more: my Mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me:
I have done as you have done; that's, what I can:
Induc'd, as you have been; that's for my Country;
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be

The Grave of your deserving : *Rome* must know
The value of her own : 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your Doings ; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest : therefore, I beseech you,
In sign of what you are, (not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remembred.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death : Of all the horses,
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store, of all
The treasure in the field atchiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, General :
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe, to pay my sword : I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

*A long flourish. They all cry, Marcius, Marcius !
cast up their caps and launces : Cominius and
Lartius stand bare.* [sane,

Mar. May these same instruments, which you pro-
Never found more ! when drums and trumpets shall
* I' th' field prove flatterers, let camps, as cities,

* *I, th' field, prove flatterers, let Courts and Cities
Be made all of false-fac'd soothing.
When Steel grows soft as the parasite's Silk,
Let him be made an overture for th' wars : —] All here is miser-
ably corrupt and disjointed. We should read the whole thus,
I th' field, prove flatterers, let Camps, as Cities,
Be made of false-fac'd soothing ! When Steel grows
Soft as the Parasite's Silk, let Hymns be made
An overture for th' Wars ! —*

*Warb.
Be*

Be made of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let Hymns be made
An overture for th' wars!—No more, I say;
For that I have not wash'd my Nose that bled,
Or soil'd some debile wretch, which, without note
Here's many else have done; you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd, my little should be dieted
In praises fauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you:

More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us, that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles;
Then reason safely with you: therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that *Caius Marcius*
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the Camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before *Corioli*, call him,
With all th' applause and clamour of the Host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus. Bear th' addition nobly
ever. [*Flourish. Trumpets sound and drums.*]

Omnes. *Caius Marcius Coriolanus!*

Mar. I will go wash:

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no. Howbeit, I thank you.
I mean to stride your Steed, and at all time
To undercrest your good Addition,
To th' fairness of my Power.

Com. So, to our tent:

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To *Rome* of our success: you, *Titus Lartius*,
Must to *Corioli* back; send us to *Rome*
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Mar. The Gods begin to mock me:

I, that but now refus'd most princely gifts,
Am bound to beg of my lord General.

Com. Take't, 'tis yours: what is't?

Mar. I sometime lay here in *Corioli*,
At a poor man's house: he us'd me kindly.
He cry'd to me: I saw him prisoner:
But then *Aufidius* was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor Host Freedom.

Com. O well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind: deliver him, *Titus*.

Lart. *Marcus*, his name?

Mar. By *Jupiter*, forgot:—

I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd:
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent;
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XII.

Changes to the Camp of the Volsci.

A Flourish. *Cornet.* Enter *Tullus Aufidius* bloody,
with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. **T**HE town is ta'en.

Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good
condition.

Auf. Condition!

I would, I were a *Roman*; for I cannot,
Being a *Volscian*, be that I am. Condition?
What good condition can a treaty find
I' th' part that is at mercy? Five times, *Marcus*,
I have fought with thee, so often hast thou beat me:
And would'st do so, should we encounter
As often as we eat. By th' Elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,

He's

He's mine, or I am his: mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True Sword to Sword; I'll potch at him some way,
Or wrath, or craft may get him.

Sol. He's the Devil.

Auf. Bolder, tho' not so subtle: my valour (poi-
son'd,

With only suffering stain by him) for him
Shall fly out of itself: not sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor sane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Enbarrments all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to *Marcus*. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable Canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th' city;
Learn, how 'tis held: and what they are, that must
Be hostages for *Rome*.

Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove. I pray you,
(Tis South the city-mills) bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

Sol. I shall, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I

R O M E.

Enter Menenius, with Sicinius and Brutus.

M E N E N I U S.

THE Augur tells me, we shall have news to
night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men.

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not *Marcus*.

Sic. Nature teaches Beasts to know their friends.

Man. Pray you, whom does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him, as the hungry *Plebeians* would the noble *Marcus*.

Bru. He's a lamb, indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You are two old men, tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, Sir;—

Men. In what enormity is *Marcus* poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now; do you two know how you are censur'd here in the city, I mean of us o' th' right hand file, do you?

Bru. Why,—how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talk of pride now, will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, Sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience:—give your despositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so:—you blame *Marcus* for being proud.

Bru. We do it not alone, Sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single; your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride—oh, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! Oh, that you could!

Bru.

Bru. What then, Sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, *alias*, fools, as any in *Rome*.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous Patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying *Tiber* in't: said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; hasty and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you *Lycurgusses*) if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say, your Worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and tho' I must be content to bear with those, that say, you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell you, you have good faces; if you see this in the map of my microscop, follows it, that I am known well enough too? what harm can your *bisson C o - spectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, Sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing; you are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you were out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a Cause between an orange-wife and a fofset-feller, and then adjourn a controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. — When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the colic, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: all

* *bisson*. (blind) spelt right by Mr. *Theobald*.

the

the peace you make in their cause, is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter gyber of the Table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are; when you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a Grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be intomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, *Marcus* is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since *Deucalion*; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good-e'en to your Worshipps; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of beastly Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Brutus and Sicinius stand aside.*]

S C E N E II.

As Menenius is going out, Enter Valumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now my (as fair as noble) ladies, and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler; whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable *Menenius*, my boy *Marcus* approaches: for the love of *Juno*, let's go.

Men. Ha! *Marcus* coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy *Menenius*, and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my Cup, *Jupiter*, and I thank thee—hoo, *Marcus* coming home!

Both. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look here's a letter from him, the State hath another, his wife, another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men.

Men. I will make my very house reel to night: A letter for me!

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you, I saw't.

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician; the most sovereign prescription in *Galen* is but *Emperic*, and to this preservative of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. Oh, no, no, no.

Vol. Oh, he is wounded, I thank the Gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if he be not too much; brings a' victory in his pocket? the wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, *Menenius*; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Hath he disciplin'd *Aufidius* soundly?

Vol. *Titus Lartius* writes, they fought together, but *Aufidius* got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: if he had staid by him, I would not have been so *fidius'd* for all the chests in *Corioli*, and the gold that's in them. Is the Senate possest of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes: the Senate has letters from the General, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The Gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, waw.—

Men. True? I'll be sworn, they are true. Where is he wounded?—God save your good Worships; *Marcus* is coming home; he has more cause to be proud:—where is he wounded? [*To the Tribunes.*]

Vol. I' th' shoulder, and i' th' left arm; there will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand

stand for his place. He receiv'd in the repulse of *Tarquin* seven hurts i' th' body.

Men. One i' th' neck, and one too i' th' thigh; there's nine, that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty five wounds upon him.

Men. Now 'tis twenty seven; every gash was an enemy's Grave. Hark; the trumpets.

[A shout and flourish.]

Vol. These are the ushers of *Marcus*; before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears: Death, that dark Spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie; Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

S C E N E III.

Trumpets sound. Enter *Cominius the General*, and *Titus Lartius*; between them *Coriolanus* crown'd with an oaken garland, with *Captains and soldiers*, and a herald.

Her. **K** NOW, Rome, that all alone *Marcus* did fight Within *Corioli's* gates, where he hath won, With fame, a name to *Caius Marcus*.

Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*!

[Sound. Flourish.]

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart; Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your mother——

Cor. Oh!

You have, I know, petition'd all the Gods For my prosperity.

[Kneels.]

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up: My gentle *Marcus*, worthy *Caius*, and By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd, What is it, *Coriolanus*, must I call thee? But oh, thy wife——

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!

Would't

Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd
home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? ah, my Dear,
Such eyes the widows in *Corioli* wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the Gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet? O my sweet Lady, pardon.
[*To Valeria.*

Vol. I know not where to turn. O welcome home;
And welcome, General! y'are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh, I'm light and heavy!—wel-
come!

A curse begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to see thee.—You are three,
That *Rome* should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We've some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Welcome, Warriors!
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. *Menenius*, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours.

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good Patricians must be visited;
From whom I have received not only Greetings,
But, with them, Change of honours.

Vol. I have lived,
To see inherited my very wishes,
And buildings of my fancy; only one thing
Is wanting, which, I doubt not, but our *Rome*
Will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mother, I
Had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol.

Flourish. Cornets.

[*Exeunt in State, as before.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Brutus, and Sicinius, come forward.

Bru. **A**LL tongues speak of him, and the bleared
 fights
 Are spectacled to see him. Your prating nurse
 Into a rapture lets her Baby cry,
 While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
 Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck, [dows,
 Clambring the walls to eye him; stalls, bulk, win-
 Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
 With variable complexions; all agreeing
 In earnestness to see him: seld-shown *Flamins*
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
 To win a vulgar station; our veil'd dames
 Commit the Ware of white and damask, in
 Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to th' wanton spoil
 Of *Phæbus*' burning kisses; such a pothor,
 As if that whatsoever God, who leads him,
 Were silyly crept into his human powers,
 And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
 I warrant him Consul.

Bru. Then our Office may,
 During his Power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temp'rately transport his honours,
 From where he should begin and end, but will
 Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In That there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not,
 The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they,
 Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
 With the least cause, these his new honours; which
 That he will give, make I as little question
 As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear.
 Were he to stand for Consul, never would he
 Appear

Appear i'th' market-place, nor on him put
The napless Vesture of Humility;
Nor shewing, as the manner is, his wounds
To th' people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: oh, he would miss it, rather
Than' carry it, but by the suit o'th' Gentry,
And the desire o'th' Nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills,
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to's power he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their Pleaders, and
Disproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provender
Only for bearing burdens, and fore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time, when his soaring insolence
Shall reach the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep) will be the fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mes. You're sent for to the Capitol: 'tis thought,
That *Marcus* shall be Consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind

To

To hear him speak; the Matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and Maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd; the Nobles bended,
As to *Jove's* Statue; and the Commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol,
And carry with us ears and eyes for th' time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Changes to the Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

1 *Off.* **C**OME, come, they are almost here; how
many stand for Consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say; but 'tis thought of every
one, *Coriolanus* will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave Fellow, but he's vengeance
proud, and loves not the common People.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great Men that
have flatter'd the People, who ne'er lov'd them; and
there be many that they have loved, they know not
wherefore; so that, if they love they know not why,
they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for
Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate
him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their dis-
position, and out of his noble carelessness lets them
plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love
or no, he wou'd indifferently 'twixt doing them
neither good, nor harm: but he seeks their hate
with greater devotion than they can render it him;
and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover
him their opposite. Now to seem to affect the
malice and displeasure of the People, is as bad as
That,

That, which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his Country: and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who have been supple and courteous to the People; bonnetted, without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice; that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from ev'ry ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him, he is a worthy Man: make way, they are coming.

S C E N E VI.

Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Licitors before them; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Consul: Sicinius and Brutus take their places by themselves.

Men. **H**AVING determin'd of the *Volcians*, and To send for *Titus Lartius*, it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratify his noble service; that Hath thus stood for his Country. Therefore, please you, Most reverend and grave Elders, to desire The present Consul, and last General, In our well-found successes, to report A little of that worthy Work perform'd By *Caius Marcius Coriolanus*; whom We met here, both to thank, and to remember With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good *Cominius*; Leave nothing out for length, and make us think, Rather our State's defective for requital, Than we to stretch it out. Masters o'th' People,

We

We do request your kindest ear; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common Body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing Treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The Theme of our Assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the People, than
He hath hitherto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off:
I would, you rather had been silent: please you
To hear *Cominius* speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your People,
But tye him not to be their bed-fellow:
Worthy *Cominius*, speak.

[*Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.*

Nay, keep your place.

Sen. Sit, *Coriolanus*; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done,

Cor. Your honours' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say, how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench'd you not?

Cor. No, Sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh——

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' th'
Sun,
When the Alarm were struck, than idly sit
To hear my Nothings monster'd. [*Exit Coriolanus.*

Men.

Men. Masters of the People,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
That's thousand to one good one? when you see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of's ears to hear't. Proceed, *Cominius*.

Com. I shall lack voice: the Deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the Haver: if it be,
The Man, I speak of, cannot in the world
Be singly counter-pois'd. At sixteen years,
When *Tarquin* made a head for *Rome*, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his *Amazonian* chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-prest *Roman*, and i' th' Consul's view
Slew three Opposers: *Tarquin's* self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the Woman in the Scene,
He prov'd th' best Man i' th' field, and for his meed
Was brow bound with the oak. His pupil-age
Man-entred thus, he waxed like a Sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurcht all swords o' th' garland. For this last,
Before and in *Corioli*, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopt the fliers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport. As waves before
A vessel under sail, so Men obey'd,
And fell below his stern: his sword, (death's stamp)
Where it did mark: it took from face to foot:
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal Gate o' th' City, which he painted
With shunless destiny: aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet. Nor all's this;

For

For by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense, when straight his doubled spirit
Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil; and 'till we call'd
Both Field and City ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy Man!

1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the Honours,
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o'th' world: he covets less
Than Misery itself would give, rewards
His deeds with doing them * and is content
To spend his time—

Men. To end it, He's right Noble.
Let him be called for.

Sen. Call *Coriolanus*.

Off. He doth appear.

Enter Coriolanus.

Men. The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd
To make thee Consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to th' People.

Cor. I beseech you,
Let me o'er-leap that Custom; for I cannot

* *Com.*———*and is content*

To spend his Time to end it.

Men. *He's right noble.*] The last Words of *Cominius's* Speech
are altogether unintelligible. *Shakespeare*, I suppose, wrote the
Passage thus,

———*and is content*

To spend his Time———

Men. To end it, He's right noble.

Warb.

Put

Put on me the Gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wound's sake, to give their suffrages :
Please you, that I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the People must have their voices,
Nor will they bate one jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't : pray, fit you to the Custom,
And take t'ye, as your Predecessors have,
Your Honour with your form.

Cor. It is a Part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the People.

Bru. Mark you That?

Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did,—and thus,—
Shew them th' unaking scars, which I would hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only——

Men. Do not stand upon't :——
We recommend t'ye', Tribunes of the People,
Our purpose to them, and to our noble Consul
With we all joy and honour.

Sen. To *Coriolanus* come all joy and honour !
[*Flourish Cornet. Then Exeunt.*]

Manent Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You see, how he intends to use the People.

Sic. May they perceive's intent ! he will require
As if he did contemn what he requested [them,
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here : on th' market place,
I know, they do attend us. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

Changes to the Forum.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

Cit. **O**NCE, if he do require our voices, we
ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* We may, Sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have Power in ourselves to do it, but it is a Power that we have no Power to do; for if he shews us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them: so, if he tells us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous; and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being Members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous Members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when We stood up about the Corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed Monster.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald; but that our wits are so diversly colour'd; and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, they would fly East, West, North, South; and their consent of one direct way would be at once to all Points o'th' Compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a Wife.

1 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks—you may, you may——

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? but that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the People, there was never a worthier Man.

Enter

Enter Coriolanus in a Gown with Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the Gown of Humility; mark his behaviour: we are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by one's, by two's, and by three's. He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh, Sir, you are not right; have you not known,

The worthiest Men have done't?

Cor. What must I say?

I pray, Sir,—plague upon't, I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace! Look, Sir,—my wounds—I got them in my Country's service, when Some certain of your Brethren roar'd, and ran From noise of our own drums.

Men. Oh me, the Gods!

You must not speak of that; you must desire them To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? hang 'em.

I would, they would forget me, like the Virtues Which our Divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all.

I'll leave you: pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you, In wholesome manner. *[Exit.]*

Citizens approach.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces, And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace: You know the cause, Sirs, of my standing here.

1 Cit. We do, Sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 Cit. Your own desert?

Cor.

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 Cit. How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, Sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the Poor with begging.

1 Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o'th' Consulship?

1 Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, Sir, I pray, let me ha't : I have wounds to shew you, which shall be yours in private : your good voice, Sir ; what say you?

2 Cit. You shall ha't, worthy Sir.

Cor. A match, Sir ; there's in all two worthy voices begg'd : I have your alms, adieu.

1 Cit. But this is something odd.

2 Cit. An 'twere to give again :—but 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt.*]

Two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be Consul, I have here the customary Gown.

1 Cit. You have deserved nobly of your Country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your ænigma.—

1 Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies ; you have been a rod to her friends ; you have not, indeed, loved the common People.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love : I will, Sir, flatter my sworn Brother, the People, to earn a dearer estimation of them ; 'tis a condition they account gentle : and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my cap than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly ; that is, Sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular Man, and give it bountifully to the Desires : therefore, beseech you, I may be Consul.

2 Cit.

2 *Cit.* We hope to find you our Friend ; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your Country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both. The Gods give you joy, Sir, heartily ! [*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices——

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire, which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish Gown should I stand here,
To beg of *Hob* and *Dick*, that do appear,
Their needful Vaucher ? Custom calls me to't —
What Custom wills in all things, should we do't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heapt,
For truth to o'er-peer.——Rather than fool it so,
Let the high Office and the Honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through ;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Three Citizens more.

Here come more voice,

Your voices——for your voices I have fought,
Watch'd for your voices ; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen and odd : battles thrice six
I've seen, and heard of : for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more :——your
voices : ——

Indeed, I would be Consul.

1 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be Consul, the Gods give him joy, and make him a good friend to the People.

All. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble Consul.
[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Worthy voices !

VOL. VIII.

C

Enter

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You've stood your limitation: and the Tribune,
Endue you with the people's voice. Remains,
That in th' official marks invested, you
Anon to meet the Senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The Custom of Request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the Senate-house?

Sic. There, *Coriolanus*.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, Sir.

[again,

Cor. That I'll straight do: and, knowing myself
Repair to th' Senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [Exeunt *Coriol.* and *Men.*

SCENE VIII.

He has it now, and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble Weeds: will you dismiss the people?

Enter Plebeians.

Sic. How now, my masters, have you chose this man?

1 Cit. He has our voices, Sir.

Bru. We pray the Gods, he may deserve our loves!

2 Cit. Amen, Sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 Cit. Certainly he flouted us down-right.

1 Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself but says,
He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's Country.

Sic.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no man saw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He said, he'd wounds, which he could shew
in private;

And with his cap, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be Consul, says he: aged Custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore: when we granted that,
Here was—I thank you for your voices—thank
you—

Your most sweet voices—now you have left your
voices,

I have nothing further with you. Wa'n't this
mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd; when he had no Power,
But was a petty servant to the State,
He was your enemy; still spake against
Your liberties, and charters that you bear
I'th' body of the weal: and now arriving
At place of potency, and sway o'th' State,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the Plebeians, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves. You should have said,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for; so his gracious Nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice tow'rs you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluckt
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature;

Which easily endures not article,
 Tying him to aught ; so putting him to rage,
 You should have ta'n th' advantage of his choler,
 And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
 He did solicit you in free contempt,
 When he did need your loves ? and do you think,
 That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
 When he hath power to crush ? why, had your bodies
 No heart among you ? or had you tongues, to cry
 Against the rectorship of judgment ?

Sic. Have you,
 Ere now, deny'd the asker ? and, now again
 On him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
 Your su'd-for tongues ?

3 Cit. He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 Cit. And will deny him :

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 Cit. I, twice five hundred, and their friends to
 piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
 They've chose a Consul that will from them take
 Their Liberties ; make them of no more voice
 Than dogs that are as often beat for barking,
 As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble ;
 And on a safer Judgment all revoke
 Your ignorant election : enforce his Pride,
 And his old hate to you : besides, forget not,
 With what contempt he wore the humble Weed :
 How in his suit he scorn'd you : but your loves,
 Thinking upon his services, took from you
 The apprehension of his present portance ;
 Which gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
 After th' inveterate hate he bears to you.

Bru. Nay, lay a fault on us, your Tribunes, that
 We labour'd (no impediment between).
 But that you must cast your election on him.

Sic

Sic. Say, you chose him, more after our commandment,

Than guided by your own affections;
And that your minds, pre-occupied with what
You rather must do, than what you should do,
Made you against the grain to voice him Consul.
Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not: say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his Country,
How long continued; and what stock he springs of,
The noble House of *Marcus*; from whence came
That *Ancus Marcus*, *Numa's* daughter's son,
Who, after great *Hostilius*, here was King:
Of the same house *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither.
And *Censorinus*, darling of the people,
(And nobly nam'd so for twice being Censor)
Was his great Ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances; but you have found,
Scaling his present Bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had don't,
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on;
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to th' Capitol.

All. We will so; almost all repent in their election.

[*Exeunt Plebeians.*]

Bru. Let them go on:
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay past doubt for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To th' Capitol, come;

We will be there before the stream o'th' people:
 And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
 Which we have goaded onward. [Exeunt.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

A public Street in Rome.

*Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius,
 Titus Lartius, and other Senators.*

C O R I O L A N U S.

TULLUS *Aufidius* then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which
 Our swifter composition. [caus'd

Cor. So then the *Volscians* stand but as at first,
 Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
 Upon's again.

Com. They're worn, Lord Consul, so,
 That we shall hardly in our ages see
 Their Banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you *Aufidius*?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me, and did curse
 Against the *Volcians*, for they had so vilely
 Yielded the Town; he is retir'd to *Antium*.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my Lord.

Cor. How?—what?—

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:
 That of all things upon the earth he hated
 Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes
 To hopeless restitution, so he might
 Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At *Antium* lives he?

Lart. At *Antium*.

Cor. I wish, I had a cause to seek him there;
 To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[To Lartius.

Enter

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Behold! these are the Tribunes of the people,
The tongues o'th' common mouth: I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Hah!——what is that!——

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on——no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the Nobles and the Commons?

Bur. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had childrens' voices?

Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to th' market place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? what are your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the Nobility:
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot;
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them *gratis*, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to Nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike, each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be Consul? by yond clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your Fellow-Tribune.

Sic. You shew too much of That,
For which the people stir; if you will pass
To where you're bound, you must enquire your way
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a Consul,
Nor yoke with him for Tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd.—Set on;—this
paltring

Becomes not *Rome*: nor has *Coriolanus*
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd Rub, laid falsely
I' th' plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again—

Men. Not now, not now.

Sen. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Cor. Now as I live, I will——

As for my nobler friends, I crave their pardons:
But for the mutable rank-scented Many,
Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,
And there behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plow'd for, sow'd and scat-
ter'd

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number:
Who lack not Virtue, no, nor Power, but that
Which we have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more—

Sen. No more words, we beseech you—

Cor. How!—no more!

As for my Country I have shed my blood,
 Not fearing outward force; so shall ~~my~~ lungs
 Coin words 'till their decay, against those measles,
 Which we disdain should tetter us, yet seek
 The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' th' people, as y^eu were a God
 To punish, not a man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well, we let the people know't.

Men. What, what! his choler?

Cor. Choler! were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
 By *Jove*, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind
 That shall remain a poison where it is,
 Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain?
 Hear you this *Triton* of the minnows? mark you
 His absolute *shall*?

Com. 'Twas from the canon.

Cor. *Shall*!—

O good, but most unwise Patricians, why,
 *You grave, but reckless Senators, have you thus
 Given *Hydra* here to chuse an officer,
 That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
 The horn and noise o' th' monsters, wants not spirit
 To say, he'll turn you current in a ditch,
 And make your channel his? If he have power,
 Then vail your ignorance; If none, awake
 Your dangerous lenity: if you are learned,
 Be not as common fools; if you are not,
 Let them have cushions by you. You're Plebeians,
 If they be Senators; and they are no less,
 When, both your vioces blended, the great'st taste
 Most palates theirs. They chuse their magistrate!
 And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
 His popular *shall*, against a graver Bench
 Than ever frown'd in *Greece*! By *Jove* himself,

* You grave, but Wreckless Senators,—] We should read,
 Reckless Senators,—— i. e. Careless.

It makes the Consuls base ; and my soul akes
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon Confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
The one by th' other.

Com. Well—On to th' market-place.

Cor. Who ever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' th' store-house, *gratis*, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in *Greece*——

Men. Well, well, no more of that. [Power :

Cor. Though there the People had more absolute
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the State.

Bru. Why shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice ?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthy than their voice. They know, the corn
Was not our recompence ; resting assur'd,
They ne'er did service for't ; being prest to th' war,
Even when the navel of the State was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates : this kind of service
Did not deserve corn *gratis* : Being i' th' war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
Most valour, spoke not for them. Th' accusation,
Which they have often made against the Senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then ?
How shall this Bosom-multiplied digest
The Senate's courtesy ? let deeds express,
What's like to be their words—*We did request it—
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.*—Thus we debase
The nature of our Seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears ; which will in time break ope
The locks o' th' Senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.——

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over measure.

Cor.

Cor. No, take more;

What may be sworn by. Both Divine and Human
Seal what I end withal--This double worship,
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of gen'ral ignorance, it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
T' unstable slightness; purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore beseech you,
(You that will be less fearful than discreet,
That love the fundamental part of State
More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To vamp a body with a dangerous physic,
That's sure of death without;) at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the State
Of that integrity which should become it:
Not having power to do the good it would,
For th' ill which doth controul it.

Bru. H'as said enough.

Sic. H'as spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! Despight o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To th' greater bench. In a Rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, it must be law,
And throw their Power i'th' dust.

Bru. Manifest treason——

Sic. This a Consul? no.

Bru. The *Ædiles*, ho! let him be apprehended.

[*Ædiles enter.*

Sic.

Sic. Go, call the people, in whose name myself
Attach thee as a traiterous innovator:
A foe to th' public weal. Obey, I charge thee.
And follow to thine answer. [*Laying hold on Cori.*

Cor. Hence, old goat!

All. We'll surety him.

Com. Ag'd Sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help me, citizens.

SCENE II.

Enter a Rabble of Plebeians, with the Ædiles.

Men. **O**N both sides, more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would take from you
all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.

All. Down with him, down with him!

2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus.*

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens—what ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

All. Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion's near, I cannot speak,—You Tribunes,
Coriolanus, patience; speak, *Sicinius*.

Sic. Hear me, people—peace.

All. Let's hear our Tribune; peace; speak, speak,
speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcus would have all from you: *Marcus*,
Whom late you nam'd for Consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie.

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

All. True, the people are the city.

Bru.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

All. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our Authority,
Or let us lose it; we do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' th' people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, *Marcus* is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold on him;
Bear him to th' rock *Tarpeian*, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. *Ædiles*, seize him.

All Ple. Yield, *Marcus*, yield.

Men. Hear me one word; 'beseech you, *Tribunes*,
hear me but a word——

Ædiles. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your Country's friends,
And temp'rately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous,
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands on him,
And bear him to the rock.

[*Coriolanus draws his sword.*]

Cor. No; I'll die here.
There's some among you have beheld me fighting,
Come, try upon yourselves, what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword; *Tribunes*, withdraw
a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help *Marcus*, help——you that be noble,
help him young and old.

All.

All. Down with him, down with him. [*Exeunt.*
[In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and
the people are beat in.

S C E N E III.

Men. **G**O, get you to your house; be gone, away,
 All will be nought else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

** Cor.* Stand fast, we have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to That?

Sen. The Gods forbid!

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house,
 Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a fore,

You cannot tent yourself; be gone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, Sir, along with us.

Men. I would, they were *Barbarians*, (as they are,
 Though in *Rome* litter'd;) not *Romans*: (as they are
 not,

Though calved in the porch o' th' Capitol:)
 Be gone, put not your worthy rage into your tongue,
 One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself take up a brace o' th' best of
 them; yea, the two Tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic:
 And manhood is call'd fool'ry, when it stands
 Against a falling fabric. Will you hence,
 Before the tag return, whose rage doth rend
 Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
 What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:
 I'll try, if my old wit be in request

** Com.* *Stand fast, &c.*] This speech certainly should be given
 to *Coriolanus*; for all his Friends persuade him to retire. So *Comi-*
nus presently after;

Come, Sir, along with us.

Warburton.

With

With those that have but little; this must be patcht
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Come, away.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*]

SCENE IV.

1 *Sen.* **T**HIS man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his trident,
Or *Jove* for's power to thunder: his heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*]
Here's goodly work.

2 *Sen.* I would, they were a-bed.

Men. I would, they were in *Tiber*.—What, the
vengeance,
Could he not speak 'em fair?

Enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble again.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy Tribunes—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the *Tarpeian* Rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted Law,
And therefore Law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of public Power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1 *Cit.* He shall well know, the noble Tribunes are
The people's mouths, and we their hands.

All. He shall, be sure on't.

Men. Sir, Sir,—

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry havock, where you should but
hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic.

Sic. Sir, now comes it, you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak;
As I do know the Consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults—

Sic. Consul!———what Consul!

Men. The Consul *Coriolanus*.

Bru. He Consul!——

All. No, no, no, no, no. [people,

Men. If by the Tribunes' leave, and yours, good
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then,
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor; to eject him hence,
Were but our danger; and to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned *Rome*, whose gratitude
Tow'rds her deserving children is enroll'd
In *Jove's* own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. Oh, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to *Rome*, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost
(Which I dare vouch, is more than That he hath,
By many an ounce) he dropt it for his Country:
And what is left, to lose it by his Country,
Were to us all that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to th' end o'th' world.

Sic. * This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry: when he did love his Country,
It honour'd him.

* *This is clean kam.*] i. e. Awry.

* *Sic.*

* *Sic.* The service of the foot
Being once gangreen'd, it is not then respected
For what before it was.

Bru. We'll hear no more.
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word :
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unskann'd swiftness, will (too late)
Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process,
Lest Parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great *Rome* with *Romans*.

Bru. If 'twere so——

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience,
Our *Ædiles* smote, ourselves resisted? come —

Men. Consider this; he hath been bred i'th' wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill-school'd
In boulded language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.

Sen. Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble *Menenius*,
Be you then as the people's officer.
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the *forum*; we'll attend you there,

* *Men.* *The service of the foot, &c.*] Nothing can be more evident
than that this could never be said by *Coriolanus's* Apologist, and
that it was said by one of the Tribunes; I have therefore given it to
Sicinius.

Warburton.

Where

Where, if you bring not *Marcus*, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you.

Let me desire your company; he must come,
Or what is worse will follow.

1 Sen. Pray, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to C O R I O L A N U S's House.

Enter Coriolanus, with Nobles,

Cor. **L**ET them pull all about mine ears, present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels,
Or pile ten hills on the *Tarpeian* Rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Nobl. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse, my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to shew bare heads
In congregations, yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my Ordinance stood up
To speak of Peace or War; (I talk of you)
Why did you wish me milder? wou'd you have me
False to my nature? rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. Oh, Sir, Sir, Sir,
I would have had you put your Power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let it go.——

Vol. You might have been enough the man you
are,
With striving less to be so. Lesser had been

The

The Thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not shew'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius, with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you've been too rough, something too rough :

You must return, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy,
Unless, by not so doing, our good City
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsell'd;
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman :

* Before he should thus stoop to th' Herd, but that
The violent fit o'th' times craves it as physic
For the whole State, I'd put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do ?

Men. Return to th' Tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then ? what then ?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it for the Gods,
Must I then do't to them ?

Vol. You are too absolute,
Tho' therein you can never be too noble,
But when Extremities speak. I've heard you say,
Honour and policy; like unsever'd Friends,
I'th' war do grow together: grant That, and tell me
In peace, what each of them by th' other loses,
That they combine not there ?

* Before he thus should stoop to th' Heart—] This nonsense should
be reformed thus,

Before he thus should stoop to th' Herd. i. e. the People.

Cor.

Cor. Tush, tush———

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, which for your best ends
You call your policy; how is't less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With Honour, as in War; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because it lies on you to speak to th' People:
Not by your own instruction, nor by th' matter
Which your heart prompts you to, but with such
words

But roated in your tongue; bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.

Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a Town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.——

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake requir'd,
I should do so in honour. I am in this
Your Wife, your Son, these Senators, the Nobles.—
And you will rather shew our general lows
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that Want might ruin!

Men. Noble Lady!

Come, go with us, speak fair: you may save so
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my Son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,
And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with them)
Thy knee buffing the stones; (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant
More learned than the ears;) waving thy hand,
Which soften thus, correcting thy stout heart,

Now

Now humble as the ripeſt Mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or ſay to them,
Thou art their Soldier, and, being bred in broils,
Haſt not the ſoft way, which thou doſt confeſs
Were fit for thee to uſe, as they to claim,
In alking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyſelf (forſooth) hereafter theirs ſo far,
As thou haſt power and perſon.

Men. This but done,

Ev'n as ſhe ſpeaks, why, all their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being aſk'd, as free,
As words to little purpoſe.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,

Go and be rul'd: altho', I know, thou'dſt rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery Gulf
Than flatter him in a bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is *Cominius*.

Com. I've been i'th' Market-place, and, Sir, 'tis fit
You have ſtrong Party, or defend yourſelf
By calmneſs, or by abſence: all's in anger.

Men. Only, fair ſpeech.

Com. I think, 'twill ſerve, if he
Can thereto frame his ſpirit.

Vol. He muſt and will:

Pr'ythee now, ſay you will, and go about it.

Cor. Muſt I go ſhew them my unbarbed ſconce?
Muſt my baſe tongue give to my noble heart
A lie, that it muſt bear? well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this ſingle Plot to loſe,
This mould of *Marcus*, they to duſt ſhould grind it,
And throw't againſt the wind. To th' Market-place!
You've put me now to ſuch a Part, which never
I ſhall diſcharge to th' life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. Ay, pr'ythee now, ſweet Son; as thou haſt ſaid,
My praifes made thee firſt a Soldier, ſo,

To

To have my praise for this, perform a Part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:

Away, my Disposition, and possess me
Some Harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin's voice
That Babies lulls asleep! the smiles of Knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! a Beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees,
Which bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms! — I will not do't, —
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind,
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let
Thy Mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness: for I mock at Death
With as big heart as thou. Do, as thou list:
Thy valiantness was mine: thou suck'dst it from me:
But own thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content:

Mother, I'm going to the Market-place:
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the Trades in *Rome*. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return Consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I'th' way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will.

[*Exit Volumnia.*]

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm
Yourself to answer mildly: for they're prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly.—Pray you, let us go.

Let

Let them accuse me by invention; I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then, mildly.— [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the FORUM.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. **I**N this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannic Power: if he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the People,
And that the Spoil, got on the *Antiates*,
Was ne'er distributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old *Menenius*, and those Senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by th' poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by Tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the People hither,
And, when they hear me say, It shall be so,
I'th' right and strength o'th' Commons; (be it either
For Death, for Fine, or Banishment.) then let them,
If I say Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death;
Insisting on the old Prerogative
And Power i'th' truth o'th' Cause.

Æd. I will inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a Din confus'd
Inforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it. [Exit Ædile.]

Put him to choler straight; he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his word,
Of contradiction. Being once chafed, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and That is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius and Cominius with others.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an hostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the Knave by th' volume:— The honour'd
Gods

Keep Rome in Safety, and the Chairs of Justice
Supply with worthy men, plant love amongst you,
Throng our large Temples with the shews of peace,
And not our streets with war!

Sen. Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Enter the Ædile with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye People.

Æd. Lift to your Tribunes: audience;
Peace, I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say: peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no farther than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,

If you submit you to the People's voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To suffer lawful Censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men.

Men. Lo, Citizens, he says, he is content:

The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which shew
Like Graves i'th' holy Church-yard.

Cor. Scratches with briars, scars to move Laughter
only.

Men. Consider further:

That when he speaks not like a Citizen,
You find him like a Soldier; do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds:
But, as I say, such as become a Soldier.

Rather than envy, you——

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,

That being past for Consul with full voice,
I'm so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd Office, and to wind
Yourself unto a Power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the People.

Cor. How? Traitor?—

Men. Nay, temperately: your promise.

Cor. The fire's i'th' lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor! thou injurious Tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers; I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

All. To th' Rock with him.

Sic. Peace:

We need not lay new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your Officers, cursing yourselves,

Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great Power must try him, even this
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves th' extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for *Rome*——

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of That, that know it.

Cor. You?——

Men. Is this the promise that you made your
Mother?

Com. Know, I pray you——

Cor. I'll know no farther:

Let them pronounce the steep *Tarpeian* death,
Vagabond exile, fleeing, pent to linger
But with a grain a-day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To hav't with saying, good-morrow.

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envy'd against the people; seeking means
To pluck away their Power; as now at last
Giv'n hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the Ministers
That do distribute it; in the Name o' th' People,
And in the Power of us the Tribunes, we
(Ev'n from this instant) banish him our City;
In peril of precipitation
From off the Rock *Tarpeian*, never more
To enter our *Rome's* Gates. I' th' People's Name,
I say, it shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my Masters, and my common
Friends——

Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:

I have been Consul, and can shew for *Rome*
 Her Enemies' Marks upon me. I do love
 My Country's Good, with a respect more tender,
 More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
 My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
 And treasure of my loins: then if I would
 Speak that——

Sic. We know your drift. Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
 As enemy to the People and his Country.
 It shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs, whose breath I
 hate,
 As reek o' th' rotten fenns; whose loves I prize,
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men,
 That do corrupt my air: I banish you:
 And here remain with your uncertainty;
 Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts;
 Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
 Fan you into despair: have the power still
 To banish your Defenders, 'till at length,
 Your ignorance (which finds not, 'till it feels;
 Making but reservation of yourselves
 Still your own enemies) deliver you,
 As most abated captives, to some nation
 That won you without blows! Despising then,
 For you, the City, thus I turn my back:
 There is a world elsewhere——

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.*

[*The people shout, and throw up their caps.*

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

All. Our enemy is banish'd; he is gone! Hoo!
 hoo!

Sic. Go see him out at gates, and follow him
 As he hath follow'd you; with all despight
 Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
 Attend us through the City.

All. Come, come; let us see him out at the gates;
come.

The Gods preserve our noble Tribunes! — come.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Gates of ROME.

*Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius,
Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.*

CORIANUS.

COME, leave your tears: a brief farewell: the
beast

With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient Courage? you were us'd
To say, Extremity was the trier of spirits,
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the Sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd mastership in floating. Fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gently warded, craves
A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heav'ns! O heav'ns!

Cor. Nay, I prythee, woman——

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in
Rome,

And occupations perish!

Cor. What! what! what!

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat. *Cominius,*

Droop

Droop not ; adieu : farewell, my wife ! my mother !
 I'll do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
 Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
 And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime Ge-
 neral,

I've seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
 Heart hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women,
 'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
 As 'tis to laugh at 'em. Mother, you wot,
 My hazards still have been your solace ; and
 Believe't not lightly, (tho' I go alone,
 Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
 Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen :) your
 Son

Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
 With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first Son,

Where will you go ? take good *Cominius*
 With thee a while, determine on some course,
 More than a wild exposure to each chance,
 That starts i' th' way before thee.

Cor. O the Gods !

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
 And we of thee. So, if the time thrust forth,
 A Cause for thy Repeal, we shall not send
 O'er the vast world, to seek a single man ;
 And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
 I' th' absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well :

Thou'st years upon thee, and thou art too full
 Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one
 That's yet unbruised ; bring me but out at gate.
 Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
 My friends of noble touch : when I am forth,
 Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
 While I remain above the ground, you shall
 Hear from me still, and never of me aught.

But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily

As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.

If I could shake off but one seven years

From these old arms and legs, by the good Gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus, with the Ædile.

Sic. **B**ID them all home, he's gone; and we'll no
further.

Vex'd are the Nobles, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shewn our Power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home;
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient Strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home:
Here comes his Mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your
way.

Vol. Oh, y'are well met:
The horded plague o' th' Gods requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?
You shall stay too.

Virg. I would, I had the power
To say so to my Husband.

Sic.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool: is that a shame? note but this fool.
Was not a Man my Father? hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for *Rome*,
Than thou hast spoken words——

Sic. Oh blessed heav'ns!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words,
And for *Rome's* good—I'll tell thee what—yet go—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too——I would, my son
Were in *Arabia*, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Virg. What then? he'd make an end of thy Posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for *Rome*!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would, he had continued to his Country.
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would, he had.

Vol. I would, he had!——'twas you incens'd the
rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which Heav'n
Will not have Earth to know.

Bru. Pray let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, Sir, get you gone.

You've done a brave deed: ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in *Rome*; so far my Son,
This Lady's Husband here, this, (do you see)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay you to be baited
With one that wants her wits? [Exeunt Tribunes.]

Vol. Take my prayers with you,
I wish, the Gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet 'em

But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You've told them home,
And, by my troth, have cause: you'll sup with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat, I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding: come, let's go,
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, *Juno* like: come, come, fie, fie! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Changes to ANTIUM.

Enter a Roman and a Volscian.

Rom. I know you well, Sir, and you know me; your
name, I think, is *Adrian*.

Vol. It is so, Sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a *Roman*, but my services are as you
are, against 'em. Know you me yet?

Vol. *Nicanor*? no.

Rom. The same, Sir.

Vol. You had more beard when I last saw you,
but your favour is well appeal'd by your tongue.
What's the news in *Rome*? I have a Note from the
Volscian State to find you out there. You have well
sav'd me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in *Rome* strange insurrec-
tions: the People against the Senators, Patricians,
and Nobles.

Vol. Hath been! is it ended then? our State thinks
not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and
hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing
would make it flame again. For the Nobles receive
so to heart the Banishment of that worthy *Coriolanus*,
that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from
the People, and to pluck from them their Tribunes
for

CORIOLANUS.

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for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you; and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. *Coriolanus* banish'd?

Rom. Banish'd, Sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence,
Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's Wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble *Tullus Aufidius* will appear well in these wars, his great Opposer *Coriolanus* being now in no request of his Country.

Vol. He cannot chuse. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall between this and supper tell you most strange things from *Rome*; all tending to the good of their Adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one. The Centurions and their Charges distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, Sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my Part for me, Sir, I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Coriolanus in mean Apparel, disguis'd and muffled.

Cor. A goodly City is this *Antium*.—City,
'Tis I, that made thy widows: Many an heir
Of these fair edifices for my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know Me not,
Lest that thy Wives with spits, and boys with stones,
In puny battle slay me. Save you, Sir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Aufidius* lies :

Is he in *Antium* ?

Cit. He is, and feasts the Nobles of the State, at his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, I beseech you ?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, Sir : Farewel. [*Exit Citizen.*

Oh, world, thy slippery turns ! friends now fast-sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
Are still together, who twine (as 'twere) in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a diffension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity. So fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And inter-join their issues. So, with me ;—
My birth-place have I and my lovers left ;
This enemy's Town I'll enter ; if he slay me,
He does fair justice ; if he give me way,
I'll do his Country service. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

Changes to a Hall in Aufidius's House.

Musick plays. Enter a Serving-man.

1 *Ser.* **W**INE, wine, wine ! what service is here ?
I think, our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Serving-man.

2 *Ser.* Where's *Cotus* ? my Master calls for him :
Cotus. *Enter*

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house; the feast smells well; but I appear not like a guest.

Enter the first Serving-man.

1 Ser. What would you have, friend? whence are you? here's no place for you: pray, go to the door.

[Exit.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, in being *Coriolanus*.

[Aside.

Enter second Servant..

2 Ser. Whence are you, Sir? has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!—

2 Ser. Away?—get you away.

Cor. Now thou'rt troublesome.

2 Ser. Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 Ser. What Fellow's this!

1 Ser. A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o' th' house: pr'ythee, call my Master to him.

3 Serv. What have you to do here, Fellow? pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your hearth.

3 Ser. What are you?

Cor. A Gentleman.

3 Ser. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True; so I am.

3 Ser. Pray you, poor Gentleman, take up some other Station, here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go and batten on cold bits.

[Pushes him away from him.

3 Ser. What, will you not! pr'ythee, tell my Master, what a strange Guest he has here.

2 Ser. And I shall. [*Exit second Serving-man.*]

3 Ser. Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the Canopy.

3 Ser. Under the Canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 Ser. Where's that?

Cor. I' th' City of Kites and Crows.

3 Ser. I' th' City of Kites and Crows? what an Ass it is! then thou dwell'st with Daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy Master.

3 Ser. How, Sir! do you meddle with my Master?

Cor. Ay, 'tis an honest service, than to meddle with thy Mistress: thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher: hence. [*Beats him away.*]

Enter Aufidius with a Serving-man,

Auf. Where is this Fellow?

2 Ser. Here, Sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what wouldst thou? thy name?

Why speak'st not? speak, man: what's thy name?

Cor. If Tullus, yet thou know'st me not, and, seeing me,

Dost not yet take me for the man I am, Necessity commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to *Volscian* ears, And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what is thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn, Thou shew'st a noble vessel: what's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown; know'st thou me

Auf. I know thee not; thy name? [*yet?*]

Cor. My name is *Caius Marcius*, who hath done

To

To thee particularly, and to all the *Volscians*,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My Sirname *Coriolanus*. The painful service;
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless Country, are requited
But with that Sirname: A good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me, only that name re-
mains.

The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard Nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by th' voice of slaves to be
Hoop'd out of *Rome*. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth, not out of hope
(Mistake me not) to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' th' world
I'd have avoided thee. But in mere spite
To be full quit of those my Banishers,
Stand I before thee here: then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy County, speed thee
straight,

And make my misery serve thy Turn: so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee. For I will fight
Against my canker'd Country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou'rt tir'd; then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy Country's breast,
And cannot live, but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf.

Auf. Oh, *Marcus, Marcus*,
 Each word, thou'st spoke, hath weeded from my heart
 A root of ancient envy. If *Jupiter*
 Should from yond cloud speak to me things divine,
 And say, 'tis true; I'd not believe them more
 Than thee, all-noble *Marcus*. Let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where against
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scar'd the moon with splinters: here I clip
 The anvil of my sword, and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
 I lov'd the Maid I married; never Man
 Sigh'd truer breath: but that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Bestride my threshold. Why, thou *Mars*! I tell thee,
 We have a Power on foot; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose my arm for't: thou hast beat me out
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me:
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy *Marcus*,
 Had we no quarrel else to *Rome*, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy; and pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful *Rome*,
 Like a bold flood o'erbear. O come, go in,
 And take our friendly Senators by th' hands;
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepar'd against your Territors,
 Though not for *Rome* itself.

Cor. You bless me, Gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute Sir, if thou wilt
 have

The

The leading of thy own revenges, take
 One half of my Commission, and set down
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
 Thy Country's strength and weakness, thine own ways;
 Whether to knock against the gates of *Rome*,
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come, come in:
 Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
 Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
 And more a friend, than e'er an enemy:
 Yet, *Marcus*, that was much.—Your hand; most
 welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter two Servants.

1 *Ser.* **H**ERE's a strange alteration:

2 *Ser.* By my hand, I had thought to have
 stricken him with a cudgel, and yet my mind gave
 me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Ser.* What an arm he has! he turn'd me about
 with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up
 a top.

2 *Ser.* Nay, I know by his face that there was
 something in him. He had, Sir, a kind of face, me-
 thought—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Ser.* He had so: looking as it were—'would I
 were hanged, but I thought there was more in him
 than I could think.

2 *Ser.* So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply the
 rarest man i'th' world.

1 *Ser.* I think, he is; but a greater Soldier than he,
 you wot one.

2 *Ser.* Who, my master?

1 *Ser.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Ser.* Worth six on him.

1 *Ser.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be
 the greater Soldier.

2 *Ser.*

2 Ser. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that; for the defence of a Town, our General is excellent.

1 Ser. Ay, and for an assault too.

Enter a third Servant.

3 Ser. Oh, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

Both. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 Ser. I would not be a *Roman*, of all nations: I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 Ser. Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our General, *Caius Marcius*.

1 Ser. Why do you say, thwack our General?

3 Ser. I do not say, thwack our General; but he was always good enough for him.

2 Ser. Come, we are fellows and friends; he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him say so himself.

1 Ser. He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't: before *Corioli*, he scotcht him and nocht him like a carbonado.

2 Ser. And, had he been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 Ser. But, more of thy news;—

3 Ser. Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were Son and Heir to *Mars*: set at upper end o'th' table; no question ask'd him by any of the Senators, but they stand bald before him. Our General himself makes a Mistress of him, sanctifies himself with's hands, and turns up the white o'th' eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our General is cut i'th' middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday. For the Other has half, by the Intreaty and Grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and, fowl the porter of *Rome* gates by th' ears. He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

2 Ser. And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

3 Ser

3 *Ser.* Do't! he will do't: for, look you, Sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, Sir, as it were, durst not (look you, Sir) shew themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Ser.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Ser.* But when they shall see, Sir, his Crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burroughs (like conies after rain) and revel all with him.

1 *Ser.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Ser.* To-morrow, to-day, presently, you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Ser.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again: this peace is worth nothing, but to rust iron, encrease tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Ser.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible, a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Ser.* 'Tis so; and as war in some sort may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Ser.* Reason; because they then less need one another: the war, for my money. I hope, to see Romans as cheap as *Volscians*.

They are rising, they are rising.

Both. In, in, in, in. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

A public Place in R O M E.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. **W**E hear not of him, neither need we fear him;

His remedies are tame i'th' present peace,

And

And quietness o'th' People, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here he makes his Friends
Blush, that the world goes well: who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, beheld
Dissentious numbers pest'ring streets, than see
Our Tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this *Menenius*?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown most kind of
late. Hail, Sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your *Coriolanus* is not much miss'd, but with
his Friends; the Commonwealth doth stand, and so
would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well, and might have been much better,
if he could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing:
His mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The Gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our
Are bound to pray for you both. [knees,

Sic. Live and thrive!

Bru. Farewel, kind neighbours:
We wish'd *Coriolanus* had lov'd you, as we did.

All. Now the Gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewel, farewell. [Exeunt Citizens.

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i'th' war, but insolent,

O'ercome

O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving.

Sic. And affecting one sole Throne,
Without Assistance.

Men. Nay, I think not so.

Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth Consul, found it so.

Bru. The Gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison;
Reports, the *Volscians* with two several Powers
Are entered in the *Roman* Territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis *Aufidius*,
Who, hearing of our *Marcus*' Banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were in-shell'd when *Marcus* stood for *Rome*,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of *Marcus*!

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipt. It cannot be,
The *Volscians* dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!

We have Record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you should chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me: I
I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the Senate-house; some news is come,

That

That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave:

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: his raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mef. Yes, worthy Sir,

The slave's report is seconded, and more,
More fearful is delivered.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mef. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Marcus*,
Join'd with *Aufidius*, leads a Pow'r 'gainst *Rome*;
And vows Revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good *Marcus* home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely.

He and *Aufidius* can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter Messenger.

Mef. You are sent for to the Senate:
A fearful army, led by *Caius Marcus*,
Associated with *Aufidius*, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'er-borne their way, consumed with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh, you have made good Work.

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have hope to ravish your own daughters,
and

To melt the city-leads upon your pates,
To see your Wives dishonour'd to your noses.

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your Temples burned in their cement, and
Your

Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.

Men. Pray now, the news?

You've made fair work, I fear me: pray, your news?
If *Marcus* should be joined with the *Volsians*,—

Com. If? he is their God; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other Deity than Nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You've made good work,
You and your apron-men; that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters.

Com. He'll shake your *Rome* about your ears.

Men. As *Hercules* did shake down mellow fruit:
You have made fair work!

Bru. But is this true, Sir?

Com. Ay, and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the Regions
Do seemingly revolt; and, who resist,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools; who is't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.

Men. We're all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?

The Tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: his best friends, if they
Shou'd say, be good to *Rome*; they charge him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true.

If he were putting to my house the brand
That would consume it, I have not the face
To say, 'Beseech you, cease.' You've made fair
hands, You

You and your crafts! you've crafted fair!

Com. You've brought

A trembling upon *Rome*, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How? was it we? we lov'd him; but, like
beasts,

And coward Nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o'th' city.

Com. But I fear,

They'll roar him in again. *Tullus Aufidius*,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer: Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That *Rome* can make against them.

SCENE VII.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. **H**ERE come the clusters.—
And is *Aufidius* with him? You are they,
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' Exile. Now he's coming,
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter,
If he should burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Omnes. Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 Cit. For mine own part,

'When I said, banish him; I said, 'twas pity.

2 Cit. And so did I.

3 Cit. And so did I; and to say the truth, so did
very many of us; that we did, we did for the best;
and tho' we willingly consented to his Banishment,
yet it was against our will.

Com.

Com. Y'are goodly things; you, voices! —

Men. You have made good work,
You and your cry. Shall's to the Capitol?

Com. Oh, ay, what else? [*Exeunt.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd.
These are a Side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And shew no sign of fear.

1 Cit. The Gods be good to us: come, masters, let's
home. I ever said, we were i' th' wrong, when we
banish'd him.

2 Cit. So did we all; but come, let's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol; 'would, half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

S C E N E VIII.

A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Aufidius, with his Lieutenant.

Auf. **D**O they still fly to th' Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in
him; but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end:
And you are darken'd in this action, Sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudly
Even to my person, than, I thought, he would
When first I did embrace him. Yet his nature
In that's no changling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu.

Lieu. Yet I wish, Sir,
(I mean for your particular) you had not
Join'd in Commission with him; but had borne
The action of yourself, or else to him
Had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not,
What I can urge against him; though it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To th' vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly;
And shews good husbandry for the *Volscian* State,
Fights dragon-like, and does atchieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
When e'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech, think you, he'll carry *Rome*?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down,
And the Nobility of *Rome* are his:
The Senators and Patricians love him too:
The Tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the Repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to *Rome*
* As is the Osprey to the fish, who takes it
By Sovereignty of Nature. First, he was
A noble servant to them, but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether pride,
(Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man) whether defect of judgment,
(To fail in the disposing of those chances,
Whereof he was the lord) or whether nature,
(Not to be other than one thing; not moving
From th' cask to th' cushion; but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb,
As he controll'd the war;) But one of these,
(As he hath spices of them all) not all,
For I dare so far free him, made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd; but he has merit

* As is the Osprey—] *Osprey*, a Kind of Eagle, *Ossifraga*.

To

To choke it in the utterance; so our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time;
And Power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident, as a chair
T' extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
*Right's by right fouled, strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let's away; when, *Caius*, Rome is thine,
Thou'rt poor'st of all, then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

A public Place in Rome.

*Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus,
with others.*

MENENIUS.

NO, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,
Which was sometime his General; who lov'd
him

In a most dear particular. He call'd me father:
But what o' that? go you, that banish'd him,
A mile before his Tent, fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd
To hear *Cominius* speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. *Coriolanus*

* *Right's by right fouler,*] This has no Manner of Sense. We
should read, — *Right's by right fouled.* — Or as it is commonly
written in *English*, *foiled*, from the *French*, *fouler*, to tread or trample
under Foot.

Warburton.

VOL. VIII.

E

He

To

He would not answer to ; forbade all names ;
 He was a kind of Nothing, titleless,
 'Till he had forg'd himself a name o' th' fire
 Of burning *Rome*.

Men. Why, so ; you've made good work :
 A pair of Tribunes, that have reck'd for *Rome*,
 To make coals cheap : a noble memory !

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
 When it was least expected. He reply'd,
 It was a bare petition of a State
 To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well, could he say less ?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
 For's private friends. His answer to me was,
 He could not stay to pick them in a pile
 Of noisom musty chaff. He said, 'twas folly,
 For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
 And still to nose th' offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two ?
 I'm one of those : his mother, wife, his child,
 And this brave fellow too, we are the grains ;
 You are the musty chaff ; and you are smelt
 Above the Moon. We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient : if ye refuse your aid
 In this so-never-needed help, yet do not
 Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
 Would be your Country's pleader, your good tongue,
 More than the instant army we can make,
 Might stop our Country-man.

Men. No : I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do ?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
 For *Rome*, tow'rd's *Marcus*.

Men. Well, and say, that *Marcus*
 Return me, as *Cominius* is return'd,
 Unheard : (what then ?)

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot

With

With his unkindness. Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from *Rome*, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it :
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good *Cominius*, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well, he had not din'd.
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive ; but when we've stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts ; therefore I'll watch him
'Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [Exit.]

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not ?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn *Rome* ; and his injury
The Goaler to his pity. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he said, rise : dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand. What he would do,
He sent in writing after ; what he would not,
Bound with an oath not yield to new conditions :
So that all hope is vain, unless his mother
And wife, who (as I hear) mean to solicit him,
* Force mercy to his country. Therefore hence,
And with our fair intreaties haste them on. [Exeunt.]

* For mercy to his country.] Unless his Mother and Wife—do what?
the Sentence is imperfect. We should read,—Force Mercy to his
Country. ————— Warb.

CORIOLANUS.

S C E N E II.

Changes to the Volscian Camp.

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1 Watch. **S**TAY: whence are you?

2 Watch. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men, 'tis well. But, by your leave,

I am an officer of State, and come
To speak with *Coriolanus*,

1 Watch. Whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 Watch. You may not pass, you must return:
our General

Will no more hear from thence.

2 Watch. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire,
before

You'll speak with *Coriolanus*.

Men. Good my friends,

If you have heard your General talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is Lots to Blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears; it is *Menenius*.

1 Watch. Be it so, go back: the virtue of your
Name

Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,

Thy General is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts; whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd haply amplified:

* For I have ever narrified my friends,

* *For I have ever verified my friends, &c.]* *Shakespeare's* mighty Talent in painting the Manners, is especially remarkable in this Place. *Menenius* here, and *Polonius* in *Hamlet*, have much of the same natural Character. The Difference is only accidental. The one was a Senator in a free State; and the other a Courtier, and Minister to a King; which two Circumstances afforded Matter for that inimitable Ridicule thrown over the Character of *Polonius*. Without Doubt he wrote,—*For I have ever narrified my friends,—i. e.* made their Encomium.

Warb.

(Of

(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I've tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing. Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 Watch. Faith, Sir, if you had told as many lies
in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your
own, you should not pass here: no, though it were
as virtuous to lie, as to live chafly. Therefore,
go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember, my name is
Menenius; always factionary of the Party of your
General.

2 Watch. Howsoever you have been his liar, (as
you say, you have;) I am one that, telling true under
him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he din'd, canst thou tell? for I would
not speak with him till after dinner.

1 Watch. You are a *Roman*, are you?

Men. I am as thy General is.

1 Watch. Then you should hate *Rome*, as he does:
Can you, when you have push'd out of your gates
the very Defender of them, and, in a violent popular
ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think
to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women,
the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied
intercession of such a decay'd Dotard as
you seem to be? can you think to blow out the intended
fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak
breath as this? no, you are deceiv'd, therefore
back to *Rome*, and prepare for your execution; you
are condemn'd, our General has sworn you out of re-
prieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy Captain knew I were here, he
would use me with estimation.

1 Watch. Come, my Captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy General.

1 *Watch.* My General cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half-pint of Blood: that's the utmost of your Having. Back, back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter Coriolanus, with Aufidius.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now, that I am in estimation; you shall perceive, that a *Jack-gardant* cannot office me from my son *Coriolanus*; guess but my entertainment with him; if thou stand'st not i'th' state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering, behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious Gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father *Menenius* does! Oh my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly mov'd to come to thee, but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon *Rome*, and thy petitionary Countrymen. The good Gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee——

Cor. Away!

Men. How, away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs Are servanted to others: though I owe My revenge properly, remission lies In *Volsian* breasts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate Forgetfulness shall poison, rather Than Pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone; Mine ears against your suits are stronger than Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved thee, Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[*Gives him a letter.*

And

And would have sent it. Another word, *Menenius*;
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, *Aufidius*,
Was my belov'd in *Rome*; yet thou behold'st——

Auf. You keep a constant temper. [Exeunt.]

Manent the Guard, and Menenius.

1 *Watch.* Now, Sir, is your name *Menenius*?

2 *Watch.* 'Tis a Spell, you see, of much power:
you know the way home again.

1 *Watch.* Do you hear, how we are shent for keep-
ing your Greatness back?

2 *Watch.* What cause do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your General:
for such things as you; I can scarce think there's
any, y'are so slight. He, that hath a will to die by
himself, fears it not from another: let your General do
his worst. For you, be what you are, long; and your
misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I
was said to, Away—— [Exit.]

1 *Watch.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *Watch.* The worthy fellow is our General. He's
the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [Ex. Watch.]

S C E N E III.

Re-enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. **W**E will before the Walls of *Rome* to-
morrow

Set down our Host. My Partner in this action,
You must report to th' *Volscian* lords, how plainly
I've borne this business.

Auf. Only their Ends you have respected; stopt
Your ears against the general suit of *Rome*:

Never admitted private whisper, no,
Not with such friends that thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to *Rome*,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;

Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
 Was to send him : for whose old love, I have
 (Tho' I shew'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
 The first conditions ; (which they did refuse,
 And cannot now accept,) to grace him only,
 That thought he could do more : a very little
 I've yielded to. Fresh embassy, and suits,
 Nor from the State, nor private friends, hereafter
 Will I lend ear to.—Ha ! what shout is this ?

[*Shout within.*]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow,
 In the same time 'tis made ? I will not——

*Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, young Marcius,
 with Attendants all in Mourning.*

My wife comes foremost, then the honour'd mould
 Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
 The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection !
 All bond and privilege of nature break !
 Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.
 What is that curt'sy worth ? or those dove's eyes,
 Which can make Gods forsworn ? I melt, and am not
 Of stronger earth than others : my mother bows,
 As if *Olympus* to a mole-hill should
 In supplication nod ; and my young boy
 Hath an aspect of intercession, which
 Great Nature cries,—Deny not. Let the *Volsians*
 Plough *Rome*, and harrow *Italy* ; I'll never
 Be such a gosling to obey instinct ; but stand.
 As if a man were author of himself,
 And knew no other kin.

Virg. My lord and husband !

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in *Rome*.

Virg. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
 Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
 I have forgot my Part, and I am out,
 Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,

Forgive

Forgive my tyranny ; but do not say,
For That, forgive our *Romans*.—O, a kiss
Long as my exile. sweet as my revenge !
Now by the jealous Queen of heav'n, that kiss
I carried from thee, Dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You Gods ! I prate ;
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted : sink, my knee, i' th' earth ; [*kneels*.
Of thy deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O stand up blest !

Whilst with no softer cushion than the flint
I kneel before thee, and improperly
Shew duty as mistaken all the while [*kneels*.
Between the child and parent.

Cor. What is this ?

Your knees to me ? to your corrected son ?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars : then, let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery Sun :
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior,

I help to frame thee: Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of *Poplicola*,

The moon of *Rome* ; chaste as the isicle,
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on *Dian's* Temple : dear *Valeria* !—

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,

[*shewing young Marcius*.

Which by the interpretation of full time
May shew like all yourself.

Cor. The God of foldiers,

With the consent of supreme *Jove*, inform
Thy thoughts with Nobleness, that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' th' wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee !

Vol. Your knee, firrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace :

Or, if you'd ask, remember this before ;
The thing, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denial. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with *Rome's* Mechanics. Tell me not,
Wherein I seem unnatural : desire not
T' allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. Oh, no more ; no more :

You've said, you will not grant us any thing :
For we have nothing else to ask, but That
Which you deny already : yet we will ask,
That if we fail in our request, the Blame
May hang upon your Hardness ; therefore hear us.

Cor. *Aufidius*, and you *Volsicians*, mark ; for we'll
Hear nought from *Rome* in private.—Your request ?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We've led since thy Exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither ; since thy sight, which should
Make our Eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
comforts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow ;
Making the mother, wife, and child to see,
The son, the husband, and the father tearing
His Country's bowels out : and to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital ; thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For how can we,
Alas ! how can we, for our Country pray,
Whereto we're bound ? together with thy victory,
Whereto we're bound ? Alack ! or we must lose

The

The Country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
 Our comfort in the Country. We must find
 An eminent calamity, tho' we had
 Our wish, which side shou'd win. For either thou
 Must, as a foreign Recreant, be led
 With manacles along our street; or else
 Triumphantly tread on thy Country's ruin,
 And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
 Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
 I purpose not to wait on Fortune, 'till
 These wars determine: if I can't persuade thee
 Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
 Than seek the end of one; thou shalt no sooner
 March to assault thy Country, than to tread
 (Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
 That brought thee to this world.

Virg. Ay, and mine too,
 That brought you forth this Boy, to keep your name
 Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me:
 I'll run away 'till I'm bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
 Requires, nor child, nor woman's face, to see:
 I've sat too long.—

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus:
 If it were so, that our request did tend
 To save the *Romans*, thereby to destroy
 The *Volsicians* whom you serve, you might condemn us,
 As poisonous of your Honour. No; our suit
 Is, that you reconcile them: while the *Volsicians*
 May say, 'This mercy we have shew'd;' the *Romans*,
 'This we receiv'd;' and each in either side
 Give the all-hail to thee; and cry, 'Be blest
 'For making up this Peace!' Thou know'st, great son,
 The End of War's uncertain; but this certain,
 That if thou conquer *Rome*, the benefit,
 Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a Name,
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curses:

Whose Chronicle thus writ, 'The man was noble—
 'But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,
 'Destroy'd his Country, and his name remains
 'To the ensuing age, abhorr'd.' Speak to me, son:
 Thou hast affected the first strains of honour,
 To imitate the graces of the Gods;
 To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' th' air,
 And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt,
 That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
 Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
 Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you:
 He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, Boy;
 Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
 Than can our reasons. There's no man in the world
 More bound to's mother, yet here he lets me prate
 Like one i'th' Stocks. Thou'lt never in thy life
 Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
 When she, (poor hen) fond of no second brood,
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
 Loaden with honour. Say, my Request's unjust,
 And spurn me back: but, if it be not so,
 Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee,
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
 To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
 Down, Ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
 To's fir-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride,
 Than pity to our prayers. Down; and end;
 This is the last. So we will home to *Rome*,
 And die among our neighbours: nay, behold us.
 This Boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels, and holds up hands for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go:
 This fellow had a *Volsian* to his mother:
 His wife is in *Corioli*, and this child
 Like him by chance; yet give us our dispatch:
 I'm husht, until our City be a-fire;
 And then, I'll speak a little.

Cor.

Cor. O mother, mother!—

[Holds her by the hands, silent.]

What have you done? behold the heav'ns do ope,
The Gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. Oh, my mother, mother! oh!
You've won a happy victory to Rome:

But for your son, believe it, oh, believe it,
Most dang'rously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. Let it come:—

Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good *Aufidius*,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, *Aufidius*?

Auf. I too was mov'd.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were;
And, Sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat Compassion. But, good Sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: for my part
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife!—

Auf. I'm glad, thou'st set thy mercy and thy honour

At difference in thee; out of That I'll work
Myself a former fortune: [Aside.]

Cor. Ay, by and by; but we will drink together:
And you shall bear [To Vol. Virg. &c.]
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.

* Come, enter with us.

Auf. Ladies, you deserve
To have a Temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this Peace.

[Exeunt:]

* Cor. —Come, enter with us: Ladies, you deserve, &c.] This
Speech beginning at, *Ladies, you deserve*—which is absurdly given to
Coriolanus, belongs to *Aufidius*.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

*The Forum, in ROME.**Enter Menenius and Sicinius.*

Men. SEE you yond coin o'th' Capitol, yond corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the Ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenc'd, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is difference between a grub and a butterfly, yet your butterfly was a grub; this *Marcus* is grown from man to dragon: he has wings, he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight years old horse. The tartness of his face fours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corset with his eye: talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his State as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids be done, is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God, but Eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark, what mercy his mother shall bring from him; there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; that shall our poor City find; and all this is long of you.

Sic. The Gods be good unto us!

Men.

Men. No, in such a case the Gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house; The Plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down; All swearing, if The *Roman* Ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news? [vail'd

Mef. Good news, good news, the Ladies have pre- The *Volscians* are dislodg'd, and *Marcus* gone: A merrier day did never yet greet *Rome*, No, not th' Expulsion of the *Tarquins*.

Sic. Friend, Art certain, this is true? is it most certain?

Mef. As certain, as I know the Sun is fire: Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it? Ne'er through an Arch so hurried the blown tide, As the recomforted through th' gates. Why, hark you? [*Trumpets, Hautboys, Drums beat, all together.* The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes, Tabors and cymbals, and the shouting *Romans* Make the Sun dance. Hark you! [*A shout within.*

Men. This is good news: I will go meet the Ladies. This *Volumnia* Is worth of Consuls, Senators, Patricians, A City full; of Tribunes, such as you, A Sea and Land full. You've pray'd well to day: This morning, for ten thousand of your throats I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy: [*Sound still, with the shouts.*

Sic. First, the Gods bless you for your tidings: next, Accept my thankfulness.

Mef.

Mef. Sir, we have all great cause to give great

Sic. They're near the City? [thanks.]

Mef. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [Exeunt.]

*Enter two Senators, with ladies, passing over the stage;
with other Lords.*

Sen. Behold our Patroness, the Life of Rome :
Call all our Tribes together, praise the Gods,
And make triumphant fires: strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise, that banish'd *Marcus*;
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother :
Cry,—welcome, Ladies, welcome ! [Exeunt.]

All. Welcome, Ladies, welcome ! ———
[A flourish with drums and trumpets.]

S C E N E V.

Changes to a public Place in Antium.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. **G**O tell the Lords o' th' City, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to th' market-place, where I,
Even in theirs and in the Commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. He, I accuse,
The city-ports by this hath enter'd; and
Intends t'appear before the people, hoping [come!
To purge himself with words. Dispatch.—Most wel-

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius's faction.

1 Con. How is it with our General ?

Auf. Even so,

As with a man by his own alms impoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 Con. Most noble Sir,

If you hold the same intent, wherein
You wish'd us parties; we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell ;
We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 Con. The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference ; but the Fall of either
Makes the Survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it ;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I raised him, and pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth ; who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends ; and to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 Con. Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for Consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping——

Auf. That I would have spoke of :
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth,
Presented to my knife his throat ; I took him,
Made him joint servant with me ; gave him way
In all his own desires ; nay, let him chuse
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men ; serv'd his designments
In mine own person ; help to reap the Fame,
Which he did make all his ; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong ; 'till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner ; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 Con. So he did, my lord :
The army marvell'd at it, and, at last,
When he had carried *Rome*, and that we looked
For no less Spoil, than Glory——

Auf. There was it ;——
(For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him ;)
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the Blood and Labour
Of our great Action ; therefore shall he die,

And.

And I'll renew me in his Fall. But, hark!

[Drums and Trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.]

1 *Con.* Your native Town you enter'd like a Post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the Air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
Giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he expresses himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his Tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more,
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You're most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

All. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our Levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding: This admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter Coriolanus, marching with drums and colours;
the Commons being with him.*

Cor. **H**A I L, lords; I am return'd, your soldier;
No more infected with my Country's love,
Than

Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great Command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars, even to
The gates of *Rome*. Our spoils, we have brought
home.

Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We've made peace
With no less honour to the *Antiates*,
Than shame to th' *Romans*: and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the Consuls and Patricians,
Together with the seal o'th' Senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords,
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—how now!—

Auf. Ay, traitor, *Marcus*.

Cor. *Marcus*!

Auf. Ay, *Marcus*, *Caius Marcus*; dost thou think,
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in *Corioli*?

You Lords and Heads o'th' State, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up
For certain drops of salt, your city *Rome*!
I say, your city, to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk, never admitting
Counsel o' th' war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That Pages blush'd at him; and men of heart
Look'd wondring each at other.

Cor. Hear't thou, *Mars*!—

Auf. Name not the God! thou boy of tears!—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? O slave!—

Pardon.

Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I'm forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords;
Must give this Cur the Lie; and his own Notion,
(Who wears my stripes impress upon him; that
Must bear my beating to his Grave) shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

1 Lord. Peace both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, *Volsicians*, men and lads,
Stain all your edges in me. Boy! false hound!—
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-coat, I
Flutter'd your *Volsicians* in *Corioli*.
Alone I did it. Boy!—

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Con. Let him die for't.

All People. Tear him to pieces, do it presently:
He kill'd my son,—my daughter,—kill'd my cousin,—
He kill'd my father.—

[*The Croud speak promiscuously.*]

2 Lord. Peace,—no outrage—peace—
The man is noble, and his Fame folds in
This Orb o'th' earth; his last offences to us
Shall have judicious Hearing. Stand, *Aufidius*,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six *Aufidius*'s, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword—

Auf. Insolent villain!

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*The conspirators all draw, and kill Marcius,
who falls, and Aufidius, stands on him.*]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble Masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O *Tullus*—

2 Lord!

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.

3 Lord. Tread not upon him——masters all, be
quiet;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 Lord. Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most noble Coarse, that ever Herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 Lord. His own impatience
Takes from *Aufidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My Rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow: take him up:
Help, three o'th' chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of Marcius. A dead
March sounded.*]

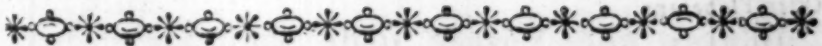
Dramatis Personae.

JULIUS CAESAR



J U L I U S

C A E S A R.



Dramatis Personæ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Octavius Cæsar,
M. Antony, } *Triumvirs, after the Death of Julius Cæsar.*
M. Æmilius Lepidus, }

Cicero.
Brutus, }
Cassius, } *Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*
Casca, }
Trebonius, }
Ligarius, }
Decius Brutus, }
Metellus Cimber, }
Cinna, }

Popilius Læna, } *Senators,*
Publius, }
Flavius, } *Tribunes and Enemies to Cæsar.*
Marullus, }
Mestala, } *Friends to Brutus and Cassius.*
Titinius, }
Artemidorus, a *Sophist of Cnidos.*

A *Soothsayer.*
Young Cato.
Cinna, a *Poet.*
Another *Poet.*

Lucilius, }
Dardanius, } *Servants to Brutus.*
Volumnius, }
Varro, }
Clitus, }
Claudius, }
Strato, }
Lucius }

Pindarus, *Servant of Cassius.*
Ghost of Julius Cæsar.
Cobler.
Carpenter.
Other Plebeians.

Calphurnia, *Wife to Cæsar.*
Porcia, *Wife to Brutus*

Guards and Attendants.

SCENE, for the three first Acts, at Rome: afterwards,
at an Isle near Mutina; at Sardis; and Philippi.





JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in ROME.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

FLAVIUS.

HENCE ; home, you idle creatures, get you
home ;

Is this a holiday ? what ! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession ? speak, what trade art thou !

Car. Why, Sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule ?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on ?
You, Sir,——What trade are you ?

Cob. Truly, Sir, in respect of a fine workman, I
am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou ? answer me directly.

Cob. A trade, Sir, that, I hope, I may use with
a safe conscience ; which is, indeed, Sir, a mender
of bad soles.

Flav. What trade, thou knave ? thou naughty
knave, what trade ?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, Sir, be not out with me :
yet if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

Flav. What mean'st thou by that ? mend me, thou
saucy fellow ?

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Cob.

Cob. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, Sir, all, that I live by, is the awl: I meddle with no tradesmen's matters, nor woman's matters; but with-all, I am, indeed, Sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly, Sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, Sir, we make holiday to see *Cæsar*, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice!—what conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
To grace in captive-bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts! you cruel men of *Rome*!
Knew you not *Pompey*? many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To Towers and windows, yea, to chimney tops,
Your infants in your arms; and there have sat
The live-long day with patient expectation,
To see great *Pompey* pass the streets of *Rome*:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That *Tyber* trembled underneath his banks
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out an holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over *Pompey's* blood?
Begone——
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods, to intermit the plague,
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and for that fault
 Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
 Draw them to *Tyber's* bank, and weep your tears
 Into the channel, 'till the lowest stream
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Commoners.*]

See, whe're their basest mettle be not mov'd;
 They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way tow'ards the Capitol,
 This way will I; disrobe the images,
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know it is the feast of *Lupercal*.

Flav. It is no matter, let no images
 Be hung with *Cæsar's* trophies; I'll about,
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers, pluckt from *Cæsar's* wing,
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
 Who else would soar above the view of men,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Cæsar, Antony, for the Course, Calphurnia,
 Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca,
 a Soothsayer.*

Cæs. **CALPHURNIA**,——

Casca. Peace, ho! *Cæsar* speaks.

Cæs. *Calphurnia*,——

Calp. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in *Antonius's* way,
 When he doth run his Course——*Antonius*,——

Ant. *Cæsar*, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not in your speed, *Antonius*,
 To touch *Calphurnia*; for our Elders say,
 The barren, touched in this holy chafe,

Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember.

When *Cæsar* says, do this ; it is perform'd.

Cæf. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

Sooth. *Cæsar*,——

Cæf. Ha ! who calls ?

Casca. Bid every noise be still : peace yet again.

Cæf. Who is it in the Press, that calls on me ?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry, *Cæsar*. Speak ; *Cæsar* is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March*.

Cæf. What man is that ?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the Ides of *March*.

Cæf. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Casf. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Cæsar*.

Cæf. What say'st thou to me now ? speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March*.

Cæf. He is a dreamer, let us leave him ; pass.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and Train.*]

SCENE III.

Manent Brutus and Cassius.

Casf. **W**ILL you go see the order of the Course ?

Bru. Not I.

Casf. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not game some ; I do lack some part

Of that quick spirit that is in *Antony* :

Let me not hinder, *Cassius*, your desires ;

I'll leave you.

Casf. *Brutus*, I do observe you now of late ;

I have not from your eyes that gentleness,

And shew of love, as I was wont to have ;

You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand

Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. *Cassius*,

Be not deceiv'd : if I have veil'd my look,

I turn

I turn the trouble of my countenance
 Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
 Of late, with passions of some difference
 Conceptions only proper to myself;
 Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviour:
 But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd.
 Among which number, *Cassius*, be you one;
 Nor construe any farther my neglect,
 Than that poor *Brutus*, with himself at war,
 Forgets the shews of love to other men.

Cas. Then, *Brutus*, I have much mistook your
 passion;

By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
 Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
 Tell me, good *Brutus*, can you see your face?

Bru. No, *Cassius*; for the eye sees not itself,
 But by reflexion from some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just.

And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,
 That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
 Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
 That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
 Where many of the best respect in *Rome*,
 (Except immortal *Cæsar*) speaking of *Brutus*,
 And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
 Have wish'd, that noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, *Cassius*,
 That you would have me seek into myself,
 For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear;
 And since you know, you cannot see yourself
 So well as by reflexion; I, your glass,
 Will modestly discover to yourself
 That of yourself, which yet you know not of.
 And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus*:
 Were I a common laughèr, or did use
 To stale with ordinary oaths my love
 To every new protector; if you know,

That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them ; or if you know,
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

Bru. What means this shouting ? I do fear, the
People

Chuse *Cæsar* for their King.

Cæs. Ay, do you fear it ?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, *Cassius* ; yet I love him well :
But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?

What is it, that you would impart to me ?

If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and Death i' th' other,
And I will look on Death indifferently :

For, let the Gods so speed me, as I love
The name of Honour, more than I fear Death.

Cæs. I know that virtue to be in you, *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, Honour is the subject of my story :——

I cannot tell, what you and other men

Think of this life ; but for my single self,

I had as lief not be, as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as *Cæsar*, so were you ;

We both have fed as well ; and we can both

Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.

For once upon a raw and gusty day,

The troubled *Tyber* chafing with his shores,

Cæsar says to me, dar'st thou, *Cassius*, now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,

And swim to yonder point ?——Upon the word,

Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,

And bid him follow ; so, indeed, he did.

The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it

With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside,

And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

But

But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, Help me, *Cassius*, or I sink.

I, as *Aeneas*, our great Ancestor,

Did from the flames of *Troy* upon his shoulder
The old *Anchises* bear, so, from the waves of *Tyber*

Did I the tired Cæsar : and this man

Is now become a God ; and *Cassius* is

A wretched creature, and must bend his body,

If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in *Spain*,

And when the fit was on him, I did mark

How he did shake : 'tis true, this God did shake ;

His coward lips did from their colour fly,

And that same eye, whose Bend doth awe the world,

Did lose its lustre ; I did hear him groan :

Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the *Romans*

Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,

Alas ! it cry'd—give me some drink, *Titinius*——

As a sick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,

A man of such a feeble temper should

So get the start of the majestic world,

And bear the Palm alone.

[*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout !

I do believe, that these applauses are

For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world

Like a *Colossus* ; and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about

To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at sometimes are masters of their fates :

The fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and Cæsar ! what should be in that Cæsar ?

Why should that name be sounded, more than yours ?

Write them together ; yours is as fair a name :

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;

Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em,

Brutus will start a spirit, as soon as Cæsar.

Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
 Upon what meat does this our *Cæsar* feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man!
 When could they say, till now, that talk'd of *Rome*,
 That her wide walls incompass'd but one man?
 Now is it *Rome*, indeed; and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.
 Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
 Th' eternal devil to keep his state in *Rome*,
 As easily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
 What you would work me to, I have some aim:
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter: for this present,
 I would not (so with love I might intreat you)
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
 I will consider; what you have to say,
 I will with patience hear; and find a time
 Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
 'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
 Than to repute himself a son of *Rome*
 Under such hard conditions, as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
 Have struck but thus much shew of fire from *Brutus*.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cæsar and his Train.

Bru. **T**HE Games are done, and *Cæsar* is returning.
Cas. As they pass by, pluck *Casca* by the
 sleeve,

And

And he will, after his four fashion tell you,
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.

Bru. I will do so ; but look you, *Cassius*,——
The angry spot doth glow on *Cæsar*'s brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.
Calphurnia's cheek is pale ; and *Cicero*
Looks with such ferret, and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being crost in conf'rence by some Senators.

Cæs. *Casca* will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. *Antonius*,——

Ant. *Cæsar* ?

Cæs. Let me have men, about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a-nights :
Yond *Cassius* has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much ; such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, *Cæsar*, he's not dangerous ;
He is a noble *Roman*, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter ; but I fear him not :
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid,
So soon as that spare *Cassius*. He reads much ;
He is a great observer ; and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
As thou dost, *Antony* ; he hears no music ;
Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whilst they behold a greater than themselves ;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear ; for always I am *Cæsar*.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.*]

SCENE V.

Manent Brutus and Cassius: Casca, to them.

Casca. **Y**OU pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, *Casca*, tell us what hath chanc'd to-day, That *Cæsar* looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask *Casca* what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand thus, and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, *Antony*.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Casca*.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw *Mark Antony* offer him a crown; yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again: then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted, and clap'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath, because *Cæsar* refus'd the crown, that it had almost choaked *Cæsar*; for he swooned,

fwooned, and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you; what, did *Cæsar* swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling Sickness.

Cas. No, *Cæsar* hath it not; but you and I, And honest *Casca*, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, *Cæsar* fell down: If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they used to do the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the Crown, he pluckt me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut: An' I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues; and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, 'If he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their Worships to think it was his infirmity.' Three or four wenches where I stood, cry'd, "alas, good soul!" — and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæsar* had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke *Greek*.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an' I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again. But those, that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was *Greek* to me. I could tell

you more news too: *Marullus* and *Flavius*, for pulling scarfs off *Cæsar's* Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to night, *Casca*?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner be worth the eating.

Cas. Good, I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell Both. [Exit.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be? He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form:
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is: for this time I will leave you.
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so; till then, think of the world.

[Exit Brutus.

Well, *Brutus*, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable Metal may be wrought
From what it is dispos'd; therefore 'tis meet,
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves *Brutus*.
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
He should not humour me. — I will, this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That *Rome* holds of his name: Wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at.

And

And after this, let *Cæsar* feat him fure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VI.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter Casca, his sword drawn;
and Cicero, meeting him.*

Cic. **G**OOD even, *Casca*; brought you *Cæsar* home?
Why are you breathless, and why stare
you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero*! [earth
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oak; and I have seen
Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heav'n;
Or else the world, too saucy with the Gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave, you know him well by sight,
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, (I ha' not since put up my sword)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went furly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Ev'n at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
"These are their reasons, they are natural:"

For

For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the Climate, that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes *Caesar* to the Capitol to-morrow ?

Casca. He doth : for he did bid *Antonius*
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, *Casca* ; this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewel, *Cicero*.

[Exit Cicero.]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Cassius.

Cas. WHO's there ?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. *Casca*, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. *Cassius*, what night is this ?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heaven's menace so ?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of
faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night ;
And thus unbraced, *Casca*, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone :
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Ev'n in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
heav'ns ?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty Gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, *Casca* ; and those sparks of life,
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not ; you look pale, and gaze,

And

And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
 To see the strange impatience of the heav'ns :
 But if you would consider the true cause,
 Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
 Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind,
 Why old men, fools, and children calculate ;
 Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
 Their natures and pre-formed faculties
 To monstrous quality ; why, you shall find,
 That heaven has infus'd them with these spirits,
 To make them instruments of fear and warning
 Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, *Casca*, name to thee a man
 Most like this dreadful night ;
 That thunders, lightens, opens Graves, and roars
 As doth the lion in the Capitol ;
 A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
 In personal action ; yet prodigious grown,
 And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis *Cæsar* that you mean ; is it not, *Cassius* ?

Cas. Let it be who it is : for *Romans* now
 Have thewes and limbs like to their ancestors ;
 But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,
 And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits :
 Our yoke and suff'rance shew us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the Senators to-morrow
 Mean to establish *Cæsar* as a King :
 And he shall wear his Crown by sea and land,
 In every place, save here in *Italy*.

Cas. I know, where I will wear this dagger then :
Cassius from bondage will deliver *Cassius*.

Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most strong ;
 Therein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat ;
 Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit :
 But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
 Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

If

If I know this? know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:

So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should *Cæsar* be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees, the *Romans* are but sheep;
He were no lion, were not *Romans* hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws. What trash is *Rome*?
What rubbish, and what offal? when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæsar*? But, oh, grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know,
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to *Casca*, and to such a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, *Casca*, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded *Romans*,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable dang'rous consequence;
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In *Pompey's* Porch. For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the Elements
Is fev'rous, like the work we have in hand;
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Casca. Stand close a while, for here comes one in
haste. *Cas.*

Caf. 'Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haste you so?

Cin. To find you out: who's that, *Metellus Cimber*?

Caf. No, it is *Casca*, one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, *Cinna*?

Cin. I'm glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have seen strange fights.

Caf. Am I not staid for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O *Cassius*! could you win the noble *Brutus*
To our party——

Caf. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this paper;
And look you lay it in the *Prætor's* chair,
Where *Brutus* may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old *Brutus's* Statue: all this done,
Repair to *Pompey's* porch, where you shall find us.
Is *Decius Brutus*, and *Trebonius* there?

Cin. All, but *Metellus Cimber*, and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers, as you bade me.

Caf. That done, repair to *Pompey's* Theatre.

[Exit *Cinna*,

Come, *Casca*, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his house; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Caf. Him, and his worth, and our great need of
him,
You have right well conceited; let us go,
For it is after mid-night; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

[Exeunt.
ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

BRUTUS'S Garden.

Enter Brutus.

BRUTUS.

WHAT, *Lucius!* ho——

I cannot by the progress of the stars,
 Give guess how near to day——*Lucius,* I say!
 I would, it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
 When, *Lucius,* when? awake, I say; what, *Lucius.*

*Enter Lucius.**Luc.* Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, *Lucius:*
 When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord.[*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
 I know no personal cause to spurn at him;
 But for the general. He would be crown'd——
 How that might change his nature, there's the
 question.

It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
 And that craves wary walking: crown him——
 that——

And then I grant we put a sting in him,
 That at his will he may do danger with.
 Th' abuse of Greatness is, when it disjoins
 Remorse from Power: and, to speak truth of *Cæsar,*
 I have not known when his affections sway'd
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
 But when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees

By

By which he did ascend : so *Cæsar* may :
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these, and these extremities :
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mis-
 chievous ;
 And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, Sir :
 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 This paper thus seal'd up ; and, I am sure,
 It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

[Gives him the letter.]

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day :
 * Is not to morrow, boy, the Ides of March ?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. *[Exit.]*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
 Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter, and reads.]

Brutus, thou sleep'st ; awake, and see thyself :

Shall Rome——speak, strike, redress.

Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake.

Such instigations have been often dropt,

Where I have took them up :

Shall Rome——thus must I piece it out,

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe ? what ! Rome ?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

* *Is not to-morrow, boy, the first of March ?*] We should read *Ides* :
 For we can never suppose the Speaker to have lost fourteen Days in
 his Account. He is here plainly ruminating on what the Soothsayer
 told *Cæsar* [Act I. Scene 2.] in his Presence, [*Beware the Ides of*
March] The Boy comes back and says, Sir, *March is wasted four-*
teen Days, So that the *Morrow* was the *Ides of March*, as he supposed,

The

The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King.
Speak, strike, redress,—am I entreated then
 To speak, and strike? O *Rome*! I make thee promise,
 If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st
 Thy full petition at the hand of *Brutus*!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, *March* is wasted fourteen days.

[knocks within.

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; some body
 knocks:

[Exit Lucius.

Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Caesar*,
 I have not slept.—

Between the ading of a dreadful thing,
 And the first motion, all the interim is
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
 The Genius, and the mortal instruments
 Are then in council; and the state of man,
 Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother *Cassius* at the door,
 Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their ears,
 And half their faces buried in their Cloaks;
 That by no means I may discover them
 By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter.

[Exit Lucius.

They are the faction. O Conspiracy!
 Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous brow by night,
 When Evils are most free? O then, by day
 Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
 To mask thy monstrous visage? seek none, Con-
 spiracy;

Hide

Hide it in Smiles and Affability:
 For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
 Not *Erebus* itself were dim enough
 To hide thee from prevention.

S C E N E II.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Cas. I Think, we are too bold upon your Rest;
 Good-morrow, *Brutus*, do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
 Know I these men, that come along with you? [*Aside.*

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
 But honours you: and every one doth wish,
 You had but that opinion of yourself,
 Which every noble *Roman* bears of you.
 This is *Trebonius*.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, *Decius Brutus*.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, *Casca*; this, *Cinna*;
 And this, *Metellus Cimber*.

Bru. They are all welcome.
 What watchful cares do interpose themselves
 Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*

Dec. Here lies the East: doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
 That fret the Clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd:
 Here, as I point my sword, the Sun arises,
 Which is a great way growing on the South,
 Weighing the youthful season of the year.
 Some two months hence, up higher toward the North
 He first presents his fire; and the high East
 Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if that the Fate of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,——
If these be motives weak, break off betimes;
And every man hence to his idle bed:
So let high-lighted tyranny range on,
'Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret *Romans*, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honestly to honestly engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous.
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs: unto bad causes, swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits;
To think, that or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath: When ev'ry drop of blood,
That ev'ry *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he doth break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of *Cicero*? shall we sound him?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his Judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,

But

But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing,
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only *Cæsar*?

Cas. *Decius*, well urg'd; I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of *Cæsar*,
Should out-live *Cæsar*: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver. And you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let *Antony* and *Cæsar* fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For *Antony* is but a limb of *Cæsar*.

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, *Caius*;
We all stand up against the spirit of *Cæsar*,
And in the spirit of man there is no blood;
O, that we then could come by *Cæsar*'s spirit,
And not dismember *Cæsar*! but alas!

Cæsar must bleed for it— And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which, so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd Purgers, not murderers.
And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him;
For he can do no more than *Cæsar*'s arm,
When *Cæsar*'s head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him:
For in th' ingrafted love he bears to *Cæsar*——

Bru.

Bru. Alas, good *Cassius*, do not think of him:
If he love *Cæsar*, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought, and die for *Cæsar*:
And that were much, he should; for he is giv'n
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
If *Cæsar* will come forth to day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that; if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'er-sway him; for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers,
But when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says he does; being then most flattered.
Leave me to work:

For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour, is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Cæsar* hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey*;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good *Metellus*, go along to him:
He loves me well; and I have giv'n him reasons;

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Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon's; we'll leave you,
Brutus;

And, friends! disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and shew yourselves true *Romans*.

Bru. Good Gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it, as our *Roman* actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy;
And so, good-morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt.*]

Manet Brutus.

Boy! *Lucius!* fast asleep? it is no matter,
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of Slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

SCENE. III.

Enter Porcia.

Por. **B** *BRUTUS*, my lord!

Bru. *Porcia*, what mean you? wherefore rise
you now?

It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning:

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, *Brutus*,
Stole from my bed: and, yesternight at supper,
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms a-crofs:
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,

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G

Fearing

Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour;
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, *Brutus*. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do: good *Porcia*, go to bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? what, is *Brutus* sick?
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air,
To add unto his sickness? no, my *Brutus*,
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the Right and Virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy: and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle *Porcia*.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort or limitation?
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,

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Bru.
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Bru.

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Cai.

And talk to you sometimes? dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? if it be no more,
Porcia is *Brutus*' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this
secret.

I grant, I am a woman; but withal,
A woman that lord *Brutus* took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but withal,
A woman well reputed, *Cato*'s daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!

Render me worthy of this noble wife. [Knock.]

Hark, hark, one knocks: *Porcia*, go in a while;
And, by and by, thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.

Leave me with haste.

[Exit Porcia.]

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's there that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

Bru. *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of.

Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius*! how?

Cai. Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave

Caius,

To wear a kerchief? 'would, you were not sick!

Cai. I am not sick, if *Brutus* have in hand

Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, *Ligarius*,
Had you an healthful ear to hear of it.

Cai. By all the Gods the *Romans* bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of *Rome*!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an Exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men
whole.

Cai. But are not some whole, that we must make
sick?

Bru. That we must also. What it is, my *Caius*,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Cai. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That *Brutus* leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Changes to Cæsar's Palace.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Julius Cæsar.

Cæs. **N**OR heav'n, nor earth, have been at peace
to-night;

Thrice hath *Calphurnia* in her sleep cry'd out,
"Help, ho! they murder *Cæsar*." Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord?—

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Ser. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*
Enter

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, *Cæsar*? think you to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. *Cæsar* shall forth; the things, that threatned me; Ne'er lookt but on my back: when they shall see The face of *Cæsar*, they are vanished.

Cal. *Cæsar*, I never stood on ceremonies, Yet now they fright me: there is one within, (Besides the things that we have heard and seen) Recounts most horrid sights seen by the Watch. A lioness hath whelped in the streets, And Graves have yawn'd; and yielded up their dead; Pierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds, In ranks and squadrons and right form of war, Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol: The noise of battle hurtled in the air; Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan; And Ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets. O *Cæsar*! these things are beyond all use, And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided, Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods? Yet *Cæsar* shall go forth: for these predictions Are to the world in general, as to *Cæsar*.

Cal. When Beggars die, there are no comets seen; The heav'ns themselves blaze forth the death of Princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths, The valiant never taste of death but once: Of all the wonders that I yet have heard, It seems to me most strange, that men should fear: Seeing that death, a necessary end, Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurs?

G 3

Ser.

Ser. They would not have you to stir forth to-day,
Plucking the entrails of an Offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Cæs. The Gods do this in shame of cowardise :
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, *Cæsar* shall not ; Danger knows full well,
That *Cæsar* is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible ;
And *Cæsar* shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence :
Do not go forth to-day ; call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send *Mark Antony* to the Senate-house,
And he will say, you are not well to-day :
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. *Mark Antony* shall say, I am not well ;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

SCENE V.

Enter Decius.

Here's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.

Dec. *Cæsar*, all hail ! good-morrow, worthy *Cæsar* ;
I come to fetch you to the Senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my Greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day :
Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;
I will not come to-day ; tell them so, *Decius*.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall *Cæsar* send a lie ?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,

To

To be afraid to tell Grey-beards the truth?

Decius, go tell them, *Cæsar* will not come.

Dec. Most mighty *Cæsar*, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæf. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.

But for your private satisfaction,

Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:

She dreamt last night, she saw my Statue,

Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,

Did run pure blood: and many lusty *Romans*

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.

These she applies for warnings and portents

Of evils imminent; and on her knee

Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This Dream is all amiss interpreted;

It was a Vision fair and fortunate:

Your Statue, spouting blood in many pipes,

In which so many smiling *Romans* bath'd,

Signifies, that from You great *Rome* shall suck

Reviving blood: and that Great Men shall press

For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognisance.

This by *Calphurnia's* Dream is signify'd.

Cæf. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say;

And know it now, the Senate have concluded

To give this day a Crown to mighty *Cæsar*.

If you shall send them word you will not come,

Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,

Break up the Senate 'till another time,

When *Cæsar's* wife shall meet with better Dreams:

If *Cæsar* hide himself, shall they not whisper,

Lo, *Cæsar* is afraid!

Pardon me, *Cæsar*; for my dear, dear, love

To

To your proceeding bids me tell you this:
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your Fears seem now, *Calphurnia*?

I am asham'd, I did yield to them.

Give me my Robe, for I will go:.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Cæsa, Trebonius, Cinna and Publius.

And, look, where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good-morrow, *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Welcome, *Publius*.

What, *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so early too?

Good-morrow, *Cæsa*: *Caius Ligarius*,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same Ague which hath made you lean.

What is't o' clock?

Bru. *Cæsar*, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! *Antony*, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good-morrow, *Antony*.

Ant. So to most noble *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, *Cinna*; now, *Metellus*; what, *Trebonius*!

I have an hour's talk in store for you,

Remember, that you call on me to-day;

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. *Cæsar*, I will; — and so near will I be,

[*Aside.*

That your best Friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good Friends, go in, and taste some wine
with me.

And we, like Friends, will straightway go together.

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Bru. That every like is not the same, O *Cæsar*,

[*Aside.*

The heart of *Brutus* yerns to think upon? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to a Street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a Paper.

CÆSAR, beware of *Brutus*; take heed of *Cassius*;
Come not near *Calpurnia*; have an eye to *Cinna*; trust
not *Trebonius*; mark well *Metellus Cimber*; *Decius*
Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd *Caius Ligarius*.
There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent
against *Cæsar*. If thou be'st not immortal, look about thee:
security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty Gods defend
thee!

Thy Lover, *Artemidorus*.

Here will I stand, 'till *Cæsar* pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this:
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O *Cæsar*, thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with Traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

Enter Porcia and Lucius.

Por. I pr'ythee, Boy, run to the Senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there——
O Constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue;
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might:
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?

G 5

Luc.

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy Lord look
well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note,
What *Cæsar* doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither, fellow, which way hast thou
been?

Art. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o' clock?

Art. About the ninth hour, Lady.

Por. Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the Capitol?

Art. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to *Cæsar*, hast thou not?

Art. That I have, Lady, if it will please *Cæsar*
To be so good to *Cæsar*, as to hear me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm intended towards
him?

Art. None that I know will be, much that I fear;
Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng, that follows *Cæsar* at the heels,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Suitors,
Will crowd a feeble Man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great *Cæsar* as he comes along. *[Exit.]*

Por. I must go in—aye me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O *Brutus! Brutus!*

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Cæs.
I fear,

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!
 Sure, the Boy heard me:—*Brutus* hath a Suit,
 That *Cæsar* will not grant.—O, I grow faint:
 Run, *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord;
 Say, I am merry; come to me again,
 And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
 [Exeunt severally.]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The Street before the Capitol; and the Capitol open.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, Publius, and the Soothsayer.

C Æ S A R.

THE Ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, *Cæsar*: but not gone.

Art. Hail, *Cæsar*: read this schedule.

Dec. *Trebonius* doth desire you to o'er-read,
 At your best leasure, this his humble suit.

Art. O *Cæsar*, read mine first; for mine's a suit,
 That touches *Cæsar* nearer. Read it, great *Cæsar*.

Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, *Cæsar*, read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
 Come to the Capitol.

Pop. I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.

Cæs. What enterprize, *Popilius*?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said *Popilius* *Lena*?

Cæs. He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive:
 I fear, our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to *Cæsar*; mark him:

Cas. *Casca*, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done, if this be known?

Cassius, or *Cæsar*, never shall turn back;

For I will slay myself

Bru. *Cassius*, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purpose;

For, look, he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.

Cas. *Trebonius* knows his time; for look you, *Brutus*,
He draws *Mark Antony* out of the way.

Dec. Where is *Metellus Cimber*? let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to *Cæsar*.

Bru. He is addrest; press near, and second him.

Cin. *Casca*, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cas. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That *Cæsar* and his Senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws, before thy seat [Kneeling.
An humble heart.

Cas. I must prevent thee, *Cimber*;
These couchings and these lowly curtesies
Might stir the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the lane of children. Be not fond,
To think that *Cæsar* bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With That which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words;
Low-crooked cur'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great *Cæsar*'s ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, *Cæsar*;
Desiring

Desiring thee, that *Publius Cimber* may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, *Brutus*!

Cæs. Pardon. *Cæsar*; *Cæsar*, pardon;
As low as to thy foot doth *Cassius* fall,
To beg enfranchisement for *Publius Cimber*.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true, fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament;
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion; and that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, even in this;
That I was constant, *Cimber* should be banish'd;
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cim. O *Cæsar*——

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up *Olympus*?

Dec. Great *Cæsar*——

Cæs. Doth not *Brutus* bootless kneel?

Cæs. Speak hands for me. [*They stab Cæsar.*]

Cæs. Et tu, *Brute*?—then fall *Cæsar*! [*Dies.*]

Cin. Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead——
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets——

Cæs. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement.

Bru. People, and Senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not, stand still. Ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the Pulpit, *Brutus*.

Dec. And *Cassius* too.

Bru. Where's *Publius*?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny:

Met.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friends of *Cæsar's* Should chance——

Bru. Talk not of standing. *Publius*, good cheer; There is no harm intended to your person, Nor to no *Roman* else; so tell them, *Publius*.

Cas. And leave us, *Publius*, lest that the people, Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so; and let no man abide this deed, But we the Doers.

S C E N E II.

Enter Trebonius

Cas. **W**H E R E is *Antony*?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd.
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were Dooms-day.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures;
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we *Cæsar's* friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.

Casca. Stoop, *Romans*, stoop;
And let us bathe our hands in *Cæsar's* blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth even to the Market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "peace! freedom! and liberty!"

Cas. Stoop then, and wash—how many ages hence
[*Dipping their swords in Cæsar's blood.*]
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted o'er,
In States unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall *Cæsar* bleed in sport,
That now on *Pompey's* Basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cas.

Cæs. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cæs. Ay, every man away.

Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest, and best hearts of *Rome*.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of *Antony's*.

Ser. Thus, *Brutus*, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down; [*kneeling.*
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say,
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, royal, bold and loving;
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchsafe that *Antony*
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How *Cæsar* hath deserv'd to lie in death:
Mark Antony shall not love *Cæsar* dead,
So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod State,
With all true faith. So says my master *Antony*.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Ser. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cæs. I wish, we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Antony.

Bru. **B**UT here comes *Antony*. Welcome, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. O mighty *Cæsar*! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—fare thee well.
I know not, Gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As *Cæsar*'s death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O *Antony*! beg not your death of us:
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see, we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of *Rome*
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity;)
Hath done this deed on *Cæsar*: For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, *Mark Antony*;
Our arms exempt from malice; and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cæs. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru.

Bru. Only be patient, 'till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear;
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I strook him,
Proceeded thus.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand;
First, *Marcus Brutus*, will I shake with you;
Next, *Caius Cassius*, do I take your hand;
Now, *Decius Brutus*, yours; now yours, *Metellus*;
Yours, *Cinna*; and, my valiant *Casca*, yours;
Tho' last, not least in love, yours, good *Trebonius*.
Gentlemen all—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, *Cæsar*, oh, 'tis true;
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most Noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, *Julius*—here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart,
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, stricken by many Princes,
Dost thou here lie?

Cas. *Mark Antony*—

Ant. Pardon me, *Caius Cassius*:
The enemies of *Cæsar* shall say this:
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising *Cæsar* so,

But

But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on *Cæsar*.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein *Cæsar* was dangerous.

Bru. Or else this were a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, *Antony*, the Son of *Cæsar*,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek;
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the Pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, *Mark Antony*.

Cas. *Brutus*, a word with you.—

You know not what you do; do not consent, [*Aside*.
That *Antony* speak in his funeral:
Know you, how much the People may be mov'd
By That which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon,
I will myself into the Pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our *Cæsar*'s death.
What *Antony* shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave, and by permission:
And that we are contented, *Cæsar* shall
Have all due rites, and lawful ceremonies:
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru. *Mark Antony*, here, take you *Cæsar*'s body:
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of *Cæsar*;
And say, you do't by our permission:
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak

In

In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt Conspirators.*]

SCENE IV.

Manet Antony.

Ant. **O** Pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth !
That I am meek and gentle with these
butchers.

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand, that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A curse shall light * upon the line of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy*;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war :
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds ;
And *Cæsar's* spirit, ranging for revenge,
With *Até* by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a Monarch's voice,
Cry Havock, and let slip the Dogs of war ;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius's Servant.

You serve *Octavius Cæsar*, do you not ?

Serv. I do, *Mark Antony*.

* —upon the Limbs of men ;] We should read,

—Line of men ;—i. e. Human Race.

Warb.

Ant.

Ant. *Cæsar* did write for him to come to *Rome*.

Ser. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth——

O *Cæsar*!

[*Seeing the Body.*]

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep;
Passion I see is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Ser. He lies to-night within seven leagues of *Rome*.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
chanc'd.

Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,
No *Rome* of safety for *Octavius* yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while;
Thou shalt not back, 'till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try
In my Oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young *Octavius* of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [Exeunt with *Cæsar's* body,

SCENE V.

Changes to the Forum.

*Enter Brutus, and mounts the Rostra; Cassius, with
the Plebeians.*

Pleb. WE will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me
audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers:
Those, that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those, that will follow *Cassius*, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of *Cæsar's* death.

1. *Pleb.*

1 *Pleb.* I will hear *Brutus* speak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear *Cassius*, and compare their reasons,

When sev'rally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Plebeians.*]

3 *Pleb.* The noble *Brutus* is ascended : silence !

Bru. Be patient 'till the last.

Romans, Countrymen, and Lovers ! hear me for my cause ; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of *Cæsar's*, to him I say, that *Brutus's* love to *Cæsar* was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my Answer : Not that I lov'd *Cæsar* less, but that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were living, and die all slaves ; than that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all free-men ? As *Cæsar* lov'd me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him ; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a bond-man ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a *Roman* ? if any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his Country ? if any, speak ; for him have I offended——I pause for a reply——

All. None, *Brutus*, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended—I have done no more to *Cæsar*, than you shall do to *Brutus*. The question of his death is inroll'd in the Capitol ; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter

Enter Mark Antony with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that as I slew my best lover for the good of *Rome*; I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my Country to need my death.

All. Live, *Brutus*, live! live!

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a statue with his Ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be *Cæsar*.

4 *Pleb.* *Cæsar's* better Parts
Shall be crown'd in *Brutus*.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My Countrymen——

2 *Pleb.* Peace! silence! *Brutus* speaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

[*Bru.* Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with *Antony*;
Do grace to *Cæsar's* corps, and grace his speech
Tending to *Cæsar's* glories; which *Mark Antony*
By our permission is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till *Antony* have spoke.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E VI.

1 *Pleb.* STAY, ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony*.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the public
Chair,

We'll hear him: noble *Antony*, go up.

Ant. For *Brutus's* sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of *Brutus*?

3 *Pleb.*

3 *Pleb.* He says, for *Brutus'* sake
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of *Brutus* here.

1 *Pleb.* This *Cæsar* was a Tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain;
We are blest, that *Rome* is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.* Peace; let us hear what *Antony* can say.

Ant. You gentle *Romans*——

All. Peace, ho, let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, *Romans*, Countrymen, lend me your
ears;

I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him.

The Evil, that men do, lives after them;

The Good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with *Cæsar*! noble *Brutus*

Hath told you, *Cæsar* was ambitious;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.

Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest,

(For *Brutus* is an honourable man,

So are they all, all honourable men)

Come I to speak in *Cæsar's* funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me;

But *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;

And *Brutus* is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to *Rome*,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;

Did this in *Cæsar* seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cry'd, *Cæsar* hath wept;

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;

And *Brutus* is an honourable man.

You all did see, that, on the *Lupercal*,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown;

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not, to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,

But

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause:

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason—bear with me,

My heart is in the coffin there with *Cæsar*,

And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, Masters? I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in *Rome* than *Antony*.

4 *Pleb.* Now, mark him, he begins to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of *Cæsar* might

Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong;

Who, you all know, are honourable men.

I will not do them wrong: I rather chuse

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you;

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of *Cæsar*,

I found it in his closet, 'tis his Will;

Let but the Commons here this Testament,

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)

And they would go and kiss dead *Cæsar*'s wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;

Yea,

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying, mention it within their Wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the Will, read it, *Mark Antony*.

All. The Will, the Will; we will hear *Cæsar's*
Will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not
read it;

It is not meet you know how *Cæsar* lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men:
And, being men, hearing the Will of *Cæsar*,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'Tis good you know not, that you are his *heirs*;
For if you should—O what would come of it?

4 *Pleb.* Read the Will, we will hear it, *Antony*;
You shall read us the Will, *Cæsar's* Will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay a while?
(I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it.)

I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd *Cæsar*—I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors——honourable men!

All. The Will! the Testament!

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers; the Will!
read the Will.

Ant. You will compel me then to read the Will?
Then make a ring about the corps of *Cæsar*,
And let me shew you him, that made the Will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Pleb.* Room for *Antony*—most noble *Antony*.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me, stand far off.

All. Stand back——room——bear back——

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

VOL VIII

H

You

You all do know this mantle; I remember,
 The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on,
 'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
 That day he overcame the *Nervii*——
 Look! in this place, ran *Cassius'* dagger through;—
 See, what a rent the envious *Casca* made.——
 Through this, the well-beloved *Brutus* stabb'd;
 And as he pluck'd his curst steel away,
 Mark, how the blood of *Cæsar* follow'd it!
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd,
 If *Brutus* so unkindly knock'd, or no?
 For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsar's* angel.
 Judge, oh you Gods! how dearly *Cæsar* lov'd him;
 This, this, was the unkindest cut of all;
 For when the noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart:
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Which all the while ran blood, great *Cæsar* fell,
 Even at the Base of *Pompey's* Statue.
 O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down:
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold
 Our *Cæsar's* vesture wounded? look you here!
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble *Cæsar*!

3 *Pleb.* O woful day!

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody fight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: revenge: about—
 seek—burn—fire—kill—slay! let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, Countrymen——

1 *Pleb.* Peace there, hear the noble *Antony*.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
 with him.—— *Ant.*

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny :

They, that have done this deed, are honourable.

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it : they are wise and honourable ;

And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;

I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is :

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend ; and that they know full well,

That give me public leave to speak of him :

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood ; I only speak right on.

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know ;

Shew you sweet *Cæsar's* wounds, poor, poor, dumb
mouths !

And bid them speak for me. But were I *Brutus*,

And *Brutus*, *Antony*, there were an *Antony*

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of *Cæsar*, that should move

The stones of *Rome* to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny——

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the house of *Brutus*.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, Countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho, hear *Antony*, most noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.

Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deserv'd your loves ?

Alas, you know not ; I must tell you then :

You have forgot the Will, I told you of.

All. Most true—the Will—let's stay and hear the Will.

Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Cæsar's* seal.

To ev'ry Roman citizen he gives,

To ev'ry sev'ral man, sev'nty five drachma's.

2 *Pleb.* Most noble *Cæsar* ! we'll revenge his death.

3 *Pleb.* O royal *Cæsar* !

H 2

Ant.

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho !

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On that side *Tyber* ; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a *Cæsar*, when comes such another ?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never ; come, away, away ;
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire all the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.
[*Exeunt Plebeians with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work ; Mischief, thou art a foot,
Take thou what course thou wilt !—How now, fellow ?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. *Octavius* is already come to *Rome*.

Ant. Where is he ?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæsar's* house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him ;
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are rid, like madmen, through the gates of *Rome*.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to *Octavius*.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cin. I Dreamt to-night, that I did feast with *Cæsar*,
And things unluckey charge my fantasy ;
I have no will to wander forth of doors :

Yet

Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man, directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? whither am I going? where do I dwell? am I a married man, or a bachelor? then to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly; wisely, I say—I am a bachelor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear; proceed directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to *Cæsar's* funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answer'd directly.

4 *Pleb.* for your dwelling; briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, Sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is *Cinna*.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am *Cinna* the poet, I am *Cinna* the poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the conspirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him; come, brands, ho, fire-brands:

To *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burn all. Some to *Decius's* house,

And some to *Casca's*, some to *Ligarius*: away, go.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

ANTONY.

TH E S E many then shall die, their names are prickt.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, *Lepidus*?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, *Antony*.

Lep. Upon condition, *Publius* shall not live;
Who is your sister's son, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

But, *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæsar's* house;
Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What? shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*]

Ant. This is a slight, unmeritable, man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prickt to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. *Octavius*, I have seen more days than you;
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers fland'rous loads;
He shall but bear them, as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Or led or driven, as we point the way;
And, having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,

And

And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will ;
But he's a try'd and valiant foldier.

Ant. So is my horse, *Octavius* : and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on ;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so ;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth ;
A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
On abject Orts, and imitations :
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, *Octavius*,
Listen great things——*Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are levying powers ; we must straight make head.
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd ;
Our best friends made, and our best means stretcht out ;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so ; for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies :
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Before Brutus's Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter *Brutus*, *Lucilius*, and *soldiers* : *Titinius*
and *Pindarus* meeting them.

Bru. S T A N D, ho !

Luc. Give the word, ho ! and stand !

Bru. What now, *Lucilius* ? is *Cassius* near ?

Luc. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, *Pindarus*,
In his own charge, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone; but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear,
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, *Lucilius*—
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling; ever note, *Lucilius*,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain, and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crest, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with *Cassius*. [Low march within.]

Enter Cassius and soldiers.

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd;
March gently on to meet him.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! speak the word along.

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you Gods! wrong I mine enemies?

And,

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs?
And when you do them——

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
(Which should perceive nothing, but love, from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my Tent, *Cassius*, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. *Pindarus*,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. *Lucilius*, do the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard the door. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Changes to the Inside of Brutus's Tent.

Re-enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. **T**HAT you have wrong'd me, doth appear
in this,

You have condemn'd and noted *Lucius Pella*,
For taking bribes here of the *Sardians*;
Wherein, my letter (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man,) was slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That ev'ry nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, *Cassius*, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are *Brutus*, that speak this;
Or, by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of *Cassius* honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement! — [member!

Bru. Remember *March*, the Ides of *March* re-
Did not great *Julius* bleed for justice sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? what, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus? —
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a *Roman*.

Cas. *Brutus*, bay not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not *Cassius*.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself —
Have mind upon your health — tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible? —

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cas. O Gods! ye Gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay, more. Fret, 'till your proud
heart break;

Go, shew your slaves how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? by the Gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Tho' it do split you: For, from this day forth,

I'll

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so; make your Vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way—you wrong me,
Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier; not a better.

Did I say, better?—

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When *Caesar* liv'd, he durst not thus have
mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted
him.

Cas. I durst not!—

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that, I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that, you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, *Cassius*, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;
For I can raise no money by vile means;
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachma's, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any Indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me; was that done like *Cassius*?
Should I have answer'd *Caius Cassius* so?
When *Marcus Brutus* grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces.

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not—he was but a fool, [heart.
That brought my answer back.—*Brutus* hath riv'd my
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not. Still you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, tho' they do appear
As huge as high *Olympus*.

Cas. Come, *Antony*, and young *Octavius*, come;
Revenge yourselves alone on *Cassius*,
For *Cassius* is a weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd;
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast—within, a heart
Dearer than *Plutus'* Mine, richer than gold;
If that thou needst a *Roman's*, take it forth.
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart;
Strike as thou didst at *Cæsar*; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
Than ever thou lov'dst *Cassius*. [better

Bru. Sheath your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O *Cassius*, you are yoked with a Lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath *Cassius* liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his *Brutus*,

When

When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confes so much? give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

[*Embracing.*]

Cas. O *Brutus*!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, *Cassius*, and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your *Brutus*,
He'll think, your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*A noise within.*]

Poet. [*within.*] Let me go in to see the Generals;
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? what's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you Generals; what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha—how vilely doth this Cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, firrah; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, *Brutus*, 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time;
What should the wars do with these jingling fools?
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away, begone.

[*Exit Poet.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Lucilius, and Titinius.

Bru. **L**UCILIUS and *Titinius*, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring *Messala* with
you Imme

Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*

Bru. *Lucius*, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think, you could have been so angry.

Bru. O *Cassius*, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,

If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better—*Porcia's* dead.

Cas. Ha! *Porcia!*—

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*
Have made themselves so strong: (for with her death
That tidings came) With this she fell distract,
And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her: give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, *Cassius.* [*Drinks.*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, *Lucius*, 'till the wine o'er swell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus'* love.

Bru. Come in, *Titinius*;—welcome, good *Messala*.

S C E N E V.

Enter Titinius, and Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. O *Porcia!* art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you,—

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,

Come

Come down upon us with a mighty Power,
Bending their expedition tow'rd *Philippi*.

Mef. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mef. That by Proscription and bills of Outlawry,
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*
Have put to death an hundred Senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of sev'nty Senators that dy'd
By their Proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.

Cas. *Cicero* one?—

Mef. *Cicero* is dead; and by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, *Messala*.

Mef. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, *Messala*.

Mef. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?

Mef. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a *Roman*, tell me true.

Mef. Then like a *Roman* bear the truth I tell;
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, *Porcia*—we must die, *Messala*.
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mef. Ev'n so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our Work alive. What do you think
Of marching to *Philippi* presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us;
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better.
The

The people, 'twixt *Philippi* and this ground,
 Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
 For they have grudg'd us contribution.
 The enemy, marching along by them,
 By them shall make a fuller number up,
 Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd;
 From which advantage shall we cut him off,
 If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
 These People at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother—

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
 That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
 Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe;
 The enemy increaseth every day,
 We, at the height, are ready to decline.
 There is a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
 Omitted, all the Voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
 On such a full sea are we now a-float:
 And we must take the current when it serves,
 Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on: we will along
 Ourselves, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
 And nature must obey necessity;
 Which we will niggard with a little rest.
 There is no more to say.

Cas. No more; good-night;—
 Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius*, my gown; farewell, good *Messala*,
 Good-night, *Titinius*: noble, noble *Cassius*,
 Good-night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
 This was an ill beginning of the night:
 Never come such division 'tween our souls;
 Let it not, *Brutus*!

Enter

Enter Lucius with the Gown.

Bru. Ev'ry thing is well.

Tit. Messa. Good-night, lord *Brutus*.

Bru. Farewel, every one

[*Exeunt.*

Give me the Gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here, in the Tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.

Call *Claudius*, and some other of my men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my Tent.

Luc. *Varro*, and *Claudius*!—

SCENE VI.

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. CALLS my lord?

Bru. I pray you, *Sirs*, lie in my Tent, and sleep;

It may be, I shall raise you by and by,

On business to my brother *Cassius*.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so; lie down, good *Sirs*:

It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, *Lucius*, here's the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,

And touch thy instrument, a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy;

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, Sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;

I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee. *[Music and a Song.]*

This is a sleepy tune—O murd'rous slumber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? gentle knave, good-night.

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument,

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good-night.

But let me see—is not the leaf turn'd down,

Where I left reading? here it is, I think.

[He sits down to read.]

SCENE VII.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns!—ha! who comes here?

I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,

That shapes this monstrous apparition!—

It comes upon me—Art thou any thing?

Art thou some God, some angel, or some devil,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?

Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, *Brutus.*

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at *Philippi.*

Bru. Then, I shall see thee again.—

Ghost. Ay, at *Philippi,* *[Exit Ghost.]*

Bru. Why, I will see thee at *Philippi* then.—

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

Ill Spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy! *Lucius!* *Varro!* *Claudius!* *Sirs!* awake!

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he is still at his instrument.

Lucius! awake.

Luc. My lord!—

Bru.

Bru. Didst thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou so cried'st out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst; didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, *Lucius*; firrah, *Claudius*, fellow!
Varro! awake.

Var. My lord!

Clau. My lord!

Bru. Why did you so cry out, *Sirs*, in your sleep?

Both. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay, saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother *Cassius*;
Bid him set on his Pow'rs betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Fields of Philippi, with the two Camps.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

OCTAVIUS.

NOW, *Antony*, our hopes are answered.
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so; their battles are at hand,
They mean to warn us at *Philippi* here,
Answering, before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and know
Wherefore they do it; they could be content
To visit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery; thinking, by this face,

To

To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage.
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Prepare you, Generals;
The enemy comes on in gallant shew;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. *Octavius*, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Octa. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Octa. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*]

S C E N E II.

Drum. *Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army.*

Bru. **T**HEY stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, *Titinius*, we must out and talk.

Octa. Mark *Antony*, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, *Cæsar*, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the Generals would have some words.

Octa. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, *Octa.*
vius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, *Brutus*, you give good
words.

Witness the hole you made in *Cæsar*'s heart,
Crying, "long live! hail, *Cæsar*!"

Cas. *Antony*,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the *Hybla* bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O yes, and soundless too:
For you have stoll'n their buzzing, *Antony*;

And

And very wisely threat, before you sting.

Ant. Villains! you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of *Cæsar*.

You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing *Cæsar*'s feet;

Whilst damned *Casca*, like a cur behind,

Struck *Cæsar* on the neck. O flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! now, *Brutus*, thank yourself;

This tongue had not offended so to-day,

If *Cassius* might have rul'd. [sweat,

Octa. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Behold, I draw a sword against conspirators;

When think you, that the sword goes up again?

Never, 'till *Cæsar*'s three and twenty wounds

Be well aveng'd; or 'till another *Cæsar*

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. *Cæsar*, thou canst not die by traitor's hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Octa. So I hope;

I was not born to die on *Brutus*' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy Strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such ho-
Join'd with a masker and a reveller. [nour,

Ant. Old *Cassius* still!—

Octa. Come, *Antony*, away;

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and army.*]

S C E N E III.

Cas. **W**HY, now blow wind, swell billow, and
swim bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru.

Bru. *Lucilius*,—hark, a word with you.

[*Lucilius and Messala stand forth.*

Luc. My lord.

[*Brutus speaks apart to Lucilius.*

Cas. *Messala.*

Mes. What says my General?

Cas. *Messala,*

This is my birth-day ; as this very day
Was *Cassius* born. Give me thy hand, *Messala* :

Be thou my witness, that, against my will,

As *Pompey* was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held *Epicurus* strong,

And his opinion ; now I change my mind ;

And partly credit things, that do presage.

Coming from *Sardis*, on our foremost ensign

Two mighty eagles fell ; and there they perch'd ;

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,

Who to *Philippi* here consorted us :

This morning are they fled away and gone,

And, in their steads, do ravenous crows and kites

Fly o'er our heads ; and downward look on us,

As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which

Our army lies ready to give the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly ;

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd

To meet all peril very constantly.

Bru. Even so, *Lucilius.*

Cas. Now, most noble *Brutus*,

The Gods to-day stand friendly ; that we may,

Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !

But since th' affairs of men rest still uncertain,

Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this

The very last time we shall speak together.

What are you then determined to do ?

Bru. Ev'n by the rule of that philosophy,

By

By which I did blame *Cato* for the death
Which he did give himself; I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life; * * * arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of *Rome*?

Bru. No, *Cassius*, no; think not, thou noble *Roman*,
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that Work, the Ides of *March* begun;
And, whether we shall meet again, I know not;
Therefore our everlasting farewell take;
For ever, and for ever, farewell, *Cassius*!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, *Brutus*!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end;
And then the end is known. Come, ho, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Alarm. Enter *Brutus* and *Messala*.

Bru. **R**IDE, ride, *Messala*; ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions, on the other side.

[*Loud alarm.*]

* ——— arming myself with Patience, &c.] It is evident, that, between these words and the foregoing, a sentence is dropped out to this Effect [on the contrary, true courage is seen in the] arming myself with Patience, &c. As the Text stands at present, the two different Sentiments of *Dislike* and *Approbation* are run together, as Parts related to one another.

Let

Let them set on at once; for I perceive
 But cold demeanor in *Octavius*' wing;
 A sudden Push gives them the overthrow.
 Ride, ride, *Messala*; let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarm. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O look, *Titinius*, look, the villains fly!
 Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy;
 This ensign here of mine was turning back,
 I slew the coward, and did take it from him,

Tit. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early;
 Who, having some advantage on *Octavius*,
 Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
 Whilst we by *Antony* were all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your Tent, my Lord;
 Fly, therefore, noble *Cassius*, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, *Titinius*,
 Are those my Tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. *Titinius*, if thou lov'st me,
 Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
 'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
 And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
 Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, ev'n with a thought. [*Exit.*]

Cas. Go, *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
 My sight was ever thick! regard *Titinius*,
 And tell me what thou not'st about the field.
 This day I breathed first; time is come round;
 And, where I did begin, there shall I end;
 My life is run its compass. Now, what news;

Pind. [*above.*] O, my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pind. *Titinius* is inclosed round about
 With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
 Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him;
Titinius!

Titinius ! now some light—oh, he lights too——
He's ta'en—and hark, they shout for joy. [*Shout.*

Cas. Come down, behold no more ;
Oh, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, firrah ;
In *Parthia* did I take thee prisoner ;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath,
Now be a freeman ; and, with this good sword,
That ran through *Cæsar's* bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer ; here, take thou the hilt ;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword—*Cæsar*, thou art reveng'd,
Ev'n with the sword that kill'd thee.——

[*Kills himself.*

Pind. So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my Will. Oh, *Cassius* !
Far from this country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where never *Roman* shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Mes. **I**T is but change, *Titinius* ; for *Octavius*
Is overthrown by noble *Brutus'* power,
As *Cassius'* legions are by *Antony*.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort *Cassius*.

Mes. Where did you leave him ?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With *Pindarus* his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground ?

Tit. He lies not like the living. Oh my heart !

Mes. Is not that he ?

VOL. VIII.

I

Tit.

Tit. No, this was he, *Messala*;
 But *Cassius* is no more ! Oh, setting Sun !
 As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
 So in his red blood *Cassius*' day is set ;
 The Sun of *Rome* is set ! our day is gone ;
 Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds are done ;
 Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
 Oh hateful Error, Melancholy's child !
 Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
 The things that are not ? Error, soon conceiv'd,
 Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
 But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, *Pindarus* ? where art thou, *Pindarus* ?

Mes. Seek him, *Titinius* ; whilst I go to meet
 The noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report
 Into his ears ; I may say, thrusting it ;
 For piercing steel, and darts invenomed,
 Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*,
 As tidings of this fight.

Tit. Hie you, *Messala*,
 And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while. [*Exit Mes.*]
 Why didst thou send me forth, brave *Cassius* !
 Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they
 Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
 And bid me give it thee ? didst thou not hear
 their shouts ?

Alas, thou hast misconstru'd ev'ry thing.
 But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow.
 Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee ; and I
 Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace ;
 And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*.
 By your leave, Gods—This is a Roman's part.

Come, *Cassius*' sword, and find *Titinius*' heart. [*Stabs himself.*]
 [*Dies.*]

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Alarm. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. **W**HERE, where, *Messala*, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

Bru. *Titinius'* face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. Oh *Julius Cæsar*, thou art mighty yet!
Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low Alarums.*]

Cato. Brave *Titinius*!

Look, if he have not crown'd dead *Cassius*!

Bru. Are yet two *Romans* living, such as these?
Thou last of all the *Romans*! fare thee well;
It is impossible, that ever *Rome*
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.

I shall find time, *Cassius*, I shall find time——
Come, therefore, and to *Thassos* send his body:

His funeral shall not be in our Camp,
Left it discomfort us. *Lucilius*, come;
And come, young *Cato*; let us to the field.

Labeo, and *Flavius*, set our battles on.

'Tis three o'clock; and, *Romans*, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Alarm. Enter Brutus, Messala, Cato, Lucilius, and Flavius.

Bru. **Y**ET, Countrymen, oh yet, hold up your heads.

Cato. What bastard doth not? who will go with me?

I 2

I will

I will proclaim my name about the field.
 I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho !
 A foe to tyrants, and my Country's friend.
 I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho !

Enter Soldiers and fight.

Bru. And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I ;
Brutus, my Country's friend ; know me for *Brutus*.
 [Exit.

Luc. Oh young and noble *Cato*, art thou down ?
 Why, now thou diest as bravely as *Titinius* ;
 And, may'st be honour'd, being *Cato's* Son.

Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die.
 There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight ;
 Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death,

Sold. We must not. A noble Prisoner !

Enter Antony.

2 *Sold.* Room, ho ! tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news, here comes the General :
Brutus is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en, my Lord.

Ant. Where is he ?

Luc. Safe, *Antony* ; *Brutus* is safe enough.
 I dare assure thee. that no enemy
 Shall ever take alive the noble *Brutus* :
 The Gods defend him from so great a shame !
 When you do find him alive, or dead,
 He will be found like *Brutus*, like himself.

Ant. This is not *Brutus*, friend, but I assure you,
 A prize no less in worth ; keep this man safe,
 Give him all kindness. I had rather have
 Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
 And see if *Brutus* be alive or dead ;
 And bring us word unto *Octavius' Tent*,
 How every thing is chang'd.

[Exeunt

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to another part of the Field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Bru. COME, poor Remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. *Statilius* shew'd the torch-light, but, my Lord, He came not back, he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, *Clitus*; slaying is the word; It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, *Clitus*——

[Whispering.]

Cli. What I, my Lord? no, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, *Dardanius*!

Dar. I do such a deed?

Cli. Oh, *Dardanius*!

Dar. Oh, *Clitus*!

Cli. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, *Clitus*: look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*; list a word.

Vol. What says my Lord?

Bru. Why, this, *Volumnius*;

The Ghost of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at *Sardis* once;
And, this last night, here in *Philippi*'s fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my Lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.

Thou see'st the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit: *[Alarm.]*

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,

Than tarry, 'till they push us. Good *Volumnius*,

Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;
Even for that, our love of old, I pr'ythee,
Hold thou my sword's hilt, while I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a Friend, my Lord.

[*Alarm still.*]

Cli. Fly, fly, my Lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewel to you, and you, and you, *Volumnius.*

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewel to thee too, *Strato*.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.

I shall have Glory by this losing day,
More than *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
By this vile Conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once: for *Brutus'* tongue
Hath almost ended his life's History.

Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour,

[*Alarm. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly.*]

Cli. Fly, my Lord, fly—

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.

I pr'ythee, *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord;
Thou art a Fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in't.
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato*?

Strato. Give me your hand first—fare you well,
my Lord.

Bru. Farewel, good *Strato*—*Cæsar*, now be still;
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword and dies.*]

S C E N E XI.

*Alarm. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala,
Lucilius, and the army.*

Octa. WHAT Man is that?

Mes. My Master's Man. *Strato*, where is
thy Master? *Strato.*

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, *Messala*;
The Conqu'rors can but make a fire of him:
For *Brutus* only overcame himself;
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee,
Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd *Lucilius'* Saying true.

Octa. All that serv'd *Brutus*, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if *Messala* will prefer me to you.

Octa. Do so, good *Messala*.

Mes. How died my Lord, *Strato*?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my Master.

Ant. This was the noblest *Roman* of them all.
All the Conspirators, save only he,
Did That they did in envy of great *Cæsar*:
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common Good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world; "This was a Man!"

Octa. According to his virtue, let us use him;
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my Tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a Soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to Rest; and let's away,
To part the Glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt omnes*]

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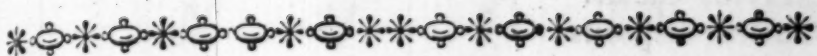
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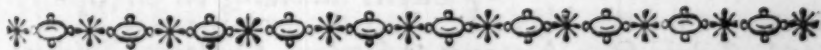
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A N T O N Y

A N D

C L E O P A T R A .



Dramatis Personæ.

M. A N T O N Y.

Octavius Cæsar.

Æmilius Lepidus.

Sex. Pompeius.

Domitius Enobarbus,

Ventidius,

Canidius,

Eros,

Scarus,

Decretas,

Demetrius,

Philo.

Mecænas,

Agrippa,

Dolabella,

Proculeius,

Thyreus.

Gallus,

Menas,

Menecrates,

Varrius.

Silius, *an Officer in Ventidius's Army.*

Taurus, *Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.*

Alexas,

Mardian,

Diomedes.

A Soothsayer.

Clown.

Cleopatra, *Queen of Egypt.*

Octavia, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*

Charmian,

Iras.

Ambassadors from Antony to Cæsar, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE is dispers'd in several Parts of the Roman Empire.

A N T O N Y.

Friends and Followers of Antony.

Friends to Cæsar.

Friends to Pompey.

Servants to Cleopatra.

Ladies attending on Cleopatra.



A N T O N Y

A N D

C L E O P A T R A.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

The Palace at Alexandria in Egypt.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

P H I L O.

NAY, but this dotage of our General
O'er-flows the measure; those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front. His Captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a Gypsy's lust. Look, where they come!

*Flourish. Enter Antony and Cleopatra, her Ladies
in the train, Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd

* Into a Strumpet's Stool. Behold, and see.

Cleo. If it be love, indeed, tell me, how much?

* *Into a Strumpet's fool.*—] The Metaphor is here miserably
mangled. We should read, *Into a Strumpet's Fool.* The Pillar
of the World, says he, is transformed into a Strumpet's Stool.
Alluding to the custom of Strumpets sitting in the Lap of their Lovers.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heav'n, new earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, my good Lord, from Rome.

Ant. It grates me. Tell the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear it, *Antony*.

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or who knows, If the scarce-bearded *Cæsar* have not sent His powerful Mandate to you, Do this, or this; Take in that Kingdom, and infranchise that; Perform't, or else we damn thee.—

Ant. How, my love?

Cleo. Perchance, (nay, and most like,) You must not stay here longer, your dismissal Is come from *Cæsar*; therefore hear it, *Antony*. Where's *Fulvia*'s Process? *Cæsar*'s? I'd say, both? Call in the Messengers; as I'm *Egypt*'s Queen, Thou blushest, *Antony*, and that blood of thine Is *Cæsar*'s homager: else, so thy cheeks pay shame, When shrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* scolds. The Messengers—

Ant. Let *Rome* in *Tyber* melt, and the wide arch Of the rais'd Empire fall! here is my space; Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike Feeds beast as man; the nobleness of life Is to do thus; when such a mutual Pair, [*Embracing.* And such a twain can do't; in which, I bind (On pain of punishment) the world to weet, We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!

Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her? I'll seem the fool, I am not. *Antony* Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by *Cleopatra*.
Now for the love of love, and his soft hours,

Let's

Let's not confound the time with conference harsh;
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure new: what sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the Ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling Queen!

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep: whose every passion fully strives
To make itself in thee fair and admired.
No Messenger, but thine;—and all alone,
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of People. Come, my Queen,
Last night you did desire it. Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt, with their Train.*]

Dem. Is *Cæsar* with *Antonius* priz'd so slight?

Phil. Sir, sometimes, when he is not *Antony*,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with *Antony*.

Dem. I'm sorry,
That he approves the common liar, Fame,
Who speaks him thus at *Rome*; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothfayer.

Char. **A**LEXAS, sweet *Alexas*, most any thing
Alexas, almost most absolute *Alexas*, where's
the Soothfayer that you prais'd so to th' Queen?
Oh! that I knew this husband, which you say,
must charge his horns with garlands.

Alex. Soothfayer,—

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is't you, Sir, that know things?

Sooth. In Nature's infinite Book of Secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly : wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good Sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid !

Alex. Vex not his prescience, be attentive.

Char. Hush !

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune ! let me be married to three Kings in a forenoon, and widow them all ; let me have a child at fifty, to whom *Herod* of Jewry may do homage ! find me, to marry me with *Octavius Cæsar*, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall out-live the Lady whom you serve.

Char. Oh, excellent ! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen, and proved, a fairer former fortune, than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names ;

Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have ?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertil every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool ! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell *Iras* hers.——

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes to-night, shall be to go drunk to bed.

Iras.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Ev'n as the o'er-flowing *Nilus* presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Pr'ythee, tell her but a workyday fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how?—give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you chuse it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heav'ns mend! *Alexas*, —Come, *his* fortune; *his* fortune. —O, let him marry a Woman that cannot go, sweet *Isis*, I beseech thee; and let her die too, and give him a worse; and let worse follow worst, 'till the worst of all follow him laughing to his Grave, fifty-fold a Cuckold! good *Isis*, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good *Isis*, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen, dear Goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; therefore, dear *Isis*, keep *decorum*, and fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen!

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't

S C E N E III.

Enter Cleopatra.

Eno. HUSH! here comes *Antony*.

Char. Not he, the Queen.

Cleo.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, Lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, Madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him. *Enobarbus*,——

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither; where's
Alexas?

Alex. Here at your service; my Lord approaches.

Enter Antony with a Messenger, and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mes. *Fluvia* thy Wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother *Lucius*?

Mes. Ay, but soon that war had end, and the
time's state

Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst
Cæsar:

Whose better issue in the war from *Italy*,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mes. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward; no.—
Things, that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in the tale lie death,
I hear, as if he flatter'd.

Mes. *Labienus* (this is stiff news)
Hath, with his *Parthian* force, extended *Asia*;
From *Euphrates* his conquering banner shook,
From *Syria* to *Lydia*, and *Ionia*;
Whilst——

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say——

Mes. Oh, my Lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the gen'ral
tongue;
Name *Cleopatra* as she's call'd in *Rome*.

Rail

Rail thou in *Fulvia's* phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. Oh, then we bring both weeds,
When our quick minds lie still; and our ill, told us,
Is as our earring; fare thee well a while.

Mef. At your noble pleasure.

Ant. From *Sicyon*, how the news? speak there.

Mef. The Man from *Sicyon*, is there such an one?

[*Exit first Messenger.*]

Attend. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear;

These strong *Egyptian* fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage. What are you?

Enter another Messenger, with a Letter.

2 *Mef.* *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 *Mef.* In *Sicyon*.

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

Ant. Forbear me. — [Exit second Messenger.]

There's a great spirit gone! thus did I desire it.
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowring, does become
The opposite of itself; she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting Queen break off.
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. How now, *Enobarbus*?

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then we kill all our women. We see,
how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer
our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die.

It

It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though between them and a great cause, they would be esteem'd nothing. *Cleopatra*, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her; she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, Sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears: they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her: if it be, she makes a show'r of rain as well as *Jove*.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. Oh, Sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work, which, not to have been blest withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. Sir!

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. *Fulvia*?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, Sir, give the Gods a thankful sacrifice: when it pleaseth their Deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailor of the earth; comforting him therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a cut, and the case were to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat, and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business, she hath broached in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business, you have broach'd here, cannot be without you; especially that of *Cleopatra's*, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant.

Ant. No more light answers: let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the Queen,
And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of *Fulvia*, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak t'us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in *Rome*
Petition us at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
Hath giv'n the dare to *Cæsar*, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our slipp'ry people,
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
Till his deserts are past,) begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his Dignities
Upon his son; who high in name and pow'r,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main Soldier; whose quality going on,
The sides o'th' world may danger. Much is breeding;
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I'll do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cle. WHERE is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See, where he is, who's with him, what he
does.—

I did not send you:—If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing: if in mirth, report,
That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in
nothing.

Cleo.

Cleo. Thou teachest, like a fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so, too far. I wish, forbear;
In time we hate That, which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes *Antony*.

Cleo. I'm sick, and fullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.

Cleo. Help me away, dear *Charmian*, I shall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
[*Seeming to faint.*

Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest Queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the marry'd woman? you may go;
'Would, she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no pow'r upon you: her's you are.

Ant. The Gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there Queen
So mightily betray'd; yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. *Cleopatra*,—

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,

Though you with swearing shake the throned Gods,
Who have been false to *Fulvia*? riotous madness
To be entangled with these mouth-mad vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet Queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words; no going, then;—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,

Bliss

Bliss in our Brows' bent, none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heav'n. They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How, now, lady?

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou should'st know,
There were a heart in *Egypt*.

Ant. Hear me, Queen;

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a-while; but my full heart
Remains in Use with you. Our *Italy*
Shines o're with civil swords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the port of *Rome*.
Equality of two domestic Pow'rs
Breeds scrupulous faction; the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd *Pompey*,
Rich in his father's Honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'n
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should salve my going,
Is *Fulvia's* death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me
freedom,
It does from childishness. Can *Fulvia* die?

Ant. She's dead, my Queen.

Look here, and at thy sovereign leasure read
The garboyls she awak'd; at the last, best.
See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water? now I see, I see,
In *Fulvia's* death, how mine shall be receiv'd.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear: which are, or cease,
As you shall give th' advices. By the fire,
That quickens *Nilus'* slime, I go from hence

Thy

Thy foldier, servant, making peace or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, *Charmian*, come ;
But let it be, I'm quickly ill, and well :
So *Antony* loves.

Ant. My precious Queen, forbear,
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her ;
Then bid adieu to me and say, the tears
Belong to *Egypt*. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood ; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet : but this is meetly.

Ant. Now by my sword——

Cleo. And target—Still he mends :
But this is not the best. Look, pr'ythee, *Charmian*,
How this *Herculean Roman* does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word ;
Sir, you and I must part ; (but that's not it,)
Sir, you and I have lov'd ; (but there's not it ;
That you know well ;) something it is, I would :
Oh, my oblivion is a very *Antony*,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds Idleness your subject, I should take you
For Idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such Idleness so near the heart,
As *Cleopatra*, this. But, Sir, forgive me ;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence,
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the Gods go with you ! On your sword

Sit

Sit laurell'd victory, and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet !

Ant. Let us go : come,
Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou, residing here, goest yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Changes to Cæsar's Palace in Rome.

Enter Octavius Cæsar reading a letter, Lepidus, and attendants.

Cæs. **Y**OU may see, *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cæsar's* natural vice to hate
One great competitor. From *Alexandria*
This is the news ; he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel ; is not more manly
Than *Cleopatra* ; nor the Queen of *Ptolemy*
More womanly than he. Hardly gave audience,
Or did vouchsafe to think that he had partners.
You shall there find a man, who is the abstract
Of all faults all men follow.

Lep. I must not think.
They're evils enough to darken all his goodness ;
His faults in him seem as the spots of heav'n,
More fiery by night's blackness : hereditary,
Rather than purchast ; what he cannot change,
Than what he chuses.

Cæs. You're too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amis to tumble on the bed of *Ptolemy*,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
And keep the turn of tipling with a slave,
To reel the streets at noon ; and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat ; say, this becomes
him ;

(As his composure must be rare, indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish ;) yet must *Antony*
No way excuse his foils, when we do bear

So

So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
 His vacancy with his voluptuousness;
 Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
 Call on him for't. But to confound such time,
 That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
 As his own state, and ours; 'tis to be chid,
 As we rate boys, who, immature in knowledge,
 Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
 And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mes. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
 Most noble *Cæsar*, shalt thou have report
 How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is strong at Sea,
 And, it appears, he is belov'd of those
 That only have fear'd *Cæsar*: to the ports
 The Discontents repair, and men's reports
 Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less;
 It hath been taught us from the primal State,
 That he, which is, was with'd, until he were:
 And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love.
 Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
 Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
 Goes to, and back, lacquying the varying tide,
 To rot itself with motion.

Mes. *Cæsar*, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and *Menas*, famous pirates,
 Make the sea serve them; which they ear and wound
 With keels of every kind. Many hot inrodes
 They make in *Italy*, the borders maritime
 Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:
 No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
 Taken as seen: for *Pompey's* name strikes more,
 Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. *Antony*,
 Leave thy lascivious wassails;— When thou once
Wert

Wert beaten from *Mutina*, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and *Pansa* Consuls, at thy heel
 Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st against
 (Though daintily brought up) with patience more
 Than Savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
 The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
 Which beasts would cough at. Thy Palate then did
 deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge:
 Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
 The barks of trees thou browsed'st. On the *Alps*,
 It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
 Which some did die to look on; and all this,
 (It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)
 Was bore so like a soldier, that thy cheek
 So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
 Drive him to *Rome*; time is it, that we twain
 Did shew ourselves i'th' field; and to that end
 Assemble we immediate council; *Pompey*
 Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, *Cæsar*.

I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly,
 Both what by sea and land I can be able,
 To front this present time.

Cæs. 'Till which encounter,
 It is my business too. Farewel.

Lep. Farewel, my lord:
 What you shall know mean time of stirs abroad,
 I shall beseech you, let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt it not, Sir; I knew it for my bond.
 Farewel. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI. —

*Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.**Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.*Cleo. CHARMIAN,——
Char. Madam?Cleo. Ha, ha——give me to drink *Mandragoras*.

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My *Antony* is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason.——

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch, *Mardian*,——

Mar. What's your Highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing. I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has; 'tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of *Egypt*. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, Madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What *Venus* did with *Mars*.Cleo. Oh *Charmian*!Where think'st thou he is now? stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
Oh happy horse, to bear the weight of *Antony*!
Do bravely, horse; for, wot'st thou, whom thou
mov'st?The demy *Atlas* of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of Man. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, where's my serpent of old *Nile*?—
(For so he calls me;) Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison. Think on me,

That

That am with *Phæbus'* amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted *Cæsar*,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch; and great *Pompey*
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of *Egypt*, hail!

Cleo. How much art thou unlike *Mark Antony*?
Yet coming from him, that great med'cine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave *Mark Antony*?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear Queen,
He kist, the last of many doubled kisses,
This orient pearl.—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,

Say, the firm *Roman* to great *Egypt* sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, * I will pace
Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress. So, he nodded;
And soberly did mountan arm-gaunt fied,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
† Was beastly done by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?

* ——— I will piece

Her opulent throne with kingdoms.—] No bungling Carpenter could
have expressed his Labour worse. I suspect that *Shakespeare* wrote
———*I will pace*——— *e. i.* I will erect an Imperial Throne for her,
and every Step up to it shall be a Kingdom. Warb.

† *Was beastly dumb by him.*]——A very pretty Speech, and agree-
able to the Politeness of one of *Cleopatra's* Courtiers. *Shakespeare*
wrote,

Who neigh'd so loud, that what I would have spoke

Was beastly done by him.——*i. e.* the Sense of what I would
have spoke the Horse declared, tho' in inarticulate Sounds. Warb

K 2

Alrx.

Alex. Like to the time o'th' year, between th' extremes

Of hot and cold, he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. Oh well-divided disposition !

Note him, good *Charmian*, 'tis the man ; but note him ;

He was not sad, for he would shine on those That make their looks by his : He was not merry, Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay In *Egypt* with his joy ; but between both.

Oh heav'nly mingle ! be'st thou sad, or merry, The violence of either thee becomes,

So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts ;

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers.

Why do you send so thick ?

Cleo. Who's born that day,

When I forget to send to *Antony*,

Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, *Charmian*.

Welcome, my good *Alexas*. Did I, *Charmian*,

Ever love *Cæsar* so ?

Char. Oh, that brave *Cæsar* !

Cleo. Be choak'd with such another emphasis !

Say, the brave *Antony*.

Char. The valiant *Cæsar*.

Cleo. By *Isis*, I will give thee bloody teeth,

If thou with *Cæsar* paragon again

My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,

I sing but after you.

Cleo. My fallad days ;

When I was green in judgment.—Cold in blood !

To say, as I said then,—But come away,

Get me ink and paper ;

He shall have every day several greetings, or I'll unpeople *Egypt*. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.
S I C I L Y.*Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.*

P O M P E Y. *

IF the great Gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy *Pompey*,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pomp. While we are suitors to their Throne, delay's
The thing we sue for.

Men. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pomp. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My pow'r's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to th' full. *Mark Antony*
In *Egypt* sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors. *Cæsar* gets money, where
He loses hearts; *Lepidus* flatters Both,
Of Both is flatter'd; but he Neither loves,
Nor Either cares for him.

Mene. *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,
A mighty strength they carry.

Pomp. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Mene. From *Silvius*, Sir. [gether.

Pomp. He dreams; I know, they are in *Rome* to-
Looking for *Antony*: but all the charms of love,
Salt *Cleopatra*, soften thy wan lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty; lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless saucè his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even 'till a *Lethe'd* dulness——

Enter Varrius.

How now, *Varrius*?

Var. This is most certain, that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in *Rome*
Expected. Since he went from *Egypt*, 'tis
A space for farther travel.

Pomp. I could have given less matter
A better ear. *Menas*, I did not think,
This am'rous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war; his soldiership
Is twice the other twain; but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of *Egypt's* widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied *Antony*.

Men. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and *Antony* shall well greet together.
His wife, who's dead, did trespasses to *Cæsar*;
His brother warr'd upon him, although I think,
Not mov'd by *Antony*.

Pomp. I know not, *Menas*,
How lesser enmitics may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant, they should square between them-
selves;

For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be't, as our Gods will hav't! it only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, *Menas*.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. **G**OOD *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, t'entreat your
Captain

To

To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer, like himself; if *Cæsar* move him,
Let *Antony* look over *Cæsar*'s head,
And speak as loud as *Mars*. By *Jupiter*,
Were I the wearer of *Antonio*'s beard,
I would not shav't to day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not, if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion;
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble *Antony*.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, *Cæsar*.

Enter Cæsar, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to *Parthia*.——
Hark, *Ventidius*.

Cæs. I do not know; *Mecænas*, ask *Agrippa*.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to th' matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well;
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

[*Flourish.*]

Cæs. Welcome to *Rome*.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, Sir.

Cæs. Nay, then——

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so:
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laught at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i'th' world; More laught at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound
Your name it not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in *Egypt*, *Cæsar*, what was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at *Rome*
Might be to you in *Egypt*: yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in *Egypt*
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practise'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall. Your Wife and Brother
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theam'd for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business: my brother
never
Did urge me in his act: I did requite it,
And have my learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
(As matter whole you've not to make it with,)
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself,
By laying defects of Judgment to me: but
You patch up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, (I'm certain on't,)
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your Partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could

Could not with grateful eyes attend those wars,
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my Wife,
I would, you had her spirit in such another;
The third o'th' world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy; but not such a Wife.

Eno. 'Would, we had all such Wives, that the Men
Might go to wars with the Women!

Ant. So much uncurbable her garboiles, *Cæsar*,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet: For That you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæf. I wrote to you,
When rioting in *Alexandria*, you
Did pocket up my letters; and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted: then
Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i'th' morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife: if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæf. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, *Cæsar*.—

Ant. No, *Lepidus*, let him speak;
The Honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing, that I lackt it: but on, *Cæsar*,
The article of my oath—

Cæf. To lend me arms and aid, when I requir'd them,
The which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected, rather:
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge; as nearly as I may,
I'll play the Penitent to you. But mine honesty
Shall not make poor my Greatness; nor my Power

Work without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of *Egypt*, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine Honour
To sloop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember, that the present Need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, *Mecænas*.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the
instant, you may, when you hear no more words
of *Pompey*, return it again: you shall have time to
wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a Soldier, only speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost
forgot.

Ant. You wrong this Presence, therefore speak no
more.

Eno. Go to then: your confederate stone.—

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The matter of this speech: for't cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop would hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O' th' world, I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Speak, *Agrippa*.

Agr. Thou hast a Sister by the Mother's side,
Admir'd *Octavia*! great *Mark Antony*
Is now a Widower.

Cæs. Say not so, *Agrippa*;
If *Cleopatra* heard you, your Approof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, *Cæsar*, let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual Amity,

To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take *Antony*
Octavia to his Wife; whose Beauty claims
No worse a Husband than the best of men;
Whose Virtue, and whose general Graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,
Would each to other, and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will *Cæsar* speak?

Cæs. Not 'till he hears, how *Antony* is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What Power is in *Agrippa*
(If I would say, *Agrippa*, be it so.)
To make this good?

Cæs. The Power of *Cæsar*, and
His Power unto *Octavia*.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of impediment! let me have thy hand;
Further this act of grace: and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand:
A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our Hearts, and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey,
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me. I must thank him only,

Left my remembrance suffer ill report ;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon's :
Of us must *Pompey* presently be fought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he ?

Cæs. About the Mount *Misenum*.

Ant. What is his strength by Land ?

Cæs. Great, and increasing : but by Sea
He is an absolute Master.

Ant. So is the same.

'Would, we had spoke together ! haste we for it ;
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness ;
And do invite you to my Sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, *Lepidus*, not lack your company.

Lep. Noble *Antony*, not sickness should detain me.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Manent *Enobarbus*, *Agrippa*, *Mecænas*.

Mec **W**ELCOME from *Egypt*, Sir.

Eno. Half the heart of *Cæsar*, worthy
Mecænas ! my honourable friend, *Agrippa* ! —

Agr. Good *Enobarbus* !

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are
so well digested : you stay'd well by't in *Egypt*.

Eno. Ay, Sir, we did sleep day out of countenance,
and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a break-
fast, and but twelve persons there ; — Is this true ?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle : we had
much more monstrous matter of feast, which wor-
thily deserved noting.

Mec.

Mec. She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met *Mark Antony*, she purs'd up his heart upon the river of *Cydnus*.

Agr. There she appear'd, indeed ; or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you ;

The Barge she sat in, like a burnish'd Throne,
Burnt on the water ; the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The Winds were love-sick with 'em ; the oars were
silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description ; she did lie
In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tiffue,
O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we see
The Fancy out-work Nature. On each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled Boys, like smiling *Cupids*,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agr. Oh, rare for *Antony* !

Eno. Her Gentiewomen, like the *Nereids*,
So many Mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
* And made their Bends adorings. At the helm,
A seeming Mermaid steers ; the silken tackles
Swell with the touches of these flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the Barge

* *And made their bends adorings.*——] This is Sense indeed, and may be understood thus, her Maids bowed with so good an Air, that it added new Graces to them. But this is not what *Shakespear* would say. *Cleopatra*, in this famous Scene, personated *Venus* just rising from the Waves : at which Time the Mythologists tell us, the Sea-deities surrounded the Goddess to adore, and pay her homage. Therefore, we may be assured, he wrote,——*And made their bends adorings.*——They did her Observance in the Posture of Adoration, as if she had been *Venus*.

Warb.

A strange

A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The City cast
Her People out upon her ; and *Antony*,
Enthron'd i' th' Market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' air ; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in Nature.

Agr. Rare *Egyptian* !

Eno. Upon her landing, *Antony* sent to her,
Invited her to supper : she reply'd,
It should be better, he became her guest ;
Which she intreated. Our courteous *Antony*,
Whom ne'er the word of *No Woman* heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast ;
And for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal Wench !

She made great *Cæsar* lay his sword to bed ;
He plough'd her, and she cropt.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street :
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted
That she did make defect, perfection,
And breathless power breathe forth.

Mec. Now *Antony* must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never, he will not.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety : other women cloy
The appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy Priests
Bless her, when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of *Antony*, *Octavia* is

* A blest allott'ry to him.

Agr.

* A blessed Lottery to him.] Methinks it is a very indifferent Compliment in *Mecænas* to call *Octavia* a Lottery, as if she might turn up

Blank

Agr. Let us go.
 Good *Enobarbus*, make yourself my guest,
 Whilst you abide here.
Eno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you. [Exeunt.]

Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia between them.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will some-
 times

Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time,
 Before the Gods my knee shall bow in prayers
 To them for you.

Ant. Good night, Sir. My *Octavia*,
 Read not my blemishes in the world's report :
 I have not kept my square, but That to come
 Shall all be done by th' rule ; good-night, dear Lady.

Octa. Good-night, Sir.

Cæs. Good-night. [Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. **N**OW, firrah ! do you wish yourself in
 ' *Egypt* ?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor
 you thither !

Ant. If you can, your reason ?

Sooth. I see it in my Motion, have it not in my
 Tongue ; but yet hie you to *Egypt* again.

Ant. Say to me, whose fortune shall rise higher,
Cæsar's or mine ?

Sooth. *Cæsar's*.—Therefore, oh *Antony*, stay not
 by his side.

Thy *Dæmon*, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is

Blank, as well as prove a Prize to *Antony*. The Poet wrote, as I
 have reform'd the Text, *Allotery*, there being as much Difference
 between *Lottery* and *Allotery*, as between a present Designation and
 a future Chance.

Warb.

Noble

232 ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where *Cæsar's* is not. But, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; and there-
fore

Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to
thee. —

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou'rt sure to lose: and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds. Thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy Spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him.
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:

Say to *Ventidius*, I would speak with him.

[*Exit Sooth.*]

He shall to *Parthia*;—be it art, or hap,
He hath spoke true. The very dice obey him;
And, in our Sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance; if we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought: and his quails ever
Beat mine, in-hoop'd at odds. I will to *Egypt*;
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' th' east my pleasure lies. Oh, come, *Ventidius*.

Enter Ventidius.

You must to *Parthia*, your commission's ready:
Follow me and receive't.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lepidus, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no farther: pray you,
hasten

Your Generals after.

Ag. Sir, Mark Antony

Will e'en but kiss *Octavia*, and we'll follow.

Lep.

Lep. 'Till I shall see your Soldiers' dress,
Which will become you Both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at th' mount
Before you, *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about ;
You'll win two days upon me.

Both. Sir, good success.

Lep. Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras and Alexas.

Cleo. **G**IVE me some music : music, moody food
Of us that trade in love——
Of us that trade in love——
Omnes. The music, ho !

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to billiards : come, *Char-*
mian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with *Mardian*.

Cleo. As well a woman with an Eunuch play'd,
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, Sir ?

Mar. As well as I can, Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shew'd, tho't come
too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.

Give me mine angle, we'll to th' river, there,

My music playing far off, I will betray

Tawny-finn'd fish ; my bended hook shall pierce

Their slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,

I'll think them every one an *Antony*,

And say, ah, ha ! you're caught.

Char.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!—oh times!—
I laught him our of patience, and that night
I laught him into patience; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed:
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword *Philippan*. Oh, from *Italy*;

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy faithful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mef. Madam! Madam!—

Cleo. Antony's dead?—
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free,

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kifs: a hand, that Kings
Have lipt, and trembled kissing.

Mef. First, Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, firrah, mark,
we use

To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold, I give thee, will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mef. Good Madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will:
But there's no goodness in thy face. If *Antony*
Be free and healthful; why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? if not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Mef. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st;
Yet, if thou say *Antony* lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with *Cæsar*, or not captive to him,

I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee

Mef. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mef. And friends with *Cæsar*.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mef. *Cæsar* and he, are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mef. But yet, Madam——

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence; he upon *but yet*:
But yet is as a jaylor to bring forth
Some monstrous Malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends with *Cæsar*,
In state of health, thou say'st; and thou say'st, free.

Mef. Free, Madam! no: I made no such report.
He's bound unto *Octavia*.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mef. For the best turn i' th' bed.

Cleo. I am pale, *Charmian*

Mef. Madam, he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mef. Good Madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you? [Strikes him.]

Hence, horrible villain, or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipt with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.

Mef. Gracious Madam,

I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow, thou had'st,
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mef.

Mef. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a dagger.*]

Mef. Nay, then I'll run:

What mean you, Madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*]

Char. Good Madam, keep yourself with yourself.

The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt—
Melt *Egypt* into *Nile*; and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him; call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself: since I myself
Have given myself the cause. Come hither, Sir.

Re-enter the Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news; give to a gracious message
An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mef. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If you again say, *Yes*.

Mef. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. The Gods confound thee! dost thou hold
there still?

Mef. Should I lie, Madam?

Cleo. Oh, I would, thou didst;

So half my *Egypt* were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scald'd snakes! go, get thee hence,
Hadst thou *Narcissus* in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly: he is married?—

Mef. I crave your Highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?—

Mef.

Mef. Take no offence, that I would not offend you;

To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. Oh, that his fault should make a knave of thee,

That say'st but what thou'rt sure of!—Get thee hence,

The merchandises, thou hast brought from *Rome*,
Are all too dear for me:

Lie they upon thy hand, and be undone by 'em!

[*Exit Mef.*]

Char. Good your Highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising *Antony*, I have disprais'd *Cæsar*.

Char. Many times, Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for it now: lead me from hence,
I faint; oh *Iras*, *Charmian*—'tis no matter.—

Go to the fellow, good *Alexas*, bid him

Report the feature of *Octavia*, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly,—

Let him for ever go—let him not, *Charmian*;

Though he be painted one way like a *Gorgon*,

Th' other way he's a *Mars*. Bid you *Alexas*

Bring word, how tall she is: pity me, *Charmian*,

But speak not to me. Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Changes to the Coast of Italy, near Misenum.

Enter Pompey and Menas, at one door, with drum and trumpet: At another, Cæsar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, Agrippa, with soldiers marching.

Pom. **Y**OUR hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,

That first we come to words; and therefore have we

Our

Our written purposes before us sent ;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know.
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to *Sicily* much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The *Senators* alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the Gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my Father should Revengers want,
Having a Son and Friends; since *Julius Cæsar*,
(Who at *Philippi* the good *Brutus* ghosted,)
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale *Cassius* to conspire? and what
Made Thee, all-honour'd, honest *Roman Brutus*,
With the arm'd rest, Courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man, but a man? And That is it,
Hath made me rig my Navy: At whose burden
The anger'd Ocean foams, with which I meant
To scourge th' ingratitude that despightful *Rome*
Cast on my noble Father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, *Pompey*, with thy sails,
We'll speak with thee at sea. At land, thou know'st,
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my Father's house.
But since the cuckow builds not for himself,
Remain in't, as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present,) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You've made me offer

Of *Sicily, Sardinia*: and I must
Rid all the sea of Pirates; then to send
Measures of wheat to *Rome*: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhack't edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,

I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But *Mark Antony*
Put me to some impatience.—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When *Cæsar* and your Brother were at blows,
Your Mother came to *Sicily*, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, *Pompey*,
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i'th' East are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither:
For I've gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts hard fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom she shall never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pomp. I hope so, *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:
I crave, our composition may be written
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part, and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That I will, *Pompey*.

Pom. No, *Antony*, take the lot:
But, first or last, your fine *Egyptian* cookery

Shall

Shall have the fame. I've heard, that *Julius Cæsar*
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meaning, Sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard.

And I have heard, *Apollodorus* carried——

Eno. No more of that: he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain Queen to *Cæsar* in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now, how far'st thou, Soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four Feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand,
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee;
Aboard my Galley I invite you all.
Will you lead, Lords?

All. Shew's the way, Sir.

Pom. Come. [*Exeunt. Manent Enob. and Menas.*]

Men. Thy Father, *Pompey*, would ne'er have made
this Treaty.

You and I have known, Sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, Sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me,
though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land-service; but give me your hand, *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is ne'er a fair woman, has a true face.

Men. No slander—they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a Drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep't back again.

Men. You've said, Sir; we look'd not for *Mark Antony* here; pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra*?

Eno. *Cæsar's* Sister is called *Octavia*.

Men. True, Sir, she was the Wife of *Gaius Marcellus*.

Eno. But now she is the Wife of *Marcus Antonius*.

Men. Pray ye, Sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cæsar* and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this Unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band, that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his Wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is *Mark Antony*. He will to his *Egyptian* Dish again; then shall the sighs of *Octavia* blow the fire up in *Cæsar*, and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. *Antony* will use his affection where it is: He married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, Sir: we have us'd our throats in *Egypt*.

Men. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

On Board Pompey's Galley.

Musick plays. Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.

1 Ser. **H**ERE they'll be, man: some o'their plants are ill rooted already, the least wind i'th' world will blow them down.

2 Ser. *Lepidus* is highly-colour'd.

1 Ser. They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 Ser. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to th' Drink.

1 Ser. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 Ser. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lieve have a reed that will do me no service, as a Partizan I could not heave.

1 Ser. To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

Trumpets. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: they take the flow o'th' By certain scale i'th' pyramid; they know, [Nile
By th' height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,
Or soizon, fellow. The higher *Nilus* swells,
The more it promises; as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep.

Lep. You've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ah, *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your serpent of *Egypt* is bred now of your mud by the operation of your Sun; so is your Cro-

Ant. They are so. [codile.

Pom. Sirrah, some wine! a health to *Lepidus*.

Lep. I am not so as I should be :

But I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not 'till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be in, 'till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the *Ptolemy's* Pyramifis are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. *Pompey*, a word. [Aside.

Pom. Say in mine ear, what is't?

Men. Forfake thy seat, I do beseech thee, Captain. And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me, 'till anon. [Whispers. This wine for *Lepidus*.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, Sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs. It lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it's own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so, and the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that *Pompey* gives him, else he is a very Epicure.

Pom. Go hang, Sir, hang! tell me of that? away! Do as I bid you. Where's the Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool.

Pom. I think, thou'rt mad; the matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: what's else to say? be jolly, Lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, *Lepidus*,
Keep off them, 'fore you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world? that's

Pom. How shall that be? [twice,

Men. But entertain it,

And though you think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, *Pompey*, I have kept me from the Cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly *Jove*:
What e'er the Ocean pales, or Sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way. [titors,

Men. These three World-sharers, these *Compe-*
Are in thy Vessel. Let me cut the cable:
And when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoken on't. In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, 't had been good service: thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it: repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act. Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more;
Who seeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to *Lepidus*.

Ant. Bear him ashore, I'll pledge it for him, *Pompey*.

Eno. Here's to thee, *Menas*.

Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.

Pom. Fill 'till the Cup be hid.

Eno.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.—

[Pointing to Lepidus.

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears the third part of the world, man! feeft not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: 'would, it were That it might go on wheels! [all,

Eno. Drink thou, encrease the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not an *Alexandrian* Feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it; strike the vessels, ho. Here is to *Cæsar*.

Cæf. I could well forbear it; It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain, And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o'th' time.

Cæf. Possess it, I'll make answer; but I had rather Fast from all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave Emperor, shall we dance now the *Egyptian* Bacchanals, and celebrate our Drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good Soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands; 'Till that the conquering wine hath steep't our sense In soft and delicate *Lethe*.

Eno. All take hands: Make battery to our ears with the loud music, The while I'll place you; then the Boy shall sing: The Holding every man shall beat as loud As his strong sides can volly.

[Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

The S O N G.

Come, thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne.
In thy vats our cares be drown'd:
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd!
Cup us, 'till the world go round;
Cup us, 'till the world go round.

Cæs. What would you more? *Pompey*, good-night.
 Good Brother,
 Let she request you off; our graver business
 Frowns at this levity. Gentle Lords, let's part;
 You see, we have burnt our cheeks. Strong *Enobarbus*
 Is weaker than the wind; and mine own tongue
 Splits what it speaks; the wild disguise hath almost
 Antickt us all. What needs more words? good-night.
 Good *Antony*, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, Sir; give's your hand.

Pom. Oh, *Antony*, you have my father's house.
 But, what! we're friends; come down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not, *Menas*.

Men. I'll not on shore.

No, to my cabin——these drums!
 These trumpets, flutes! what!
 Let *Neptune* hear, we bid a loud farewell
 To these great fellows, Sound, and be hang'd, sound
 out. [Sound a flourish, with drums.]

Eno. Hoo, says 'a! there's my cap.

Men. Hoa!——noble Captain, come. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Camp in a Part of Syria.

*Enter Ventidius, as after Conquest; the dead body of
 Pacorus borne before him, Silius, Roman Soldiers,
 and Attendants.*

V E N T I D I U S.

N O W, darting *Parthia*, art thou struck; and
 now
 Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Crassus*' death

Make

Make me revenger. Bear the King's son's body
Before our Host; thy *Pacorus*, *Orodes*,
Pays this for *Marcus Crassus*.

Sil. Noble *Ventidius*,
Whilst yet with *Parthian* blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive *Parthians* follow: Spur through *Media*,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly. So thy grand Captain *Antony*
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. Oh *Silius*, *Silius*,
I've done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, *Silius*,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he, we serve, 's away.
Cæsar and *Antony* have ever won
More in their officer, than person. *Soffius*,
One of my Place in *Syria*, his Lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by th' minute, lost his Favour.
Who does i'th' wars more than his Captain can,
Becomes his Captain's Captain; and ambition,
(The soldier's virtue) rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do *Antonius* good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, *Ventidius*, That, without the which
A soldier and his sword grant scarce distinction:
Thou wilt write to *Antony*?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How with his Banners, and his well-paid Ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten Horse of *Parthia*
We've jaded out o'th' field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to *Athens*; with what haste
The weight we must convey with's will permit,

We shall appear before him. On, there; — pass
along. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Changes to R O M E.

Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.

Agr. **W**HAT, are the brothers parted?
Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey,
he is gone,

The other three are seeling. Octavia weeps,
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad: and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one; oh, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony, the God of Jupiter?

Eno. Speak you of Cæsar? oh! the non-pareil!

Agr. Oh Antony, oh thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say, — Cæsar; go
no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent
praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best, yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figure, scribes, bards, poets,
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!

His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder —

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle! so —
This is to horse; adieu, noble Agrippa. [Trumpets.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier, and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No farther, Sir.

Cæs.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself:
Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and my farthest bond
Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble *Antony*,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the Ram to batter
The Fortrefs of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherisht.

Ant. Make me not offended.
In your distrust.

Cæs. I've said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear; so the Gods keep you,
And make the hearts of *Romans* serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewel, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Oct. My noble brother!

Ant. The *April's* in her eyes: it is love's Spring,
And these the showers to bring it on; be chearful.

Oct. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What, *Octavia*?

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue; the swan's down-
feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will *Cæsar* weep?

Agr. He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, *Enobarbus*?

When *Antony* found *Julius Cæsar* dead,

He cried almost to roaring; and he wept,
When at *Philippi* he found *Brutus* slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a
rheum;

What willingly he did confound, he wail'd;
Believe't, 'till I wept too.

Cæs. No, sweet *Octavia*,

You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, Sir, come,

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love.
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the Gods.

Cæs. Adieu, be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the Stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewel, farewell!

[*Kisses Octavia.*

Ant. Farewel!

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. WHERE is the fellow?

Alex. Half afraid to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to; come hither, Sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good majesty!

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That *Herod's* head

I'll have; but how? when *Antony* is gone,
Through whom I might command it:—Come Thou,
near.

Mef. Most gracious Majesty,——

Cleo. Didst thou behold

Octavia?

Mef.

Mef. Ay, dread Queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mef. In Rome, Madam.

I lookt her in the face? and saw her led
Between her brother and *Mark Antony*.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mef. She is not, Madam. [or low?

Cleo. Didst hear her speak; is she shril-tongu'd,

Mef. Madam, I heard her speak, she is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good; he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? oh *Isis*! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, *Charmian*; dull of tongue and
dwarfish,

What Majesty is in her gait? remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on Majesty.

Mef. She creeps;

Her motion and her station are as one:

She shews a body rather than a life,

A statue than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mef. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in *Egypt*

Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing.

I do perceive't; there's nothing in her yet.

The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mef. Madam, she was a widow.

Cleo. Widow? *Charmian*, hark.

Mef. And I do think, she's thirty. [round?

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long, or

Mef. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For th' most part too,

They're foolish that are so. Her hair, what colour?

Mef. Brown, Madam; and her forehead

As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill,
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. O, nothing, Madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some Majesty, and should
know.

Char. Hath he seen Majesty? *Isis* else defend!
And serving you so long?

Cleo. I've one thing more to ask him yet, good

Charmian:

But 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: all may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, Madam. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Athens.

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. **N**AY, nay, *Octavia*, not only That,
That were excusable, That and thousands
more

Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst *Pompey*; made his Will and read it
To public ear; spoke scantily of me;
When perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly.
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me;
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. Oh, my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,

If

If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
 Praying for both parts: the good Gods will mock me,
 When I shall pray, oh, bless my lord and husband!
 Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
 Oh, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
 Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
 'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,

Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
 Best to preserve it; if I lose mine honour,
 I lose myself; better I were not yours,
 Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
 Yourself shall go between's; the mean time, lady,
 I'll raise the preparation of a war,
 Shall stain your brother; make your soonest haste;
 So, your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.

The *Jove* of Power make me, most weak, most weak,
 Your reconciler! wars 'twixt you 'twain would be
 As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
 Should solder up the rift.

*Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
 Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
 Can never be so equal, that your love
 Can equally move with them. Provide your Going;
 Chuse your own company, and command what cost
 Your heart has mind to.* [Exeunt.

Enter Enobarbus and Eros.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news, come, Sir.

Eno. What, man?

*Eros. Caesar and Lepidus have made war upon
 Pompey.*

Eno. This is old; what is the success?

*Eros. Caesar, having made use of him in the wars
 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry, would
 not let him partake in the glory of the action; and
 not*

not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to *Pompey*. Upon his own appeal, seizes him; so the poor Third is up, 'till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then 'would thou had'st a pair of chaps, no more: and throw between them all the food thou hast, they'll grind the other. Where's *Antony*?

Eros. He's walking in the garden thus? and spurns The rush that lies before him. Crys, fool *Lepidus*! And threatens the throat of that his Officer, That murder'd *Pompey*.

Eno. Our great Navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For *Italy* and *Cæsar*; more, *Domitius*, My lord desires you presently; my news I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught; but let it be; bring me to *Antony*.

Eros. Come, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Palace in Rome.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mecænas.

Cæs. CONTEMNING Rome, he has done all this, and more,

In *Alexandria*; here's the manner of it:
I'th' market-place on a Tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd; at the feet, sat
Cæsario, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of *Egypt*, made her
Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, *Lydia*,
Absolute Queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I'th' common shew-place, where they exercise,
His

His sons were there proclaim'd the Kings of Kings;
Great *Media*, *Parthia*, and *Armenia*
He gave to *Alexander*; to *Ptolemy* he assign'd
Syria, *Cilicia*, and *Phœnicia*: she
In the habiliments of the Goddess *Isis*
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let *Rome* be thus inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it, and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. *Cæsar*; and that having in *Sicily*
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'th' Isle. Then does he say, he lent me
Some Shipping unrestor'd. Lastly, he frets,
That *Lepidus* of the Triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and his messenger gone:
I told him, *Lepidus* was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his Change. For what I've conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his *Armenia*,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I
Demand the like

Mec. He'll ne'er yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must he then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia, with Attendants.

Oct. Hail, *Cæsar*, and my lord! hail, most dear
Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee Cast-away!

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why hast thou stoll'n upon us thus? you come
not

Like

Like *Cæsar's* sister; the wife of *Antony*
 Should have an army for an usher, and
 The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
 Long ere she did appear. The trees by th' way
 Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
 Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
 Should have ascended to the roof of heav'n,
 Rais'd by your populous troops; but you are come
 A market-maid to *Rome*, and have prevented
 The ostentation of our love; which, left unshewn,
 Is often left unlov'd; we should have met you
 By sea and land, supplying every stage
 With an augmented greeting.

Os. Good my lord,
 To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
 On my free will. My lord, *Mark Antony*,
 Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
 My grieving ear withal; whereon I begg'd
 His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted.
 Being an Obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Os. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
 And his affairs come to me on the wind:
 Where is he now?

Os. My lord, in *Athens*.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; *Cleopatra*
 Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
 Up to a whore, who now are levying
 The Kings o' th' earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus the King of *Libya*, *Archelaus*
 Of *Cappadocia*, *Philadelphos* King
 Of *Paphlagonia*; the *Thracian* King *Adullus*,
 King *Malchus* of *Arabia*, King of *Pont*,
Herod of *Jewry*, *Mithridates* King
 Of *Comagene*, *Polemon* and *Amintas*,
 The King of *Mede*, and *Lycaonia*,
 With a more larger list of scepters.

Os.

Oct. Ay me most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither;
Your letters did with-hold our breaking forth,
'Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger; cheer your heart.
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to Destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high Gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear Madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you;
Only th' adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noses it against us.

Oct. Is it so, Sir?

Cæs. It is most certain: sister, welcome; pray you,
Be ever known to patience. My dear'st sister!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.

Cleo. **I** Will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well; is it, is it?

Cleo.

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd against us? why should not we be there in person?

Eno. Well, I could reply: if we should serve with horse and mares together, the horse were merely lost; the mares would bear a soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle *Antony*; Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time, What should not then be spar'd. He is already Traduc'd for levity, and 'tis said in *Rome*, That *Photinus* an eunuch, and your maids, Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink *Rome*, and their tongues rot That speak against us! A charge we bear i' th' war; And, as the president of my Kingdom, will I Appear there for a man. Speak not against it, I will not stay behind.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Eno. Nay, I have done: here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not strange, *Canidius*, That from *Tarentum*, and *Brundisium*, He could so quickly cut th' *Ionian* sea, And take in *Toryne*? You have heard on't, Sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke, Which might have well become the best of men To taunt at slackness. *Canidius*, we Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea, what else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For That he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at *Pharsalia*, Where *Cæsar* fought with *Pompey*. But these offers, Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off; And so should you.

Eno.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd,
Your mariners are muliteers, reapers, people
Ingroft by swift impress. In *Cæsar's* fleet
Are those that often have against *Pompey* fought;
Their ships are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen: leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, *Cæsar* none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn,
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of
Actium

Beat the approaching *Cæsar*. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

Mes. The news is true, my lord; he is descry'd;
Cæsar has taken *Toryne*.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible.
Strange, that his power should be so. *Canidius*,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship;
Away, my *Thetis*!

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier?

Sal. Oh noble Emperor, do not fight by sea,
Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt

This

This sword, and these my wounds? let the *Egyptians*
And the *Phœnicians* go a ducking: we
Have us'd to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt Ant. Cleo. and Enob.*]

Sol. By *Hercules*, I think, I am i' th' right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: so our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sol. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. *Marcus Octavius*, *Marcus Jufteius*,
Publicola, and *Cælius*, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of *Cæsar's*
Carries beyond belief.

Sol. While he was yet in *Rome*,
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sol. They say, one *Taurus*.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Emperor calls *Canidius*.

Can. With news the time's in labour, and throws
forth,
Each minute, some. [Exeunt.]

Enter Cæsar, with his army marching.

Cæs. *Taurus*?

Taur. My lord:

Cæs. Strike not by land. Keep whole, provoke
not battle,

'Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroul: our fortune lies
Upon this jump.

[Exeunt.
Enter

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' th' hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E VII.

Canidius, marching with his land-army one way over the stage; and Taurus, the lieutenant of Cæsar, the other way: after their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight. Alarm. Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. **N**AUGHT, naught, all naught, I can behold
no longer;
Th' Antonians, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder:
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods and Goddeffes,
All the whole Synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kist away
Kingdoms and Provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Your ribauld nag of *Egypt*,
(Whom leprosy o'ertake!) i' th' midst o' th' fight,
(When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder;) *[The noise of a sea-fight.]*
The breeze upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loost,

The

The noble ruin of her magic, *Antony*,
Claps on his sea-wing, like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :
I never saw an action of such shame ;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack.

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our General
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :
Oh, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts ? why then, good-
night, indeed.

Can. Towards *Peloponnesus* are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't.

And there I will attend what further comes.

Can. To *Cæsar* will I render
My legions and my horse ; fix Kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of *Antony*, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt, severally.*]

Enter Antony, with Eros and other Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to bear me. Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever. I've a ship
Laden with gold, take that, divide it ; fly,
And make your peace with *Cæsar*.

Omnes. Fly ! not we.

Ant. I've fled myself, and have instructed cowards
To run, and shew their shoulders. Friends, be gone.
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you. Be gone,

My

My treasure's in the harbour. Take it——oh,
 I follow'd That I blush to look upon ;
 My very hairs do mutiny ; for the white
 Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
 For fear and doating. Friends, be gone ; you shall
 Have letters from me to some friends, that will
 Sweep your way for you. 'Pray you, look not sad,
 Nor make replies of lothness ; take the hint,
 Which my despair proclaims. Let them be left,
 Which leave themselves. To the sea-side straight-way :
 I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
 Leave me, I pray, a little ; pray you now——
 Nay, do so ; for, indeed, I've lost command,
 Therefore, I pray you——I'll see you by and by.

[Sits down.]

Enter Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Iras, to Antony.

Eros. Nay, gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear Queen.

Char. Do? why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down ; oh Juno !

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, Sir !

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam——

Iras. Madam, oh good Empress !

Eros. Sir, Sir.

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes ; he at *Philippi* kept
 His sword e'en like a dancer, while I strook
 The lean and wrinkled *Cassius* ; and 'twas I,
 That the mad *Brutus* ended ! he alone
 Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
 In the brave squares of war ; yet now——no matter——

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The Queen, my lord, the Queen——

Iras. Go to him, Madam, speak to him,
 He is unqualitied with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me ; oh !

Eros.

Eros. Most noble Sir, arise, the Queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving——

Eros. Sir, the Queen.

Ant. O whither hast thou led me, *Egypt*? ~~See,~~
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes;
By looking back on what I've left behind,
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. Oh, my lord, my lord;
Forgive my fearful fails; I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. *Egypt*, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by th' string,
And thou should'st towe me after. O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the Gods
Command me.

Cleo. Oh, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shift of lowness; who,
With half the bulk o' th' world, play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. O, pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say, one of them rates
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss,
Even this repays me.——

We sent our schoolmaster; is he come back?
Love, I am full of lead; some wine,
Within there, and our viands: Fortune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to Cæsar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thyreus, with others.

Cæs. **L**ET him appear, that's come from *Antony*.
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster;
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He sends so poor a pinnion of his wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Antony*:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be't so, delare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in *Egypt*; which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heav'ns and earth,
A private man in *Athens*: this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the *Ptolemies* for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For *Antony*,
I have no ears to his request. The Queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail, so she
From *Egypt* drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there. This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them Both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee!

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Cæs.

Cæs. Bring him through the bands :

[*Exit Ambassador.*

To try thy eloquence now 'tis time ; dispatch,
From *Antony* win *Cleopatra*, promise ; [*To Thyreus.*
And, in our name, when she requires, add more
(From thine invention) offers. Women are not
In their best fortunes strong ; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, *Thyreus* ;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how *Antony* becomes his flaw ;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IX.

Changes to Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. **W**HAT shall we do, *Enobarbus* ?

Eno. Drink, and die.

Cleo. Is *Antony*, or we, in fault for this ?

Eno. *Antony* only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other ? why should he follow you ?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nickt his captainship ; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The meered question. 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter Antony, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is that his answer ?

Amb.

Amb. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The Queen shall then have courtesy,
So she will yield us up.

Amb. He says so.

Ant. Let her know't.

To the boy *Cæsar* send this grizled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With Principalities.

Cleo. Thy head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which, the world should
note

Something particular; his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's, whose ministers would prevail
Under the Service of a child, as soon
As i' th' command of *Cæsar*. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone; I'll write it, follow me.

[Exit Antony.]

Eno. Yes, like enough; high-battled *Cæsar* will
Unstate his happiness, and be staged to th' shew
Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full *Cæsar* will
Answer his emptiness!—*Cæsar*, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A messenger from *Cæsar*.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? see, my women,—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, Sir.

Eno. Mine honesty and I begin to square;
Tho' loyalty, well held, to fools does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he, that can endure

To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' th' story.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. *Cæsar's* will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to *Antony*.

Eno. He needs as many, Sir, as *Cæsar* has:
Or needs not us if *Cæsar* please. Our master
Will leap to be his friend: for, as you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that's *Cæsar's*.

Thyr. So.

Thus then, thou most renown'd, *Cæsar* intreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is *Cæsar*.

Cleo. Go on;—right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not *Antony*
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. Oh!

[*Aside.*

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a God, and knows
What is most right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that,—
I will ask *Antony*—Sir, thou'rt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee.

[*Exit Eno.*

Thyr. Shall I say to *Cæsar*
What you require of him? he partly begs,
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you mould make a staff
To lean upon. But it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left *Antony*,
And put yourself under his shroud, the universal
landlord,

Cleo.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is *Thyreus*.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,

Say to great *Cæsar* this; in deputation

I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I'm prompt

To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel.

Tell him, that from his all-obeying breath

I hear the doom of *Egypt*.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course:

Wisdom and fortune combating together,

If that the former dare but what it can,

No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay

My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your *Cæsar's* father oft,

When he hath mus'd of taking Kingdoms in,

Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,

As it rain'd kisses.

SCENE X.

Enter Antony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. FAVOURS! by *Jove*, that thunders.—
[*Seeing Thyreus kiss her hand.*]

What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs

The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest

To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach there—ah, you kite! now, Gods
and Devils!

Authority melts from me of late.—When I cry'd, ho!

Like boys unto a mufs, Kings would start forth,

And cry, your will? have you no ears?

I'm *Antony* yet. Take hence this *Jack*, and whip him.

Enter Servants.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,

Than with an old one dying.

M 3

Ant.

Ant. Moon and stars!—

Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest Tributaries

That do acknowledge *Cæsar*, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of She here, (what's her
name,

Since she was *Cleopatra*?)—whip him, fellows—
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony—

Ant. Tug him away; being whipp'd,
Bring him again: this *Jack* of *Cæsar's* shall
Bear us an errand to him. [*Exeunt with Thyreus.*
You were half blasted, ere I knew you: ha!
Have I my pillow left unprest in *Rome*,
Forborn the getting of a lawful race,
And by a jem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my Lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever.
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(Oh misery on't!) the wise Gods seal our eyes:
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead *Cæsar's* trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of *Cneius Pompey's*; besides what hotter hours,
Unregistred in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pickt out. For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O that I were

Upon

Upon the hill of *Bafan*, to out-roar
The horned herd, for I have savage cause !
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him. Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter a Servant, with Thyreus.

Ser. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd a' pardon?

Ser. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow *Cæsar* in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him. Hence-
forth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake to look on't.—Go, get thee back to *Cæsar*,
Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him: For he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry;
And, at this time, most easy 'tis to do't:
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abyſm of hell. If he miſlike
My ſpeech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleaſure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he ſhall like, to quit me. Urge it thou:—
Hence with thy ſtripes, be gone. [*Exit Thyreus.*

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon is now eclips'd,
And it portends alone the fall of *Antony*.

Cleo. I muſt ſtay his time.—

Ant. To flatter *Cæſar*, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me!

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
 From my cold heart let heaven ingender hail,
 And poison't in the source, and the first stone
 Drop in my neck ; as it determines, so
 Dissolve my life ! the next *Cæsario* smite !
 'Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
 Together with my brave *Egyptians* all,
 By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
 Lie graveless ; 'till the flies and gnats of *Nile*
 Have buried them for prey !

Ant. I'm satisfied :

Cæsar sets down in *Alexandria*, where
 I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
 Hath nobly held ; our sever'd navy too
 Have knit again, and float, threatening most sea-like.
 Where hast thou been, my heart ? dost thou hear, lady ?
 If from the field I should return once more
 To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood ;
 I and my sword will earn my chronicle ;
 There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord.

Ant. I will be treble-finew'd, hearted, breath'd,
 And fight maliciously : for when my hours
 Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
 Of me for jests ; but now I'll set my teeth,
 And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
 Let's have one other gaudy night : call to me
 All my sad captains, fill our bowls ; once more
 Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day ;
 I had thought, I have held it poor : But since my
 lord

Is *Antony* again, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them, and to-night I'll
 force

The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my
 Queen ;

There's

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me: for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe. [Exeunt.

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning; to be
furious,
Is to be frightened out of fear; and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and, I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart; when valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with: I will seek
Some way to leave him. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

CÆSAR'S Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mecænas, with their Army.
Cæsar reading a Letter.

CÆSAR.

HE calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt. My messenger
He hath whipt with rods, dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die: mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See, it be done;

And feast the army ; we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony ?
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The Palace in Alexandria.

*Enter Antony and Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian
Iras, Alexas, with others.*

Ant. HE will not fight with me, *Domitius.*
Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not ?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He's twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, foldier,
By sea and land I'll fight : or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well ?

Eno. I'll strike, and cry, take all.

Ant. Well said, come on :
Call forth my household servants, let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal. Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest ; so hast thou,
And thou, and thou, and thou : you've serv'd me well,
And Kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this ? [shoots]

Eno. * 'Tis one of those odd Traits, which sorrow
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too :
I wish, I could be made so many men ;
And all of you clapt up together in
An Antony ; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Omnes. The Gods forbid !

* 'Tis one of those odd Tricks,——] The Uniformity of the Meta-
hor leads us to see that *Shakespeare* wrote *Traits*, arrows, shafts. *War.*
Ant.

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night ;
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me,
As when mine Empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean ?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night ;

May be, it is the period of your duty ;
Haply, you shall not see me more ! or if,——
A mangled shadow. It may chance to-morrow,
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away ; but like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death :
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the Gods yield you for't !

Eno. What mean you, Sir,

To give them this discomfort ? look, they weep.
And I, an afs, am onion-ey'd ; for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho !

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus !
Grace grow, where those drops fall ! my hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense ;
I spake t' you for your comfort, did desire you
To burn this night with torches : know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. [Exeunt.

SCENE. A Court of Guard before the Palace.

Enter a company of Soldiers.

1 Sold. **B**ROTHER, good-night : to-morrow is
the day.

2 Sold. It will determine one way : Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets ?

M 6

1 Sold.

1 Sold. Nothing: what news?

2 Sold. Belike, 'tis but a rumour; good-night to you.

1 Sold. Well, Sir, good-night.

[*They meet with other Soldiers.*]

2 Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.

1 Sold. And you, good-night, good-night.

[*They place themselves in every corner of the stage.*]

2 Sold. Here, we; and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

1 Sold. 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpose.

[*Music of the hautboys is under the stage.*]

2 Sold. Peace, what noise?

1 Sold. Lift, lift!

2 Sold. Hark!

1 Sold. Music i' th' air.—

3 Sold. Under the earth—

It signes well, does it not?

2 Sold. No.

1 Sold. Peace, I say: what should this mean!

2 Sold. 'Tis the God *Hercules*, who loved *Antony*,
Now leaves him.

1 Sold. Walk, let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

2 Sold. How now, masters? [*Speak together.*]

Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?

1 Sold. Is't not strange?

3 Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter,
Let's see how 'twill give off.

Omnes. Content: 'tis strange.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. **E**ROS, mine armour, *Eros*.

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant.

Ant. No, my chuck : *Eros*, come, mine armour, *Eros*.

Enter Eros.

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on ;
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her. Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too, *Antony*.

*What's this for ? ah, let be, let be ; thou art
The armourer of my heart ;—false, false ; this, this ;—
Sooth-la, I'll help : thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well, we shall thrive now ;
Seest thou, my good fellow ? Go, put on thy defences.

Eno. Briefly, Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well ?

Ant. Rarely, rarely :

He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, *Eros* ; and my Queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou ; dispatch. O love !
That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation ; thou should'st see
A workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good-morrow to thee, welcome ;
Thou look'st like him, that knows a warlike charge :
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, Sir,
Early though't be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*]

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Cap. The morn is fair ; good-morrow, General !

All. Good-morrow, General !

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.

So,

So, so; come, give me that,—this way—well said.
 Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me,
 This is a soldier's kiss: rebukeable,
 And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
 On more mechanick compliment: I'll leave thee
 Now, like a man of steel. You, that will fight,
 Follow me close, I'll bring you to't: adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

Char. Please you to retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me:

He goes forth gallantly: That he and *Cæsar* might
 Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, *Antony*,—but now,—well on. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to a Camp.

Trumpets sound. Enter *Antony* and *Eros*; a Soldier
 meeting them.

Sold. **T**HE Gods make this a happy day to *Antony*.
Ant. Would, thou and those thy scars had
 once prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

Eros. Hadst thou done so,
 The Kings, that have revolted, and the Soldier,
 That has this morning left thee, would have still
 Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Eros. Who?

One ever near thee. Call for *Enobarbus*,
 He shall not hear thee; or from *Cæsar's* camp
 Say, "I am none of thine."

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,
 He is with *Cæsar*.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
 He has not with him.

Ant.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain,

Ant. Go, *Eros*, send his treasure after, do it,
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him,
I will subscribe gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. Oh, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! dispatch, my *Eros*. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to Cæsar's Camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, with Enobarbus, and Dolabella.

Cæs. **G**O forth *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is, *Antony* be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall.

Cæs. The time of universal Peace is near;
Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. *Mark Antony* is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge, *Agrippa*;

Plant those, that have revolted, in the Van,
That *Antony* may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt.*]

Eno. *Alexas* did revolt, and went to *Jewry* on
Affairs of *Antony*; there did persuade
Great *Herod* to incline himself to *Cæsar*,
And leave his master *Antony*. For this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him: *Canidius*, and the rest,
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust: I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony

Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty over-plus. The messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock me not, *Enobarbus,*

I tell you true; best you see safe the bringer
Out of the host: I must attend mine office.
Or would have done't myself. Your Emperor
Continues still a *Jove*. [Exit.

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel, I am so, most. O *Antony*.
Thou Mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This bows my heart;
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall out-strike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee!—no, I will go seek
Some ditch, where I may die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life.

S C E N E VI.

Before the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarm. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa.

Agr. **R**ETIRE, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [Exit.

Alarm. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.

Scar. O my brave Emperor! this is fought indeed;
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet Room for fix scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They're beaten, Sir, and our advantage serves For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [Exit.

Alarm. *Enter Antony again in a March, Scarus with others.*

Ant. We've beat him to his camp; run one before,
* And let the Queen know of our Gests; to-morrow,
Before the sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as't had been
Each man's like mine; you've shewn yourselves all

Hectors.

Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats, whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. Give me thy hand,
[To Scarus.

Enter Cleopatra.

To this great Fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks blest thee. O thou day o'th' world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness, to my heart, and there

* And let the Queen know of our Guests;—] What Guests was the Queen to know of? We must read,

And let the Queen know of our Gests.

i. e. our Feats, our glorious Actions. A Term then in common Use.

Ride

Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of Lords!

Oh, infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale!

[gray.

We've beat them to their beds. What! Girl, though
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet
ha'we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man,
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:
Kiss it, my warrior; he hath fought to-day,
As if a God in hate of mankind had
Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,

An armour all of gold; it was a King's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy *Phæbus'* Car.—Give me thy hand;
Through *Alexandria* make a jolly march;
Bear our hackt targets like the men that owe them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we would all sup together;
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear,
Make mingle with our ratling tabourines,
That heav'n and earth may strike their sounds to-
gether,
Applauding our approach.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Changes to Cæsar's Camp.

Enter a Centry, and his Company. Enobarbus follows.

Cent. **I**F we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to th' Court of Guard; the
night
Is shiny, and, they say, we shall embattle

By

By th' second hour i'th' morn.

1 Watch. This last day was a shrewd one to's.

Eno. O bear me witness, night!

2 Watch. What man is this?

1 Watch. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory; poor *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.

Cent. *Enobarbus*?

3 Watch. Peace; hark further.

Eno. Oh sovereign Mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. Oh *Antony*,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:

Oh *Antony*! oh *Antony*!

[Dies.

1 Watch. Let's speak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern *Cæsar*.

2 Watch. Let's do so, but he sleeps.

Cent. Swoons rather, for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

1 Watch. Go we to him.

2 Watch. Awake, Sir, awake, speak to us.

1 Watch. Hear you, Sir?

Cent. The hand of death has raught him.

[Drums afar off.

Hark, how the drums demurely wake the sleepers:
Let's bear him to the Court of Guard; he is of note.
Our hour is fully out.

2 Watch. Come on then, he may recover yet.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E VIII.

*Between the two Camps.**Enter Antony, and Scarus, with their Army.*

Ant. **T**HEIR preparation is to-day by sea,
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' th' fire, or in the air,
We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the City
Shall stay with us. Order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven: further on,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cæsar, and his Army.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his Gallies. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*]
[*Alarm afar off, as at a sea-fight.*]

Enter Antony and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd:
Where yond pine stands, I shall discover all,
I'll bring thee word straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*]

Scar. Swallows have built
In *Cleopatra's* sails their nests. The Augurs
Say, they know not—they cannot tell—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. *Antony*
Is valiant, and dejected; and by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has, and has not. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE IX.

*Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.**Enter Antony.*

Ant. ALL's lost! this foul *Egyptian* hath betray'd me!
 My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
 They cast their caps up, and carouse together
 Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
 Hast sold me to this Novice, and my heart
 Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly,
 For when I am reveng'd upon my Charm,
 I have done all. Bid them all fly, be gone,
 Oh, Sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
 Fortune and *Antony* part here, even here
 Do we shake hands—all come to this! * the hearts,
 That pantler'd me at heels, to whom I gave,
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming *Cæsar*: and this pine is bark'd,
 That over-topt them all. Betray'd I am.
 Oh, this false foul of *Egypt*! this gay Charm,
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home,
 Whose bosom was my Crownet, my chief end,
 Like a right Gipsy, hath at fast and loose
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.
 What *Eros*! *Eros*!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah! thou spell! avant——

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
 And blemish *Cæsar*'s Triumph. Let him take thee,

* —— *The hearts*

That Pannell'd me at heels, &c.] Thus the old Editions. But
Shakeſpear muſt certainly have wrote;

That Pantler'd me at heels;

i. e. run after me like Footmen, or *Pantlers*; which word originally
 ſignified the Servants who have the care of the Bread, but is uſed by
 our Poet for a menial Servant in general, as well as in its native
 Acceptation.

*Warb.**Ant.*

And hoist thee up to the shouting *Plebeians*;
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
 Of all thy sex. Most monster-like, be shewn
 For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let
 Patient *Octavia* plough thy visage up
 With her prepared nails. 'Tis well, thou'rt gone;
 [Exit Cleopatra.]

If it be well to live. But better 'twere,
 Thou fell'st into my fury; for one death
 Might have prevented many. *Eros*, ho!
 The shirt of *Nessus* is upon me; teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor; thy rage
 Led thee lodge *Lichas* on the horns o' th' Moon,
 And with those hands that grasp the heaviest club,
 Subdue thy worthiest self. The Witch shall die;
 To the young *Roman* boy she hath sold me, and I fall
 Under his plot: she dies for't. *Eros*, ho! [Exit.]

Re-enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! oh, he is more mad
 Than *Telamon* for his shield; the boar of *Theffaly*
 Was never so imboft.

Char. To th' Monument,
 There lock yourself, and send him word you're dead:
 The soul and body rive not more in parting,
 Than Greatness going off.

Cleo. To th' Monument:
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
 Say, that the last I spoke was *Antony*;
 And word it, pr'ythee, piteously. Hence, *Mardian*,
 And bring me how he takes my death. To th'
 Monument. [Exeunt.]

SCENE X.

Re-enter Antony, and Eros.

Ant. **E**ROS, thou yet behold'st me.
Eros. Ay, noble Lord.

Ant.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air. Thou'lt seen these
signs,

They are black Vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a
thought

The Rack dissimms, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

Eros. It do's, my Lord.

Ant. My good knave, *Eros*, now thy Captain is
Even such a body; here I'm *Antony*,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for *Egypt*; and the Queen,
Whose heart, I thought, I had, (for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex't unto't
A million more, now lost!) she, *Eros*, has
Packt cards with *Cæsar*, and false play'd my Glory
Unto an enemy's triumph——

Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*, there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter Mardian.

Oh, thy vile Lady!
Sh' has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, *Antony*!

My Mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy Eunuch, peace, she hath be-
tray'd me,
And she shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd. What thou would'st do,
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake

Was,

Was, *Antony*! most noble *Antony*!
Then in the midst a tearing Groan did break
The name of *Antony*; it was divided
Between her heart and lips; she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then!

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm me, *Eros*, the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep; that thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go. [Exit Mardian.
Off, pluck off;—

The seven-fold shield of *Ajax* cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O cleave, my sides,
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! apace, *Eros*, apace.
No more a Soldier—bruised pieces, go;

[Unarming himself.

You have been nobly borne;—from me a while—

[Exit *Eros*.

I will o'ertake thee, *Cleopatra*, and
Weep for my pardon. So't must be, for now
All length is torture; since the torch is out,
Lie down and stray no further. Now all labour
Mars what it does, yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength; seal then, and all is done.
Eros!—I come, my Queen—*Eros*!—stay for me,
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in
hand,

And with our sprightly port make the Ghosts gaze;
* *Dido* and her *Sichæus* shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, *Eros*, *Eros*!

Enter *Eros*.

Eros. What would my Lord?

* *Dido and her Aeneas shall want troops,*] But *Dido's* Fondness
did not reach to the other World: She then despised *Aeneas*, and
return'd to her old Affection for *Sichæus*. I should think, therefore,
that the Poet wrote,

Dido and her Sichæus.

Warb.

Ant.

Ant. Since *Cleopatra* died,
I've liv'd in such dishonour, that the Gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green *Neptune's* back,
With ships, made cities; condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble minded
Than she, which, by her death, our *Cæsar* tells,
I'm conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, *Eros*,
That when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace
And horror. that on my command thou then
Would'st kill me. Do it, for the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis *Cæsar* thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me!
Shall I do That, which all the *Parthian* darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. *Eros*,
Would'st thou be window'd in great *Rome*, and see
Thy master thus with pleacht arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
To penetrative shame: whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate *Cæsar*, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy Country.

Eros. Oh, Sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not
then

To do this when I bade thee? do it at once,
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee.——

[Turning from him.

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Eros.

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear Master,
My Captain, and my Emp'rour! Let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man,——and farewell.

Eros. Farewel, great Chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, *Eros*.

Eros. Why, there then—— [*Eros kills himself.*

Thus do I escape the sorrow
Of *Antony's* death.

[*Dies.*

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, oh, valiant *Eros*, what
I should, and thou could'st not; my Queen and *Eros*
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A Nobleness in Record. But I will be
A Bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a Lover's bed. Come then; and, *Eros*,
Thy Master dies thy Scholar; to do thus

[*Falling on his sword.*

I learnt of thee. [How, not yet dead? not dead?—
The guard—ho!—oh, dispatch me.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Dercetas, and Guard.

1 *Guard.* WHAT's the noise?

Ant. I've done my work ill, friends
O, make an end of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fall'n.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period!

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him, that loves me, strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one.

[*Exeunt.*
Der.

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Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shewn to *Cæsar*, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him!

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Antony*?

Der. There, *Diomed*, there.

Dio. Lives he? wilt thou not answer, man?

Ant. Art thou there, *Diomed*? draw thy sword,
and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,
My Mistress *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my Lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lockt in her Monument. She had a prophesying fear

Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with *Cæsar*; and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent word she was dead.

But fearing since how it might work, hath sent

Me to proclame the truth, and I am come,

I dread, too late.

[*pr'ythee.*

Ant. Too late, good *Diomed*; call my Guard, I

Dio. What, ho! the Emperor's Guard. The
Guard, What, ho!

Come, your Lord calls.

Enter the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where *Cleopatra* 'bides,
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

Guard. Woe are we, Sir! you may not live to
wear

All your true follow'rs out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp
Fate N 2 To

To grace it with your sorrows. Bid That welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up,
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing Ant.*]

S C E N E XII.

Changes to a magnificent Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras, above.

Cleo. O H Charmian, I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomedes,

How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o'th' other side your Monument,
His Guard have brought him thither.

Enter Antony, borne by the Guards.

Cleo. * O thou Sun, [*stand*]
Turn from th' great Sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling
The varying shore o'th' world! O Antony!
Help, Charmian; help, Iras, help; help, friends,
Below; let's draw him hither.

* *Burn the great Sphere thou mov'st in, &c.] The varying shore o' th' world! i. e. of the Earth, where Light and Darkness make an incessant Variation. But then, if the Sun should set on fire the whole Sphere, in which he was supposed to move, how could the Earth stand darkling? On the Contrary it would be in perpetual Light. Therefore, if we will allow Cleopatra not to be quite mad, we must believe she said,*

Turn from th' great Sphere thou mov'st in!

Ant.

Ant. Peace.

Not *Cæsar's* valour hath o'er-thrown *Antony*,
But *Antony* hath triumph'd on himself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but *Antony*
Should conquer *Antony*; but, woe, 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, *Egypt*, dying; only yet
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—Come down.

Cleo. I dare not,

(Dear, dear my Lord, your pardon, that I dare not;)
Lest I be taken; not th' imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd *Cæsar* ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe;
Your Wife *Octavia*, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion shall acquire no honour,
Demuring upon me. But come, come, *Antony*,
Help me, my women; we must draw thee up—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. Oh, quick, or I am gone. [Lord!

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed! how heavy weighs my
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great *Juno's* power,
The strong-wing'd *Mercury* should fetch thee up,
And set thee by *Jove's* side. Yet come a little,—
Wishes were ever fools. Oh come, come, come—

[*They draw Antony up to Cleopatra.*

And welcome, welcome. Die, where thou hast liv'd;
Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. O heavy fight!

Ant. I am dying, *Egypt*, dying.

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak, and let me rail so high,
That the false hufwife Fortune break her wheel
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet Queen.

Of *Cæsar* seek your honour, with your safety——
you——

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me ;

None about *Cæsar* trust, but *Proculeius*.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust ;
None about *Cæsar*.

Ant. The miserable change, now at my end,
Lament, nor sorrow at : but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd the greatest prince o'th' world,
The noblest once ; and do not now basely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman : A *Roman*, by a *Roman*
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going ;
I can no more—— [Antony dies.

Cleo. Noblest of men !——woo't die ?
Hast thou no care of me ? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty ; O see, my women !
The crown o'th' earth doth melt——my Lord !
Oh, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n : young boys and girls
Are level now with men ; the odds is gone ;
And there is nothing left remarkable,
Beneath the visiting moon. [She faints.

Char. Oh, quietness, Lady !

Iras. She's dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady !

Iras. Madam !

Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam——

Iras. Royal *Egypt* ! Empress !

Char. Peace, peace, *Isis* !

Cleo. No more but a mere woman ; and com-
manded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares !—It were for me
To throw my scepter at th' injurious Gods ;

To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
 'Till they had stoll'n our jewel. All's but naught:
 Patience is fottish, and impatience does
 Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,
 To rush into the secret house of death,
 Ere death dare come to us? how do you, women?
 What, what, good cheer! why, how now, *Charmian*?
 My noble girls?—ah, women, women! look,
 Our lamp is spent, it's out—good Sirs, take heart,
 We'll bury him: and then what's brave, what's
 noble,

Let's do it after the high *Roman* fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come away,
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
 Ah, women, women! come, we have no friend
 But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt, bearing off Antony's body.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

CÆSAR'S *Camp.*

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecænas, Gallus,
 and Train.*

CÆSAR.

GO to him, *Dolabella*, bid him yield;
 Being so frustrate, tell him,
 He mocks the pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit Dolabella.*]

Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that
 dar'st

Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd *Dercetas*;

Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy

Best to be serv'd ; whilst he stood up, and spoke,
 He was my master, and I wore my life
 To spend upon his haters. If thou please
 To take me to thee, as I was to him
 I'll be to *Cæsar* : If thou pleasest not,
 I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st ?

Der. I say, oh, *Cæsar*, *Antony* is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
 A greater crack. The round world should have shook
 Lions into civil streets, and citizens
 Into their dens——The death of *Antony*
 Is not a single doom, in that name lay
 A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, *Cæsar*,
 Not by a public minister of justice.
 Nor by a hired knife ; but that self-hand,
 Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
 Hath with the courage, which the heart did lend it,
 Splitted the heart. This is his sword,
 I robb'd his wound of it : behold it stain'd
 With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends :——
 The Gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings
 To wash the eyes of Kings !

Agr. And strange it is,
 That nature must compel us to lament
 Our most perished deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
 Weigh'd equal in him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
 Did steer humanity ; but you Gods will give us
 Some faults to make us men. *Cæsar* is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
 He needs must see himself.

Cæsar. O *Antony* !
 I've follow'd thee to this——but we do lance
 Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce

Have

Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in Empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine its thoughts did kindle; that our stars,
Unreconcilable, should have divided
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,
But I will tell you at some meetest season.—
The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?

Enter an Egyptian.

Egypt. A poor *Egyptian* yet; the Queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, (her monument)
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To th' way she's forc'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her. For *Cæsar* cannot live,
To be ungentle.

Egypt. May the Gods preserve thee! [Exit.

Cæs. Come hither, *Proculeius*; go, and say,
We purpose her no shame; give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for her life in *Rome*
Would be eternalizing our triumph. Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit *Proculeius*.

Cæs. *Gallus*, go you along;—where's *Dolabella*,
To second *Proculeius*? [Exit *Gallus*.

All. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone; for I remember now,
How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian, and Seleucus, above.

Cleo. MY desolation does begin to make
A better life; 'tis paltry to be *Cæsar*;
Not being Fortune. he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her Will; and it is great
To do that thing, that ends all other needs;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
[Lulls wearied nature to a sound repose]
(Which sleeps, and never palates more the Dung:)
The beggar's nurse, and *Cæsar's*.

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. *Cæsar* sends Greeting to the Queen of Egypt,
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.

Cleo. *Antony*

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trulling. If your master
Would have a Queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That Majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a Kingdom; if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my Son,

He

He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer:
You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing;
Make your full ref'rence freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A Conqu'ror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him,
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The Greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i'th' face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

*[Here Gallus, and Guard, ascend the Monument by
a Ladder, and enter at a back Window.]*

Gall. You see, how easy she may be surpriz'd.

Pro. Guard her, 'till *Cæsar* come.

Iras. O Royal Queen!

Char. Oh *Cleopatra*! thou art taken, Queen.—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[Drawing a Dagger.]

*[The Monument is open'd; Proculeius rushes in,
and disarms the Queen.]*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Bereav'd, but not betray'd. [languish?]

Cleo. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of

Pro. Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
Th' undoing of yourself: let the world see
His Nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come: oh come, and take a Queen
N 6 Worth

Worth many babes and beggars.

Pro. Oh, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, Sir:
 * If idle time will once be necessary,
 I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
 Do *Cæsar* what he can. Know, Sir, that I
 Will not wait pinion'd at your master's Court,
 Nor once be chafis'd with the sober eye
 Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoist me up,
 And shew me to the shouting varlety
 Of cens'ring *Rome*? rather a ditch in *Egypt*
 Be gentle Grave unto me! rather on *Nilus'* mud
 Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water-flies
 Blow me into abhorring! rather make
 My Country's high *Pyramides* my gibbet,
 And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
 These thoughts of horror further than you shall
 Find cause in *Cæsar*.

S C E N E III.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. **PROCULEIUS.**

What thou hast done thy master *Cæsar*
 knows,

And he hath sent for thee: as for the Queen,
 I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, *Dolabella*,
 It shall content me best; be gentle to her;
 To *Cæsar* I will speak what you shall please,
 If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. *[Exit Proculeius.]*

Dol. Most noble Empress, you have heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

* *If idle talk will once be necessary,*] This Nonsense should be re-
 formed thus,—*If idle time will once be necessary.* i. e. if *Repose* be
 necessary to cherish Life, I will not sleep.

Warb

Cleo.

Cleo. No matter, Sir, what I have heard or known:
You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dreamt, there was an Emp'ror *Antony*;
Oh such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye—— [stuck

Cleo. His face was as the heav'ns; and therein
A Sun and Moon, which kept their course, and
The little O o'th' Earth. [lighted

Dol. Most sovereign creature!——

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, when that to friends:
But when he meant to quail, and shake the Orb,
He was a ratling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't: An Autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin-like, they shew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd Crowns and Coronets, realms and islands
As plates dropt from his pocket. [were

Dol. *Cleopatra*——

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a
As this I dreamt of? [man

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the Gods;
But if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vye strange forms with Fancy, yet t' imagine
An *Antony*, were Nature's Prize 'gainst Fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good Madam:

Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it,
As answ'ring to the weight: 'would, I might never
O'er-take pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots

My

My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, Sir.

Know you, what *Cæsar* means to do with me?

Dol. I'm loth to tell you, what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, Sir.

Dol. Though he be honourable—

Cleo. He'll lead me in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will, I know't.

All. Make way there,—*Cæsar*.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius, and Attendants.

Cæs. WHICH is the Queen of Egypt?

Dol. It is the Emperor, Madam.

[*Cleo. kneels.*

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel :

I pray you, rise, rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the Gods

Will have it thus ; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts :
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole Sir o'th world,

* I cannot proffer mine own cause so well
To make it clear, but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our Sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce :
If you apply yourself to our intents,

* *I cannot project mine own cause so well*] *Project* signifies to invent a Cause, not to *plead* it : which is the Sense here required. It is plain then we should read,

I cannot proffer my own cause so well.
The technical Term, to plead by an Advocate,

Warb.
(Which

(Which tow'nds you are most gentle) you shall find
A benefit in this Change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.—

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours;
and we,

Your scutcheons, and your signs of Conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels
I am possess'd of—'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things omitted—where's *Seleucus*?

Sel. Here, Madm

Cleo. This is my treasurer, let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, *Seleucus*.

Sel. Madam, I had rather seal my lips,
Than to my peril speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back? [known.

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made

Cæs. Nay, blush not, *Cleopatra*; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, *Cæsar*! Oh, behold,
How Pomp is follow'd: mine will now be yours,
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
Th' ingratitude of this *Seleucus* do's
Ev'n make me wild. O slave, of no more Trust
Than love that's hir'd—What, goest thou back?
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee: but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, foul-less villain, dog,
O rarely base!

Cæs. Good Queen, let us intreat you.

Cleo. O *Cæsar*, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,

Doing

Doing the honour of thy lordliness
 To one so weak, that mine own servant should
 Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
 Addition of his envy ! Say, good *Cæsar*,
 That I some lady-trifles have reserv'd,
 Immoment toys, things of such Dignity
 As we greet modern friends withal ; and say,
 Some nobler token I have kept apart
 For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce
 Their mediation, must I be unfolded
 By one that I have bread ? the Gods !—it smites me
 Beneath the Fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence ;—
 Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits
 Through th' ashes of my chance : wert thou a man,
 Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, *Seleucus*. [thought

Cleo. Be't known, that we, the Greatest, are mis-
 For things that others do. And when we fall
 We answer. Others' merits, in our names
 Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. *Cleopatra*,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
 Put We i'th' roll of Conquest, still be't yours ;
 Bestow it at your pleasure, and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant to make prize with you
 Of things that merchants sold. Therefore, be cheer'd:
 Make not your thoughts your prisons ; no, dear
 For we intend so to dispose you, as [Queen,
 Yourself shall give us counsel : feed, and sleep.
 Our care and pity is so much upon you,
 That we remain your friend ; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord !

Cæs. Not so :—adieu. [*Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*

SCENE V.

Cleo. HE words me, Girls, he words me,
 That I should not be noble to myself.
 But hark thee, *Charmian*. [Whispers *Charmian*.
Iras.

Iras. Finish, good lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again.—
I've spoke already, and it is provided ;
Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will. [Exit Charm.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the Queen?

Char. Behold, Sir,

Cleo. Dolabella.

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn, by your Command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this : *Cæsar* through *Syria*
Intends his journey, and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before ;
Make your best use of this. I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good Queen ; I must attend on *Cæsar*. [Exit.

Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, *Iras*, what
think'st thou ?

Thou, an *Egyptian* puppet, shalt be shewn
In *Rome* as well as I : mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The Gods forbid !

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras* : saucy liſtors
Will catch at us like strumpets, and scall'd rhimers
Ballad us out-o'-tune. The quick Comedians
Extemp'rally will stage us, and present
Our *Alexandrian* revels : *Antony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking *Cleopatra* boy my Greatness.

I th'

I' th' posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good Gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I'm sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents. Now, *Charmian*.

Enter Charmian.

Shew me, my women, like a Queen: go fetch
My best attires. I am again for *Cydnus*,
To meet *Mark Antony*. Sirrah *Iras*, go—
Now, noble *Charmian*, we'll dispatch indeed;
And when thou'st done this chare, I'll give thee
leave

To play till dooms-day—bring our Crown, and all.
[*A noise within.*

Wherefore this noise?

Enter a Guardsman.

Guards. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your Highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an instrument
[*Exit Guardsman.*

May do a noble deed!—he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me; now from head to foot
I'm marble constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Enter Guardsman and Clown with a basket.

Guards. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid and leave him. [*Exit Guardsman.*
Hast thou the pretty worm of *Nilus* there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly. I have him: but I would not be
the party should desire you to touch him, for his
biting is immortal: those, that do die of it, do sel-
dom or never recover.

Cleo.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have dy'd on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday, a very honest woman, but something given to lie, as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty. How she dy'd of the biting of it, what pain she felt! truly, she makes a very good report o' th' worm: but he, that will believe half that they say, shall never be saved by all that they do: but this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay, farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there, is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think, I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whore-son devils do the Gods great harm in their women! for, in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth, I wish you joy o' th' worm.
[Exit.]

SCENE VI.

Cleo. **G**IVE me my Robe, put on my Crown;
I have
Immortal Longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.

Yare,

Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quick—methinks, I hear
Antony call, I see him rouse himself
 To praise my noble act. I hear him mock
 The luck of *Cæsar*, which the Gods give men
 T' excuse their after-wrath. Husband, I come;
 Now to that name my courage prove my title!
 I am fire, and air; my other elements
 I give to baser life. So——have you done?
 Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
 Farewel, kind *Charmian*; *Iras*, long farewell.

[*Applying the asp.*
 Have I the asp in my lips? dost fall? [To *Iras*.
 If thou and nature can so gently part,
 The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
 Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
 If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world,
 It is not worth leave taking. [*Iras dies*.

Char. Dissolve, thick Cloud, and rain, that I may
 The Gods themselves do weep. [*I say*,

Cleo. This proves me base——
 If she first meet the curled *Antony*,
 He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss,
 Which is my heav'n to have. Come, mortal wretch,
 With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsecate
 [To the serpent.

Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
 Be angry, and dispatch. Oh, could'st thou speak,
 That I might hear thee call great *Cæsar* ass,
 Unpoliced!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
 That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O break! O break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,
 O *Antony*!——Nay, I will take thee too.

[*Applying another asp to her Arm.*
 What should I stay—— [*Dies*.
Char.

Char. In this wild world? so fare thee well:
Now, boast thee, Death, in thy possession lies
A last unparallel'd—Downy windows, close;
And golden *Phæbus* never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! your Crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play—

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where's the Queen;

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* *Cæsar* hath sent—

[*Charmian applies the asp.*

Char. Too slow a messenger.

Oh, come apace, dispatch, I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! all's not well. *Cæsar's*
beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's *Dolabella* sent from *Cæsar*; call
him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here, *Charmian*? is this
well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princess
Descended of so many royal Kings.

Ah, soldiers!— [Charmian dies.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead!

Dol. *Cæsar*, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this; thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So fought'st to hinder.

Enter Cæsar and Attendants.

All. Make way there, make way for *Cæsar*.

Dol. Oh, Sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That, you did fear, is done.

Cæf. Brave'st at last:

She levell'd at our purpose, and, being royal,

Took

Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?—
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 Guard. A simple countryman, that brought
her figs:

This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then!

1 Guard. Oh *Cæsar*!

This *Charmian* liv'd but now, she flood and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she flood,
And on the sudden dropt.

Cæs. Oh noble weakness!

If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep;
As she would catch another *Antony*
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

1 Guard. This an asp's trail;
And these fig-leaves have slime upon them, such
As th' asp's leaves upon the caves of *Nile*.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she dy'd; for her physician tells me,
She has pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument:
She shall be buried by her *Antony*.
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it,
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn shew, attend this funeral;
And then to *Rome*: come, *Dolabella*, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt omnes.*

C Y M.



CYMBELINE.

A

TRAGEDY.



Dra-



Dramatis Personæ.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britaine.*
Cloten, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband,*
Laonatus Posthumus, *a Gentleman in love with the*
Princess, and privately married to her.
Guiderius, } *Disguis'd under the names of Poladour and*
Arviragus, } *Cadwal. supposed Sons to Belarius.*
Belarius, *a banish'd Lord, disguis'd under the name of*
Morgan.
Philario, *an Italian, Friend to Posthumus.*
Iachimo, *Friend to Philario.*
Caius Lucius, *Ambassador from Rome.*
Pisano, *Servant to Posthumus.*
A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.
Cornelius, *a Doctor, Servant to the Queen.*
Two Gentlemen.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.
Imogen, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*
Helen, *Woman to Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Ghosts, a
Soothsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other
Attendants.

S C E N E, *sometimes in Britaine; sometimes in*
Italy.

CYM-

C R M B E L I N E.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Cymbeline's *Palace in Britaine.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

I GENTLEMAN.

YOU do not meet a man, but frowns: * Our
brows

No more obey the heavens than our courtiers;
But seem, as does the King's.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of's Kingdom,
(whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, a widow
That late he married) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy, gentleman.

She's wedded ;—

Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: All
Is outward sorrow, though, I think, the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the King? [Queen,

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the
That most desir'd the match. But not a courtier,
(Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the King's look) but hath a heart that is
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

—our bloods,

No more obey the heavens, &c.] The Thought is this, we are not now (as we were wont) influenced by the weather but by the King's Looks. *We no more obey the heavens than our Courtiers obey the Heavens.* By which it appears, that the reading—*our bloods* is wrong. We should read therefore, ————*our brows*

No more obey the heavens, &c.

Warb.

VOL. VIII.

O

1 Gent.

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the Princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and, he that hath her,
(I mean that marry'd her, alack, good man!
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such,
As, to seek through the regions of the earth.
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within
Endows a man but him

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* I don't extend him, Sir: Within himself
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure fully.

2 *Gent.* What's his name and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was called *Sicillius*, who did join his honour
Against the *Romans*, with *Cassibelan*;
But had his titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, *Leonatus*;
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons; who, in the wars o' th' time,
Dy'd with their swords in hand: For which, their
father,

(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit Being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd,
As he was born. The King, he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him *Posthumus*,
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he took
As we do air, fast as 'twas ministr'd.

His spring became a harvest: liv'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd,
A sample to the young'st; to th' more mature,
A glass that featur'd them; and to the graver
A child that guided dotards. To his mistress,

(For whom he now is banish'd) her own price
Proclaims, how she esteem'd him and his virtue.
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him, ev'n out of your report.
But tell me, is she sole child to the King?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing
Mark it;) the eldest of them at three years old,
I th' swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stoll'n; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years. [vey'd,

2 *Gent.* That a King's children should be so con-
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them,—

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you. [man,

1 *Gent.* We must forbear. Here comes the Gentle-
The Queen, and Princess. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, and attendants.

Queen. **N**O, be assur'd, you shall not find me,
daughter;
After the slander of most step-mothers,
I'll-ey'd unto you: You're my pris'ner, but
Your goaler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, *Posthumus*,
So soon as I can win th' offended King,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet,
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your Highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the King
Hath charg'd, you should not speak together. [*Exit.*]

Imo. Dissembling courtesy! how fine this tyrant
Can tickle, where she wounds! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My Queen! my Mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyal'st husband, that did e'er plight troth;
My residence in *Rome*, at one *Philario's*;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter; thither write, my Queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you;
If the King come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure——yet I'll move him
[*Aside.*]
To walk this way; I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries: to be friends,
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*]

Post. Should we be taking leave,
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothness to depart would grow:——adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little——

Were

Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such Parting were too petty. Look here, Love,
This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart,
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

Post. How, how, another!

You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here,
[*Putting on the ring.*

While sense can keep thee on! and Sweetest, Fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you. For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love, I'll place it

[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*

Upon this fairest pris'ner.

Imo. O, the Gods!

When shall we see again?

SCENE III.

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. **A**LACK, the King!—

Cym. Thou basest Thing, avoid; hence,
from my sight:

If, after this Command, thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st. Away!

Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The Gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the Court!

I'm gone.

[*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth, thou heap'st
A yare age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, Sir,
Harm not yourself with your Vexation;
I'm senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past
grace.

Cym. Thou might'st have had the sole son of my
Queen.

Imo. O, blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made
my Throne
A Seat for Baseness.

Imo. No, I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault, that I have lov'd *Posthumus*:
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What!—art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, Sir; heav'n restore me! 'would I
were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our neighbour-shepherd's son!

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish Thing;—
They were again together, you have done
[To the Queen.
Not after our Command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech you patience; peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereign,
Leave us t'ourselves, and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym.

Cyn. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a-day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly.

[Exit.

Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Fie, you must give way:

Here is your servant. How now, Sir? what news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Hah!

No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd, than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I'm very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend, he takes his part.
To draw upon an exile: O brave Sir! —

I would they were in *Afric* both together,

Myself by with a needle, that I might prick

The goer-back. Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command; he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes

Of what commands I should be subject to,

When't pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been

Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your Highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence, pray you, speak
with me;

You shall, at least, go see my Lord aboard.

From this time leave me. —

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

1 Lord. **S**IR, I would advise you to shift a shirt;
the violence of action hath made you reek

as a sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as That you vent.

Clot. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—
Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. No, faith: Not so much as his patience.

[*Aside.*

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt. It is a thorough-fare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt, it went o' th' back-side the town.

[*Aside.*

Clot. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No, but he fled forward still, towards your face.

[*Aside.*

1 Lord. Stand you? you have land enough of your own; but he added to your Having, gave you some ground.

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans, puppies!

[*Aside.*

Clot. I would, they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, 'till you had measur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground.

[*Aside.*

Clot. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!—

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she's damn'd.

[*Aside.*

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together. She's a good Shine, but I have seen small reflexion of her wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflexion should hurt her.

[*Aside.*

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'would, there had been some hurt done!

2 Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

[*Aside.*

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V.

*Imogen's Apartment.**Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.*

Imo. **I** Would, thou grew'st unto the shores o'th' haven,

And question'd'st every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake with thee?

Pis. 'Twas, His Queen, his Queen!

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, Madam.

Imo. Senseless linen, happier therein than I!
And that was all?

Pis. No, Madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and starts of's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crackt
'em, but
To look upon him; 'till the diminution
Of's space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat, to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good *Pisanio*,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, Madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or, I could make him
swear,

The She's of *Italy* should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T'encounter me with Orisons; (for then
I am in heaven for him;) or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father;
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buds from blowing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen, Madam,
Desires your Highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.
I will attend the Queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Changes to Rome.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, and a French man.

Iach. **B**ELIEVE it, Sir, I have seen him in *Britaine*;
he was then of a crescent Note; expected to
prove so worthy, as since he has been allowed the
name of. But I could then have look'd on him,
without the help of admiration; though the cata-
logue of his endowments had been tabled by his side,
and I to peruse him by *Items*.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd,
than now he is, with That which makes him both
without and within.

French. I have seen him in *France*; we had very
many

many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's Daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment—

Iach. Ay, and the approbations of those, that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her Judgement, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the *Briton*. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all, be better known to this Gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have been known together in *Orleans*.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness; I was glad I did atone my Countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each other bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shun'd to go even with what I

heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences; but upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say, it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we with manners ask, what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think; 'twas a contention in public, which may without contradiction suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our Country mistresses: This Gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in *France*.

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her, 'fore ours of *Italy*.

Post. Being so far provok'd, as I was in *France*. I would abate her nothing; tho' I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, a kind of hand-in-hand comparison, had been something too fair and too good for any Lady in *Britany*. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could believe, she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the-world enjoys.

Iach.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd Mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken; the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you:—

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stoll'n too; so, of your brace of unprisable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual. A cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your *Italy* contains none so accomplish'd a Courtier to convince the honour of my mistress; if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail, I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, Gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair Mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding: had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.—

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, (o'er-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: And to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion; and, I doubt not, you'd sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach.

Iach. What's That?

Post. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too suddenly, let it die as it was born; and I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would, I had put my estate and my neighbour's, on th' approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What Lady would you chuse to assail?

Iach. Yours; who in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser; if you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But, I see, you have some Religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my Speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond 'till your Return; let there be covenants drawn between us. My Mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no Lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one. If I bring you sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are mine; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours;

yours ; provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions ; let us have articles betwixt us ; only, thus far you shall answer ; if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate. If she remain uneduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise ; for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand, a covenant ; we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for *Britaine*, lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*]

French. Will this hold, think you ?

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.

Pray, let us follow 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Changes to Cymbeline's Palace in Britaine.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius with a Viol.

Queen. **W**HILE yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers :

Make haste.—Who has the note of them ?

1 Lady. I, Madam.

Queen. Dispatch.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now, master Doctor you have brought those drugs ?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highness, ay ; here they are, Madam ;

But I beseech your Grace, without offence,
(My conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most pois'nous compounds ?
Which are the movers of a languishing death ;
But, though slow, deadly.

Queen.

Queen. I do wonder, Doctor,
 Thou ask'st me such a question; have I not been
 Thy pupil long? hast thou not learn'd me how
 To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,
 That our great King himself doth woo me oft
 For my confections? having thus far proceeded,
 (Unless thou think'st me dev'lish,) is't not meet
 That I did amplify my judgment in
 Other conclusions? I will try the forces
 Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
 We count not worth the hanging, (but none human;) *[To Pisanio.]*
 To try the vigour of them, and apply
 Allayments to their act; and by them gather
 Their sev'ral virtues and effects.

Cor. Your Highness
 Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;
 Besides, the seeing these effects will be
 Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flatt'ring rascal, upon him *[Aside.]*
 Will I first work; he's for his master's sake
 An enemy to my son. How now, *Pisanio?*
 Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
 Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, Madam: *[Aside.]*
 But you shall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee, a word— *[To Pisanio.]*

Cor. I do not like her. She doth think, she has
 Strange ling'ring poisons; I do know her spirit,
 And will not trust one of her malice with
 A drug of such damn'd nature. Those, she has,
 Will stupify and dull the sense a while;
 Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs,
 Then afterwards up higher; but there is
 No danger in what shew of death it makes,

More

More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, Doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? dost thou think,
in time

She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? do thou work;
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master; greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built, and has no friends,
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up

[Pisanio looking on the Viot.]

Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour;
It is a thing I make, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earnest of a farther Good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself:
Think, what a chance thou chancest on; but think;—
Thou hast thy mistress still: to boot, my son;
Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the King
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women——

[Exit Pisanio.]

Think on my words—A fly and constant knave,
 Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master;
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold
 The hand-fast to her Lord.—I've giv'n him That,
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of leidgers for her sweet; and which she, after,
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd
 To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so; well done, well done;
 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
 Bear to my closet; fare thee well, *Pisanio*,
 Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*
Pis. And shall do:

But when to my good Lord I prove untrue,
 I'll choke myself; there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to Imogen's Apartment.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. **A** Father cruel, and a Stepdame false,
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
 That hath her husband banish'd—O, that husband!
 My supreme crown of grief, and those repeated
 Vexations of it—Had I been thief-stoll'n,
 As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
 Is the desire, that's glorious. Bless'd be those,
 How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,
 Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? fie!

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble Gentleman of Rome
 Comes from my Lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam?
 The worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,

And

And greets your Highness dearly.

Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich !
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, [*Aside.*
She is alone th' *Arabian* bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend !
Arm me, Audacity, from head to foot :
Or, like the *Parthian*, I shall flying fight
Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads.

*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am
most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you
value your trust.*

Leonatus.

So far I read aloud:

But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by th' rest, and takes it thankfully.——
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest Lady——
What! are men mad? hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, * and the rich cope
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
† Upon th' humbl'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul.

Imo. What makes your admiration?

* —— and the rich crop

Of sea and land—] He is here speaking of the Covering of Sea
and Land, *Shakespeare* therefore wrote,

—And the rich Cope.

† *Upon th' unnumber'd beach?* —] Sense and the Antithesis
oblige us to read this Nonsense thus, *Upon the humbl'd beach.*

i. e. because daily insulted with the Flow of the Tide.

Warb.

Iach.

Iach. It cannot be i' th' eye; (for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other :) Nor i' th' judgment;
(For Ideots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite :) Nor i' th' appetite:
Slutt'ry, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
That satiate, yet unsatisfy'd desire, (that tub
Both fill'd and running;) ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage——

Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus raps you? are you well?

Iach. Thanks, Madam, well——'Beseech you, Sir,
To Pisanio.

Desire my men's abode, where I did leave him;
He's strange, and peevish.

Pis. I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my Lord
His health, 'beseech you?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry, and so gamefome; he is call'd
The *Britaine* Reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad,
There is a *Frenchman* his companion, one,
An eminent Monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A *Gallian* girl at home. He furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly *Briton*,
(Your Lord, I mean,) laughs from his free lungs, cries,
Oh!——

Can my fides hold, to think, that man, who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse
But must be, will his free hours languish out
For assur'd bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord say so?

Iach. Ay, Madam, with his eyes in flood with
laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the *Frenchman*: but heaven
knows,

Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he. But yet heav'n's bounty tow'rd
him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you, whom I count his, beyond all talents;
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, Sir?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, Sir?

You look on me; what wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity.

Iach. Lamentable! what!

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' th' dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, Sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,

I was about to say, enjoy your—but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties

Or

Or are past remedies, or timely knowing,
The remedy then born;) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek

To bath my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose ev'ry touch would force the feeler's soul
To th' oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes pris'ner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, (damn'd then,)
Slaver with lips, as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood, as with labour;
Then glad myself by peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My Lord, I fear,
Has forgot *Britaine*.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of this change; but 'tis our graces,
That from my muteſt conſcience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. Oh deareſt ſoul! your cauſe doth ſtrike my
heart

With pity, that doth make me ſick. A Lady
So fair, and faſten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'ſt King double! to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield!——with diſeaſ'd
ventures,

That play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenneſs lends nature! ſuch boyl'd ſtuff,
As well might poiſon Poiſon! Be reveng'd;
Or ſhe, that bore you, was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great ſtock.

Imo.

Imo. Reveng'd !

How should I be reveng'd, if this be true ?
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse;) if it be true,
How shall I be reveng'd ?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like *Diana's* Priest, betwixt cold sheets ?
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps
In your despight, upon your purse ? Revenge it :—
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed ;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, *Pisanio* !—

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away !—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st ; as base, as strange :
Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour ; and
Solicit'st here a Lady, that disdains
Thee, and the Devil alike. What ho, *Pisanio* !
The King my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault ; if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a *Romish* stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us ; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all. What ho, *Pisanio* !

Iach. O happy *Leonatus*, I may say ;
The credit, that thy Lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit ! blessed live you long,
A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever
Country call'd his ! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit ! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance

Were

Were deeply rooted ; and shall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o'er : and he is one
The truest-manner'd, such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies into him :
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mong men, like a descended God :
He hath a kind honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty Princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report ; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment,
In the election of a Sir, so rare,
Which, you know, cannot err. The love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus ; but the Gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir ; take my pow'r i'th' court for
yours.

Iach. My humble thanks ; I had almost forgot
T' intreat your Grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your Lord ; myself, and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't ?

Iach. Some dozen *Romans* of us, and your Lord,
(Best feather of our wing,) have mingled fums
To buy a present for the Emperor :
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In *France* ; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great ;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in a safe stowage : may it please you
To take them in protection ?

Imo. Willingly ;
And pawn mine honour for their safety. Since
My Lord hath int'rest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,

Attended

Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech you: or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From *Gallia*,
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, Madam.
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night.
I have outstod my time, which is material
To th' tender of our present.

Imo. I will write:
Send your trunk to me, it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You're very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

CYMBELINE's *Palace.*

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

CLOTEN.

WAS there ever man had such luck! when I
kiss'd the Jack upon an up-cast, to be hit
away! I had an hundred pound on't; and then a
whoreson jack-an-apes must take me up for swearing,
as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not
spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? you have broke his
pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it,
it would have run all out.

[*Aside.*]

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Clot.

Clot. When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

2 Lord. No, my lord; nor crop the ears of them.

[*Aside.*

Clot. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? 'would, he had been one of my rank.

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool. — [*Aside.*

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in the earth,—a pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the Queen my mother; every Jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 Lord. You are a cock and a capon too: and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aside.*

Clot. Say'st thou?

2 Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only. —

Clot. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

Clot. A stranger, and I not know on't?

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*

1 Lord. There's an *Italian* come, and, 'tis thought, one of *Leonatus's* friends.

Clot. *Leonatus!* a banish'd rascal: and he's another, whosoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

2 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool granted, therefore your issues being foolish do not derogate. [*Aside.*

Clot.

Clot. Come, I'll go see this *Italian*: what I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come; go.

2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship. [*Exit Clot.*
That such a crafty devil as his mother,
Should yield the world this ass!—a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen.—Alas, Poor Princess,
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce Hell-made. The heav'ns hold firm
The walls of thy dear Honour; keep unshak'd
That Temple, thy fair Mind; that thou may'st stand
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to a magnificent Bed-chamber; in one part of it a large trunk.

Imogen is discover'd reading in her bed, a Lady attending.

Imo. **W**H O's there? my woman *Helen*?
Lady. Please you, Madam——

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then, mine eyes are weak,

Fold down the leaf where I have left; to bed——

Take not away the taper, leave it burning:

And if thou canst awake by four o' th' clock,

I prythee, call me——sleep hath seized me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*

P 2

To

To your protection I commend me, Gods;
From Fairies, and the Tempters of the night,
Guard me, 'beseech ye.

[Sleeps.]

[Iachimo rises from the trunk.]

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd
sense.

Repairs itself by rest: our *Tarquin* thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. *Cytherea*,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets! that I might touch,
But kifs, one kifs—rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'tis her breathing, that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o'th' taper
Bows tow'rd her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see th' inclosed light, now canopy'd
Under these windows: white * with azure lac'd,
The blue of heav'n's own tinct—But my design's
To note the chamber—I will write all down,
Such, and such, pictures—there, the window,—such
Th' adornment of her bed—the arras, figures—
Why, such, and such—and the contents o'th' story—
Ah, but some nat'ral notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables,
Would testify, t'enrich my inventory.
O Sleep, thou ape of Death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off,—

[Taking off her bracelet.]

As slipp'ry, as the *Gordian* knot was hard.—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience do's within,
To th' madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops

*—white and azure, lac'd

With blue of heaven's own tinct.] We should read,

—white with azure lac'd,

The blue of heaven's own tinct.

Warb.

I'th

Ith' bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
 Will force him think, I've pick'd the lock; and ta'en
 The treasure of her honour. No more—to what end?
 Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
 Screw'd to my mem'ry? She hath been reading, late,
 The tale of *Tereus*; here the leaf's turn'd down,
 Where *Philomel* gave up—I have enough.—
 To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night! that dawning
 May bear the raven's eye: I lodge in fear,
 Though this a heav'nly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*
 One, two, three: time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk, the Scene closes.*]

SCENE III.

Changes to another part of the Palace, facing Imogen's Apartments.

Enter Cloten, and Lords.

1 Lord. **Y**OUR lordship is the most patient man in
 loss, the coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 Lord. But not every man patient, after the noble
 temper of your lordship; you are most hot, and fu-
 rious, when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage:
 If I could get this foolish *Imogen*, I should have gold
 enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

1 Lord. Day, my lord.

Clot. I would, this music would come: I am ad-
 vis'd to give her music o'mornings; they say, it will
 penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on, tune; if you can penetrate her with your
 fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too; if none will

do, let her remain: but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

S O N G.

*Hark, hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On challic'd flowers that lies:
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone—if this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats'-guts, nor the voice of unpav'd eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot chuse but take this service I have done, fatherly. Good-morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?

Will she not forth?

Clot. I have assail'd her with musics, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new; She hath not yet forgot him: some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance out, And then she's yours.

Queen,

Queen. You are most bound to th' King,
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly solicits; and be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Encrease your services; so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties, which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you. Sir, Ambassadors from *Rome*;
The one is *Caius Lucius*.

Cym. A worthy fellow.

Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sencer;
And towards himself, his goodness fore-spent on us,
We must extend our notice:—Our dear son,
When you have giv'n good morning to your mistress,
Attend the *Queen* and us; we shall have need
T' employ you towards this *Roman*. Come, our
Queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Clot. IF she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream. By your leave,
oh!

[*Knocks.*]

I know, her women are about her—what
If I do line one of their hands?—'tis gold,
Which buys admittance, (oft it doth.) yea, makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to th' stand o' th' stealer: and 'tis gold,
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometimes, hangs both thief and true-man: what
Can it not do, and undo? I will make

One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave——

[Knocks.]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clot. A Gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose taylors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: what's your lordship's pleasure?

Clot. Your lady's person; is she ready?

Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber. [report.]

Clot. There is gold for you, sell me your good

Lady. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good? The Princess——

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good-morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, Sir; you lay out too much
pains

For purchasing but trouble; the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me—faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy

To your best kindness: * one of your great knowing
Should

* ——one of your great knowing

Should learn (being Taught) forbearance.] But sure, whoever is
Taught, necessarily Learns. Learning is not the fit and reasonable
Consequence of being Taught, but is the Thing itself. *Shakespeare* with-
out doubt wrote,

—

Should learn (being tort) forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin;
I will not.

Imo. Fools cure not mad-folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners
By being so verbal: and learn now for all,
That I, who know my heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you:
And am so near the lack of charity
T' accuse myself, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make my boast.

Clot. You sin against

Obedience, which you owe your father; for
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' th' court,) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary,) in self-finger'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' th' crown; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth;
A pantler; not so eminent.—

Imo. Prophane fellow!

Wert thou the son of *Jupiter*, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
Ev'n to the point of Envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be stil'd

————one of your great knowing

Should learn (being Tort) forbearance.

Tort, an old French Word, signifying the being in the Wrong.

The under-hangman of his realm; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clot. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than
come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever had but clipt his body, 's dearer
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men. How now, *Pisanio*?

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His garment? now, the devil——

Imo. To *Dorothy*, my woman, hie thee presently.

Clot. His garment?

Imo. I am frighted with a fool.

Frighted, and angred worse—go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm—it was thy master's. 'Shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any King in *Europe*. I do think,
I saw't this morning; confident I am,
Last night 'twas on my arm; I kissed it.
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but him.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so; go, and search.

Clot. You have abus'd me——

His meanest garment?——

Imo. Ay, I said so, Sir;

If you will make't an action, call witnesses to't.

Clot. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too;

She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir,
To th' worst of discontent.

[*Exit.*

Clot. I'll be reveng'd,——

His meanest garment?——well.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

*Changes to Rome.**Enter Posthumus, and Philario.*

Post. FEAR it not, Sir; I would, I were so sure
To win the King, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any, but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish,
That warmer days would come; in these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'er-pays all I can do. By this, your King
Hath heard of great *Augustus*; *Caius Lucius*
Will do's commission throughly. And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute; send th' arrearages,
E'er look upon our *Romans*, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this shall prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in *Gallia*, sooner landed
In our not fearing *Britaine*, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when *Julius Cæsar*
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy of frowning at. Their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers, they are people such
As mend upon the world.

SCENE VI.

Enter Iachimo.

Phil. SEE, *Iachimo*.——

Post. Sure, the swift harts have posted you
by land, P 6 And

And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Post. Welcome, Sir.

Phil. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your Return.

Iach. Your lady
Is of the fairest I e'er look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like

Post. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britaine* Court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I've lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold;
I'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in *Britaine*; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, Sir,
Your loss your sport; I hope, you know, that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we must,
If you keep covenant; had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant,
We were to question farther; but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but

By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed; my hand,
And ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion,
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses
Your sword or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe; whose strength
I will confirm with oaths, which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber——
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but profess,
Had That was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud *Cleopatra*, when she met her *Roman*,
And *Cydnus* swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride :——A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was——

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More Particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste *Dian*, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; out-went her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap ;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' th' chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted : Th' andirons,
(I had forgot them) were two winking *Cupids*
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. What's this t' her honour ?
Let it be granted you have seen all this,
Praise be to your remembrance, the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can [*Pulling out the Bracelet.*
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel ; see !——
And now 'tis up again ; it must be married
To that your diamond. I'll keep them.

Post. *Jove !*
Once more let me behold it : Is it That,
Which I left with her ?

Iach. Sir, I thank her, That :
She strip'd it from her arm, I see her yet,
Her pretty action did out-sell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too ; she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you ? doth she ?

Post. O, no, no, no ; 'tis true. Here, take this
too ;

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't ; let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty ; truth, where semblance ; love,
Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they're made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing ;
O, above measure false !——

Phi. Have patience, Sir,

And

And take your ring again : 'tis not yet won ;
It may be probable, she lost it ; or,
Who knows, one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stoll'n it from her.

Post. Very true,
And so, I hope, he came by't ;—back my ring ;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this ; for this was stole.

Iach. By *Jupiter*, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears ; by *Jupiter* he swears.
'Tis true—nay, keep the ring—'tis true ; I'm sure
She could not lose it ; her attendants are
All honourable ; they induc'd to steal it !
And, by a stranger !—no, he hath enjoy'd her.
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this ; she hath bought the name of Whore thus
dearly ;

There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you !

Phi. Sir, be patient ;
This is not strong enough to be believ'd,
Of one persuaded well of.—

Post. Never talk on't ;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast,
Worthy the pressing, lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,
I kiss it ; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her ?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more ?

Post. Spare your arithmetic.
Count not the Turns : once, and a million !

Iach. I'll be sworn——

Post.

Post. No swearing:
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie.
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't i' th' Court, before
Her father—I'll do something— [Exit.

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience! you have won;
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

Re-enter Posthumus.

Post. **I**S there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? we are bastards all;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where,
When I was stamp't. Some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seem'd
The *Dian* of that time; so doth my wife
The non-pareil of this—Oh vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't [her
Might well have warm'd old *Saturn*—that I 'thought
As chaste, as unsunn'd snow. Oh, all the Devils!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an hour—was't not?—
Or less: at first? perchance, he spoke not, but
Like a full-acorn'd Boar, a churning on,
Cry'd oh! and mounted; found no opposition
From what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me—for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but, I affirm,

It

It is the woman's part ; be't lying, note it,
 The woman's ; flattering, hers ; deceiving, hers ;
 Lust, and rank thoughts, hers, hers ; revenges, hers ;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longings, flanders, mutability :
 All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
 Why, hers, in part, or all ; but rather all.—for even
 to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still ;
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them——yet 'tis greater skill,
 In a true hate to pray, they have their Will ;
 The very Devils cannot plague them better. *Exit.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Cymbeline's Palace.

*Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords
 at one door ; and at another, Caius Lucius and atten-
 dants.*

C Y M B E L I N E.

NOW say, what would *Augustus Cæsar* with us ?
Luc. When *Julius Cæsar*, (whose remembrance
 yet

Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
 Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this *Britaine*,
 And conquer'd it, *Cassibelan*, thine uncle,
 (Famous in *Cæsar's* praises, no whit less
 Than in his feats deserving it) for him,
 And his succession, granted *Rome* a Tribute,
 Yearly three thousand pounds ; which by thee lately
 Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvail,
 Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many *Cæsars*,

Ere

Ere such another *Julius* : *Britaine* is
A world by't self; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We have again. Remember, Sir, my liege,
The Kings your ancestors : together with
The nat'ral Brav'ry of our Isle ; which stands,
As *Neptune's Park*, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unskaleable, and roaring waters ;
With Sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats.
But suck them up to th'top-mast. A kind of Conquest
Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*. With shame,
(The first, that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten ; and his shipping,
(Poor ignorant baubles) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof,
The fam'd *Cassibelan*, who was once at point
(Oh, giglet fortune !) to master *Cæsar's* sword,
Mad *Lud's* town with rejoicing fires bright,
And *Britons* strut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid.
Our Kingdom is stronger than it was at that time ;
and, as I said, there is no more such *Cæsars* ; other
of them may have crook'd noses, but, to own such
strait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as
hard as *Cassibelan* ; I do not say, I am one ; but I
have a hand.—Why, Tribute ? Why should we pay
Tribute ? if *Cæsar* can hide the Sun from us with a
blanket, or put the Moon in his pocket, we will pay
him Tribute for light ; else, Sir, no more Tribute,
pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
'Till the injurious *Roman* did extort

This

This tribute from us. We were free. *Cæsar's* ambition,
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o'th' world, against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon's; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people (which we reckon
Ourselves to be) to do. Say then to *Cæsar*,
Our ancestor was that *Mulmutius*, who
Ordain'd our Laws, whose use the sword of *Cæsar*
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though *Rome* be therefore angry: That *Mulmutius*,
Who was the first of *Britaine*. which did put
His brows within a golden Crown, and call'd
Himself a King.

Luc. I'm sorry, *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Augustus Cæsar*
(*Cæsar*, that hath more Kings his servants, than
Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy.
Receive it from me then.—War and Confusion
In *Cæsar's* name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For Fury, not to be resisted. Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myself

Cym. Thou'rt welcome, *Caius*;
Thy *Cæsar* knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him: of him I gather'd honour,
Which he to seek of me again perforce,
Behooves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
That the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*, for
Their Liberties, are now in arm: a Precedent
Which, not to read, would shew the *Britons* cold:
So *Cæsar* shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clot. His Majesty bids you welcome. Make pas-
time with us a day or two, or longer: If you seek
us afterwards on other terms, you shall find us in
our salt-water girdle, if you beat us out of it, it is
yours: if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall
sare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc.

Luc. So, Sir.—

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the Remain is, Welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Pisanio, reading a Letter.

Pis. **H**OW? of adultery? wherefore write you not,
What monsters have accus'd her? *Leonatus!*
Oh master, what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear? what false *Italian*,
(As pois'nous-tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready Hearing! Disloyal? no,
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes
More goddess-like, than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. Oh, my master!
Thy mind to her's is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes. How? that I should murder her?
Upon the love and truth and vows, which I
Have made to thy Command!—I, her!—her blood!
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable.—How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't—the letter.*

[*Reading.*]

*That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.—Damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee: senseless bauble!
Art thou a scedarie for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.*

Enter Imogen.

I'm ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, *Pisanio*?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who! thy lord? that is my lord *Leonatus*:
Oh, learn'd, indeed, were that astrologer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters:

He'd

He'd lay the Future open.—You good Gods,
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
 Of my lord's health, of his content ;—yet not,
 That we two are afunder ; let that grieve him !
 Some griefs are medicinable ; that is one of them,
 For it doth physic love ;—of his content,
 All but in that,—Good wax, thy leave,—Blest be
 You bees, that make these locks of counsel ! Lovers,
 And men in dang'rous bonds, pray not alike.
 Though forfeitures you cast in prison, yet
 You clasp young *Cupid's* tables : good news, Gods !

[Reading.

*JUSTICE, and your father's wrath, should he take
 me in his Dominions, could not be so cruel to me ; but
 you, oh the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with
 your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Mil-
 ford-Haven : what your own love will, out of this, advise
 you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains
 loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love ;*

Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh, for a horse with wings ! hear'st thou, *Pisanio* ?
 He is at *Milford-Haven* : read and tell me
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
 May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day ? then, true *Pisanio*,
 Who long'st like me to see thy lord ; who long'st,
 (Oh, let me 'bate) but not like me ; yet long'st—
 But in a fainter kind—oh, not like me ;
 For mine's beyond, beyond—Say, and speak thick ;
 Love's counsellor should fill the bores of Hearing
 To th' smoth'ring of the Sense—How far it is
 To this same blessed *Milford* : and, by th' way,
 Tell me how *Wales* was made so happy, as
 T' inherit such a haven. But, first of all,
 How may we steal from hence ? and for the gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence going
 Till our return, t'excuse—but first, how get hence ?
 Why

Why should excuse be born, or ere begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you : and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
Could never go so slow : I've heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That ran i' th' clock's behalf. But this is fool'ry.
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness ; say,
She'll home t' her father : and provide me, present,
A riding suit ; no costlier than would fit
A *Franklin's* housewife.

Pis. Madam, you'd best consider.

Imo. * I see before me, man : nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, that have a fog in them,
That I cannot look thro'. Away, I pr'ythee,
Do as I bid thee ; there's no more to say ;
Accessible is none but *Milford* way. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Changes to a Forest with a Cave, in Wales.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. **A** Goodly day ! not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours : see, boys !
this gate

Instructs you how t'adore the heav'ns ; and bows you
To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs

* *I see before me, man : nor here nor there,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look thro'.—*] *Shakespeare* says she can see before
her, yet on which Side soever she looks, there is a Fog which she
cannot see thro'. This Nonsense is occasioned by the corrupt read-
ing of, But *have a fog*, for, *That have a fog* ; and then all is
plain. I see before me, (says she) for there is no Fog on any Side
of me which I cannot see thro'. *Warb.*

Are

Are arch'd so high, that Giants may jet through
 And keep their impious Turbands on, without
 Good-morrow to the Sun. Hail, thou fair heav'n!
 We house i'th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly
 As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heav'n!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport, up to yond hill,
 Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats. Consider,
 When you, above, perceive me like a crow,
 That it is *place* which lessens and sets off;
 And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
 Of Courts, of Princes, of the tricks in war;
 That service is not service, so being done,
 But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
 Draws us a profit from all things we see:
 And often, to our comfort, shall we find
 The sharded beetle in a safer hold,
 Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life
 Is nobler than attending for a check;
 Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble;
 Prouder, than rustling in unpaid for silk:
 Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
 Yet keeps his book uncross'd; no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak; we, poor,
 unfledg'd,
 Have never wing'd from view o' th' nest; nor know,
 What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
 If quiet life is best; sweeter to you,
 That have a sharper known: well corresponding
 With your stiff age; but unto us, it is
 A cell of ign'rance; travelling a-bed;
 A prison, for a debtor that not dares
 To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of,
 When we are old as you? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark *December*? how,
 In this our pinching Cave, shall we discourse

The

The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;
 We're beastly; subtle as the fox for prey,
 Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
 Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
 We make a choir, as doth the prison'd bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!

Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly; the art o'th' Court,
 As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb,
 Is certain falling; or so slipp'ry, that
 The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of war;
 A pain, that only seems to seek out danger
 I' th' name of fame and honour; which dies i' th'
 search,

And hath as oft a scandalous epitaph,
 As record of fair act; nay, many time,
 Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse,
 Must curt'fy at the censure:—Oh, boys, this story
 The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
 With *Roman* swords; and my Report was once
 First with the best of note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me;
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name
 Was not far off: then was I as a tree,
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But, in one
 night,

A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves;
 And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
 But that two villains (whose false oaths prevail'd
 Before my perfect honour) swore to *Cymbeline*,
 I was confederate with the *Romans*: so,
 Follow'd my banishment; and, these twenty years,
 This rock and these demeanours have been my world;
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; pay'd
 More pious debts to heaven, than in all

The

The fore-end of my time.—But, up to th' mountains!
 This is not hunters' language; he, that strikes
 The venison first, shall be the lord o' th' feast;
 To him the other two shall minister,
 And we will fear no poison, which attends
 In place of greater State:

I'll meet you in the valleys. [*Exeunt Guid. and Arvir.*]

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
 These boys know little, they are Sons to th' King;
 Nor *Cymbeline* dreams, that they are alive.
 They think, they're mine, * tho' trained up thus
 meanly.

I th' Cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
 The roof of Palaces; and nature prompts them,
 In simple and low things, to prince it. much
 Beyond the trick of others. This *Paladour*,
 (The heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britaine*, whom
 The King his father call'd *Guiderius*.) *Jove*:—
 When on my three-foot-stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story: say, "thus mine enemy fell,
 And thus I set my foot on's neck"—even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words—The younger brother *Cadwall*,
 (Once *Arviragus*.) in as like a figure
 Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
 His own conceiving. Hark, the game is rouz'd—
 Oh *Cymbeline*! heav'n and my conscience know,
 Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
 At three and two years old, I stole these babes;
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou rest'st me of my lands. *Euriphile*,

* ———tho' trained up thus meanly,

I th' Cave there on the brow,——]The old Editions read,
I th' Cave, whereon the bow; which tho' very corrupt, will direct us
 to the true Reading, which when rightly pointed, is thus,

——tho' trained up thus meanly.

I th' Cave wherein they bow.——

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Warb.

Thou

Thou wast their nurse; they take thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to thy Grave;
Myself *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd,
They take for natural father. The game's up.

[Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Pisanio, and Imogen.

Imo. **T**HOU told'st me, when we came from horse,
the place
Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now—*Pisanio*,
Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? wherefore breaks that
sigh

From th' inward of thee? one, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication. Put thyself
Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses—what's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? if 't be summer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that count'nance still. My husband's hand?
That drug-damn'd *Italy* hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point. Speak man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be e'en mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imogen reads.

THY mistress, *Pisanio*, hath play'd the strumpet in my
bed: the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I
speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as
my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That
part

part thou, Pisanio, must act for me. If thy faith be not tainted with the breath of hers, let thine hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven. She hath my letter for the purpose; where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the Pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper

Hath cut her throat already — No, 'tis slander; Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie All corners of the world. Kings, Queens, and states, Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the Grave This viperous slander enters. What cheer, Madam?

Imo. False to his bed! what is it to be false? To lie in watch there, and to think on him? To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him, And cry myself awake? that false to's bed!

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? thy conscience witness, Iachimo, — Thou didst accuse him of incontinency, Thou then look'st like a villain: now, methinks, Thy favour's good enough. Some Jay of Italy (* Whose meether was her painting) hath betray'd him:

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion; And, for I'm richer than to hang by th' walls, I must be ript: to pieces with me: oh, Men's vows are women's traitors. — All good Seeming

By thy revolt, oh husband, shall be thought Put on for villany: not born, where't grows; But worn, a bait for ladies.

* *Whose mother was her painting* —] the true Word is *Meether*, a North Country Word, signifying *Beauty*.

Warb.

Q 2

Pis.

Pis. Madam, here me——

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false
Æneas,

Were in his time thought false: and *Sinon's* Weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness. So thou, *Posthumus,*
Wilt lay the leven to all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd,
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience. Look!
I draw the sword myself, take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart;
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but grief;
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it. Do his Bidding, strike;
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And, if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. 'Gainst self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand: come, here's my
heart——

(Something's afore't)—soft, soft, we'll no defence;
[Opening her breast.]

Obedient as the scabbard!——What is here?

The Scriptures of the loyal *Leonatus*

All turn'd to Heresy? away, away,

[Pulling his letters out of her bosom.]

Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart: thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: tho' those, that are betray'd,
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, *Posthumus,*
That set my disobedience 'gainst the King,

And

And mad'st me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find,
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be dis-edg'd by her
Whom now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, dispatch;
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady!

Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll break mine eye-balls first.

Imo. Ah, wherefore then

Didst undertake it? why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action? and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd Court,
For my being absent? whereunto I never
Purpose Return. Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
Th' elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment, in the which
I have consider'd of a course; good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary, speak,
I've heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear
(Therein false struck) can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom That. But, speak.

Pis. Then, Madam,
I thought, you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so neither;
But if I were as wise as honest, then

My purpose would prove well; it cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd; some villain,
And singular in his art, hath done you both
This curst injury.

Imo. Some *Roman Courtezan*——

Pis. No, on my life.

I'll give him notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it: for 'tis commanded,
I should do so. You shall be miss'd at Court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where 'bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to th' Court——

Imo. No Court, no Father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, Nothing. *Cloten*:
That *Cloten*, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at Court,
Then not in *Britaine* must you 'bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath *Britaine* all the Sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in *Britaine*? I th' world's volume
Our *Britaine* seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest. Pr'ythee, think,
There's living out of *Britaine*.

Pis. I'm most glad,
You think of other place: th' Ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to *Milford-Haven*
To-morrow. * Now, if you could wear a Mien
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise

*——Now, if you could wear a mind

Dark as your fortune is,—] What had the *Darkness* of her
Mind to do with the Concealment of Person, which is the only Thing
here advis'd? On the Contrary, her Mind was to continue un-
changed, in order to support her Change of Fortune. *Shakespeare*
wrote,—Now, if you could wear a mien. *Warb.*

That

That, which, t'appear itself, must not yet be,
 But by self-danger; you should tread a course
 Pretty, and full of view; yea, haply, near
 The residence of *Posthumus*; so nigh, at least,
 That though his actions were not visible,
 Report should render him hourly to your ear,
 As truly as he moves.

Imo. Oh! for such means,
 Though peril to my modesty, not death on't
 I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point:

You must forget to be a woman; change
 Command into obedience; fear and niceness
 (The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
 Woman its pretty self.) to waggish courage;
 Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
 As quarrellous as the weazel: nay, you must
 Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek;
 Exposing it (but, oh, the harder Hap!
 Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
 Of common-kissing *Titan*; and forget
 Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
 You made great *Juno* angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
 I see into thy end, and am almost
 A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
 Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
 ('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
 That answer to them. 'Would you in their serving,
 And with what Imitation you can borrow
 From youth of such a season, 'fore noble *Lucius*
 Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
 Wherein you're happy; (which will make him so,
 If that his head have ear in music.) doubtless,
 With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
 And, doubling That, most holy. Your means abroad
 You have me, rich; and I will never fail

Beginning, nor supply.

Imo. Thou'rt all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away.
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A Prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, Madam, we must take a short farewell;
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the Court. My noble Mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the Queen,
What's in't is precious: if you're sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood; may the Gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [Exeunt, severally.]

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Palace of Cymbeline.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. **T**HUS far, and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal Sir.

My Emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our Subjects, Sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To shew less Sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear un-kinglike.

Luc. So, Sir: I desire of you
A conduct over land, to *Milford-Haven*.

Madam, all joy befall your Grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of Honour in no point omit:

So, farewell, noble *Lucius*.

Luc. Your hand, my Lord.

Clot.

Clot. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Th' event

Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords,
'Till he have crost the *Severn*. Happiness!

[*Exit Lucius, &c.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us,
That we have giv'n him cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better;

Your valiant *Britons* have their wishes in it.

Cym. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor,
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness;
The Powers, that he already hath in *Gallia*,
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for *Britaine*.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation, that it should be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle Queen,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the *Roman*, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks as like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty;
We've noted it. Call her before us, for
We've been too light in sufferance. [*Exit a Servant.*]

Queen. Royal Sir,
Since the exile of *Posthumus*, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your Majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter the Servant.

Cym. Where is she, Sir? how
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Q 5

Serv.

Serv. Please you, Sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be given to th' loudest noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you
Which daily she was bound to proffer; this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in mem'ry.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? grant heav'ns, That, which I fear,
Prove false? [Exit.]

Queen. Son, I say, follow the King.

Clot. That man of hers, *Pisanio*, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days. [Exit.]

Queen. Go, look after——

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for *Posthumus*!——
He hath a drug of mine; I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing That; for he believes,
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervor of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd *Posthumus*; gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the *British* crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son?

Clot. 'Tis certain, she is fled,
Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better; may
This night fore-stall him of the coming day!

[Exit Queen.]

Clot. I love, and hate her;—for she's fair and
royal,

* And

And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
 * Than lady Ladies; winning from each one
 The best she hath, and she of all compounded
 Out-sells them all: I love her therefore;—but,
 Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
 The low *Posthumus*, flanders so her judgment,
 That what's else rare, is chok'd; and in that point
 I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
 To be reveng'd upon her. For when fools
 Shall——

S C E N E VI.

Enter Pisanio.

Who is here? what! are you packing, firrah?
 Come hither; ah! you precious pander, villain,
 Where is thy lady? in a word, or else
 Thou'rt straightway with the fiends.

[Drawing his Sword.]

Pis. Oh, my good lord!

Clot. Where is thy lady? or, by *Jupiter*,
 I will not ask again. Close villain,
 I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
 Thy heart to find it. Is she with *Posthumus*?
 From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
 A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
 How can she be with him? when was she mis'd?
 He is in *Rome*.

Clot. Where is she, Sir? come nearer;
 No farther halting; satisfy me home,
 What is become of her.

* *Than lady Ladies woman; from each one*——] This Line is Non-sense. It should be read and pointed thus,——*Than lady Ladies; winning from each one*]——The Sense of the Whole is this, I love her because she has, in a more exquisite Degree, all those courtly Parts that ennoble [*Lady*] Women of Quality [*Ladies*] winning from each of them the best of their good Qualities, &c.

Pis. Oh, all-worthy lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain!

Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word; no more of *worthy lord*.
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, Sir,

This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't; I will pursue her
Ev'n to *Augustus*' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.

She's far enough; and what he learns by this, *Aside.*
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Humph.

Pis. I'll write to my lord, she's dead. Oh, *Aside.*
Imogen,

Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is *Posthumus*'s hand, I know't. Sirrah, if
thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service;
undergo those employments, wherein I should have
cause to use thee, with a serious industry; that is,
what villany foe'er I bid thee do, to perform it di-
rectly and truly. I would think thee an honest man;
thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief,
nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and
constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that
beggar *Posthumus*, thou canst not in the course of
gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt
thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast
any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit
he

he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clot. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither; let it be thy first service, go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Clot. Meet thee at *Milford-Haven*?— (I forgot to ask him one thing, I'll remember't anon;) even there, thou villain *Posthumus*, will I kill thee. I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of *Posthumus* in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back will I ravish her; first kill him, and in her eyes—(there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt.) He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body;—and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so prais'd) to the court I'll kick her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Enter Pisanio, with a suit of clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble Lord.

Clot. How long is't since she went to *Milford-Haven*?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber, that is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary Mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at *Milford*, 'would I had wings to follow it! come and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be,

To

To him that is most true. To *Milford* go,
 And find not her, whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,
 You heav'nly Blessings on her! this fool's speed
 Be crost with slowness; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to the Forest and Cave.

Enter Imogen, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I See, a man's life is a tedious one:
 I've tir'd myself; and for two nights together
 Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
 But that my resolution helps me. *Milford*,
 When from the mountain top *Pisano* shew'd thee,
 Thou wast within a ken.—O *Jove*, I think,
 Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
 Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
 I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie,
 That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
 A punishment, or trial? yes; no wonder,
 When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness
 Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falshood
 Is worse in Kings, than Beggars. My dear lord!
 Thou'rt one o' th' false ones; now I think on thee,
 My hunger's gone; but ev'n before, I was
 At point to sink for food. But what is this?

[*Seeing the Cave.*]

Here is a path to't——'tis some savage hold;
 'Twere best, not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
 Ere it clean o'er-throw nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
 Of hardiness is mother. Ho! who's here?
 If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
 Take 'or 't end—ho! no answer? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword: and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Grant such a foe, good heav'ns!

[*She goes into the Cave.*]

Enter

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, *Paladour*, have prov'd best woodman, and
Are master of the feast; *Cadwall* and I
Will play the cook, and servant; 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come, our stomachs
Will make what's homely savoury; weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth,
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Guid. I'm thoroughly weary.

Arv. I'm weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Guid. There is cold meat i' th' cave, we'll brouze
on that,

Whilst what, we've kill'd, be cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in—— [Looking in.
But that it eats our victuals; I should think,
It were a Fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By *Jupiter*, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly Paragon. Behold divineness
No elder than a boy.—

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters harm me not;
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
T' have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good
troth,

I have stoll'n nought, nor would not, though I'd found
Gold strew'd i' th' floor. Here's money for my meat;
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted thence
With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty Gods.

Imo.

Imo. I see, you're angry :
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound ?

Imo. To *Milford-Haven*.

Bel. What's your name ?

Imo. *Fidèle*, Sir ; I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for *Italy* : he embark'd at *Milford* ;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I'm fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd !
'Tis almost night, you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom in honesty ;
I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man : I'll love him as my brother :
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours. Most welcome !
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers ;—Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons ! then had my price
Been less, and so more equal ballancing
To thee. *Posthumus*.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Guid. 'Would I could free't !

Arv. Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger, Gods !

Bel. Hark, boys.

[*Whispering.*

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them ; laying by
That

That nothing-gift of deferring multitudes,
 Could not out-peer these twain—Pardon me, Gods!
 I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
 Since *Leonatus* is false.

Bel. It shall be so:

Boys, we'll go dress our Hunt. Fair youth, come in;
 Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we've sup'd,
 We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
 So far as thou wilt speak.

Guid. I pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to th' owl, and morn to th' lark,
 less welcome!

Imo. Thanks, Sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to R O M E.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 *Sen.* **T**HIS is the tenor of the Emperor's Writ;
 That since the common men are now in
 action

'Gainst the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*,
 And that the legions now in *Gallia* are
 Full weak to undertake our war against
 The fall'n-off *Britons*; that we do incite
 The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius Pro-consul; and to you, the tribunes
 For this immediate levy, he commends
 His absolute commission. Long live *Cæsar*!

Tri. Is *Lucius* Gen'ral of the Forces?

2 *Sen.* Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in *Gallia*?

1 *Sen.* With those legions
 Which I have spoke of, whereunto your Levy
 Must be suppliant. The words of your commission
 Will

Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Forest in Wales.

Enter Cloten alone.

I Am near to th' place where they should meet, if *Pisano* have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the taylor, not be fit too? the rather, (saying reverence of the word,) because, 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman; I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber;) I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his: no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services and more remarkable in single oppositions; yet this ill perseverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! *Posthumus*, thy head, which is now growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off, thy mistress enforc'd, thy garments cut to pieces before her face; and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may, happily, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is ty'd up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! fortune put them into my hand; this is the very description of their meeting place, and the fellow dares not deceive me.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to the Front of the Cave.

*Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen,
from the Cave.*

Bel. **Y**OU are not well: remain here in the cave;
We'll come t' you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here: [To Imogen.
Are we not brothers?—

Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I'm very sick.

Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick: so please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course; the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I'm ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I'm not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you trust me here,
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Guid. I love thee: I have spoke it;
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, Sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you say,
Love reasons without reason. The bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature, breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things fire the base:
Nature

Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
 I'm not their father; yet who this should be,
 Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me!——
 'Tis the ninth hour o' th' morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health——so please you, Sir.

Imo. These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies
 I've heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:
 Experience, oh, how thou disprov'st report,——
 Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
 Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish;
 I am sick still, heart-sick——*Pisanio*,
 I'll now taste of thy drug. [*Drinks out of the phial.*]

Guid. I could not stir him;

He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate;
 Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter
 I might know more.

Bel. To th' field, to th' field:

We'll leave you for this time: go in and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,

I am bound to you. [*Exit Imogen, to the Cave.*]

Bel. And shall be ever.

This youth, howe'er, distress'd, appears to have had
 Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Guid. But his neat cookery!

Arv. He cut our roots in characters;
 And sauc'd our broth, as *Juno* had been sick,
 And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
 A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
 Was that it was, for not being such a smile:

The

The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Guid. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, Patience!
And let the stinking Elder, Grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the encreasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come, away: who's
there?

SCENE III.

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I Cannot find those runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me,——I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' th' Queen; I fear some ambush—
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know, 'tis he: we're held as Out-laws; hence.

Guid. He is but one; you and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away:
Let me alone with him.

[Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.]

Clot. Soft! what are you,
That fly me thus? some villain-mountaineer.——
I've heard of such. What slave art thou?

Guid. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clot. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain; yield thee, thief.

Guid. To whom? to 'thee? what art thou? have
not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger: for I wear not

My

My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?

Clot. Thou villain base,

Know'st me not by my clothes?

Guid. No, nor thy taylor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clot. Thou precious varlet!
My taylor made them not.

Guid. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I'm loth to beat thee.

Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy name?

Clot. Cloten, thou villain.

Guid. Cloten, then, double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to th' Queen.

Guid. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afraid?

[wise:

Guid. Those that I rev'rence, those I fear; the
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the death!—

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of *Lud's* town set your heads;
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [Fight, and Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. NO company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world; you did mistake
him, sure. *Bel.*

Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I'm absolute,
'Twas very *Cloten*.

Arv. In this place we left them;
I will with my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cure of fear. But see, thy brother.

Enter Guiderius, with Cloten's Head.

Guid. This *Cloten* was a fool, an empty purse,
There was no money in't; not *Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Guid. I'm perfect, what; cut off one *Cloten's* head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore
With his own single hand he'd take us in;
Displace our heads, where, thanks to th' Gods, they
grow,
And set them on *Lud's* town.

Bel. We're all undone!

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But what he swore to take, our lives? the law
Protects not us? then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us?
Play judge, and executioner, all himself?
For we do fear the law. What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on; but, in all safe reason,

He

He must have some attendants. * Though his honour
 Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
 From one bad thing to worse; yet not his frenzy,
 Not absolute madness, could so far have rav'd,
 To bring him here alone; although, perhaps,
 It may be heard at court, that such as we
 Cave here, haunt here, are Out-laws, and in time
 May make some stronger head: the which he hearing,
 (As it is like him,) might break out, and swear,
 He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
 To come alone, nor he so undertaking,
 Nor they so suffering; then on good ground we fear,
 If I do fear, this body hath a tail
 More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance

Come, as the Gods foresay it; howsoe'er,
 My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind

To hunt this day: the boy *Fidele's* sickness
 Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own sword

Which he did wave against my throat, I've ta'en
 His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
 Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
 And tell the fishes, he's the Queen's son, *Cloten*.
 That's all I reck. [Exit.]

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:

'Would, *Paladour*, thou hadst not don't, though
 valour

Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had don't,

So the revenge alone pursu'd me! *Paladour*,
 I love thee brotherly, but envy much,
 Thou'st robb'd me of this deed; I would, revenges,

* ———— *Though his honour*

Was nothing but mutation, ———] Mr. *Theobald*, as usual, not understanding this, turns *Honour* to *Humour*. But the text is right and means that the only Notion he had of Honour, was the Fashion, which was perpetually changing.

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 Vol.

That possible strength might meet, would seek us thro'.
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done :

We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. Pr'ythee, to our rock,
You and *Fidele* play the cooks : I'll stay
'Till hasty *Paladour* return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick *Fidele* !

I'll willingly to him : To gain his colour,
* I'd let a marish of such *Clotens* blood,
And praise myself for charity.

[*Exit.*

Bel. O thou Goddess,

Thou divine Nature ! how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys ! they are as gentle,
As Zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as rough,
(Their royal blood enchas'd,) as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him sloop to th' vale——'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other ; valour,
That wildly grows in them ; but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange
What *Cloten*'s being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my brother ?

I have sent *Cloten*'s clot-pole down the stream,
In embassy to his mother ; his body's hostage
For his return.

[*Solemn music.*

Bel. My ingenious instrument !

Hark, *Paladour* ! it sounds : but what occasion
Hath *Cadwall* now to give it motion ? hark !

† I'd let a parish of such *Clotens* blood,] This Nonsense should be
corrected thus,——I'd let a marish of such *Clotens* blood. Warb.

VOL. VIII.

R

Guid.

Guid. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean? Since death of my dear'st Mother,

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter!—
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys;
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is *Cadwall* mad?

S C E N E V.

Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his arms.

Bel. LOOK, here he comes!
And brings the dire occasion, in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on! I had rather
Have skipt from sixteen years of age to sixty;
And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Guid. Oh sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
* The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish carrack
Might eas'liest harbour in?—thou blessed thing!
Jove knows, what man thou might'st have made; but
Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy! [ah!
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:

*The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish care
Might eas'liest harbour in?—] But as plausible as this at first
Sight may seem, all those, who know any Thing of good writing,
will agree, that our Author must have wrote,

—to shew what coast the sluggish carrack, &c.
Carrack is a slow, heavy built Vessel of Burden.

Warb.

This

Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber !
Not as Death's dart being laugh'd at : his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Guid. Where ?

Arv. O'th' floor :

His arms thus leagu'd ; I thought, he slept ; and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but sleeps ;
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed ;
With female Fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come near thee.

Arv. With fairest flow'rs,
'Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, *Fidele*,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
The flow'r that's like thy face, pale *Primrose* ; nor
The azur'd *Hare-bell*, like thy veins, no, nor
The leaf of *Eglantine* ; which not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath. The *Raddock* would,
With charitable bill, (oh bill, fore-shaming
Those rich-cleft heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a Monument !) bring thee all this ;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flow'rs are none,
*To winter-gown thy coarse.——

Guid. Pr'ythee, have done ;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.——To th' grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him ?

Guid. By good *Euriphile*, our mother.

Arv. Be't so :

And let us, *Paladour*, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to th' ground ;

* To winter-ground thy coarse—The Epithet *furr'd* to moss directs
us plainly to another Reading,

To winter-gown thy coarse.——

i. e. the Summer Habit shall be a light Gown of Flowers, thy Winter
Habit a good warm furr'd Gown of Moss.

As, once, our mother: use like note, and words,
Save that *Euriphile* must be *Fidele*.

Guid. Cadwall,

I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than Priests and Fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, med'cine the less. For Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's son, boys,
And though he came our enemy, remember,
He has paid for that: the mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust; yet Reverence,
(That angel of the world,) doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a Prince.

Guid. Pray, fetch him hither.

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst: Brother, begin.

Guid. Nay, Cadwall. we must lay his head to th'
East;

My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So, begin.

S O N G.

Guid. Fear no more the heat o' th' Sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' th' Great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:

The

*The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.*

Guid. Fear no more the lightning-flash.

Arv. Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone,

Guid. Fear no slander, censure rash.

Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must

Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Guid. No exorciser harm thee!

Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Guid. Ghost, unlaid, forbear thee!

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!

Both. Quiet consummation have,

And renowned be thy Grave!

Enter Belarius, with the body of Cloten.

*Guid. We've done our obsequies: come, lay him
down.*

*Bel. Here's a few flow'rs, but about midnight more;
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'th'night,
Are firewings fitt'ft for Graves.—Upon their faces—
You were as flow'rs, now wither'd; even so
These herbelets shall, which we upon you strow.
Come on, away, apart upon our knees—
The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain. [Exeunt.*

Imogen, awaking.

*Imo. Yes, Sir, to Milford-Haven, which is the
way?—*

*I thank you—by yond bush?—pray, how far
thither?—*

'Ods pittikins—can it be fix miles yet?

I've gone all night—'faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow—Oh Gods, and Goddesses!

[Seeing the body.

These flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world;

This bloody man the care on't—I hope, I dream;

For, sure, I thought I was cave-keeper,
 And cook to honest creatures. But 'tis not so:
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
 Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
 Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good
 faith,

I tremble still with fear; but if there be
 Yet left in heav'n as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, oh Gods! a part of it!
 The dream's here still; ev'n when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
 A headless man!—the garments of *Posthumus*?
 I know the shape of's leg, this is his hand,
 His foot *mercurial*, his *martial* thigh,
 The brawns of *Hercules*: but his *jovial* face——
 Murder in heaven?—how!——'tis gone!——

Pisanio!—

All curses madd'd *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou,
 'Twas thou, conspiring with that devil *Cloten*,
 Hast here cut off my lord. To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treach'rous!—damn'd *Pisanio*
 Hath with his forged letters—damn'd *Pisanio*!—
 From this the bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top! oh *Posthumus*, alas,
 Where is thy head? where's That? ah me, where's
 That?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left thy head on. How should this be, *Pisanio*?
 'Tis he and *Cloten*. Malice and lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. Oh, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to th' senses? that confirms it home:
 This is *Pisanio*'s deed, and *Cloten*'s. Oh!
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horridier may seem to those
 Which chance to find us. Oh, my lord! my lord!

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter Lucius, Captains, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. **T**O them, the legions garrison'd in *Gallia*,
After your will, have cross'd the sea, at-
tending

You here at *Milford-Haven*, with your Ships :
They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from *Rome* ?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd up the Confiners,
And gentlemen of *Italy*. most willing spirits,
That promise noble service : and they come
Under the conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them ?

Cap. With the next benefit o' th' wind.

Luc. This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present
numbers

Be muster'd; bid the Captains look to't. Now, Sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose ?

Sooth. Last night, the very Gods shew'd me a vision.
(I fast, and pray'd for their intelligence)
I saw *Jove's* bird, the *Roman* eagle, wing'd
From the spungy south, to this part of the West,
There vanish'd in the sun-beams ; which portends
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to th' *Roman* Host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false !——Soft, ho, what Trunk is here
Without his top ? the ruin speaks, that sometime
It was worthy building. How ! a page !——
Or dead, or sleeping on him ? but dead, rather :
For Nature doth abhor to make his couch
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? who was he,
That, otherwise than noble Nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? what's thy interest
In this sad wreck? how came it, and who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be, were better. This was my master,
A very valiant *Briton*, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain: alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From East to Occident cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve them truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good friend.

Imo. *Richard du Camp*. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the Gods hear, I hope, [*Aside*.
They'll pardon it. Say you, Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same;
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The *Roman* Emperor's letters,
Sent by a Consul to me, should no sooner,
Than thine own worth, prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But first, an't please the
Gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his
Grave,
And on it said a century of pray'rs,

(Such

(Such as I can,) twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee, than master thee,
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest dazied-plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A Grave; come, arm him: boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine eyes:
Some Falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. **A** GAIN; and bring me word, how 'tis
with her!

A fever with the absence of her son;
Madness, of which her life's in danger; heav'ns!
How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen,*
The great part of my comfort, gone! my Queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me! her son gone,
So needful for this present! it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll force it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I set it at your will: but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains; why, gone;
Nor when she purposes Return. 'Beseech your
Highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here;
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For *Cloten*,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will no doubt be found,

Cym. The time is troublesome;
We'll slip you for a season, but our jealousy
Do's yet depend.

Lord. So please your Majesty,
The *Roman* Legions, all from *Gallia* drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with large supply
Of *Roman* Gentlemen, by th' Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my Son and Queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more
you're ready;

The want is, but to put these Powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you; let's withdraw,
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from *Italy* annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here.—Away.— [Exit.

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, *Imogen* was slain. 'Tis strange;
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I,
What is betide to *Cloten*; but remain
Perplext in all. The heavens still must work;
Wherein I'm false, I'm honest; not true, to be true
These present wars shall find, I love my Country,
Ev'n to the note o' th' King, or I fall in them;
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd;
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

*Changes to the Forest.**Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*Guid. **T**HE noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, Sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?Guid. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the *Romans*
Must or for *Britons* slay us, or receive us
For barb'rous and unnatural Revolts
During their use, and slay us after.Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains, there secure us.
To the King's Party there's no going; newness
Of *Cloten's* death (we being not known, nor muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a Render
Where we have liv'd: and so extort from us
That which we've done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt
(In such a time) nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the *Roman* horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, * have both their eyes
And ears so 'ploy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note
To know from whence we are.Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the army; many years,

*—————have both their eyes

And ears so cloy'd importantly as now.] There is no Doubt, but
our Islanders would be thoroughly cloy'd of the Sight and Noise of a
terrible and powerful Invader. *Shakespeare* without Doubt wrote,

—————so 'ploy'd importantly as now.

i. e. employ'd or taken up with Things of such Importance. *Warb.*

Though

Though *Cloten* then but young, (you see,) not wore him
 From my remembrance. And, besides, the King
 Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves,
 Who find in my exile the want of breeding;
 The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeless
 To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd;
 But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
 The shrinking slaves of winter.

Guid. Than be so,
 Better to cease to be. Pray, Sir, to th' army;
 I and my brother are not known; yourself
 So out of thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,
 Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this Sun that shines,
 I'll thither; what thing is it, that I never
 Did see man die, scarce ever look'd on blood,
 But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
 Never bestrid a horse save one, that had
 A rider like myself who ne'er wore rowel,
 Nor iron on his heel? I am assur'd
 To look upon the holy Sun, to have
 The benefit of his best beams, remaining
 So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heav'ns, I'll go;
 If you will bless me, Sir, and give me leave,
 I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
 The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
 The hands of *Romans*!

Arv. So say I, *Amen*.

Bel. No reason I (since of your lives you set
 So slight a valuation) should reserve
 My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys;
 If in your country wars you chance to die,
 That is my bed too, lads; and there I'll lie.
 Lead, lead; the time seems long: their blood thinks
 scorn

'Till it fly out, and shew them Princes born.

[*Exeunt.*
 A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody handkerchief.

POSTHUMUS.

YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wisht,
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married
Ones,

If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little? oh, *Pisanio*!
Every good servant does not all Commands;
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this; so had you saved
The noble *Imogen* to repent, and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But alack,
You snatch from hence for little faults; that's love;
To have them fall no more:—you some permit
To second ills with ills, each worse than other,
And make them dreaded, to the doers' thirst.—
But *Imogen*'s your own: do your best wills,
And make me blest t' obey! I am brought hither
Among th' *Italian* Gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's Kingdom; 'tis enough,
That, *Britaine*, I have kill'd thy mistress: Peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heav'ns,
Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
Of these *Italian* weeds, and suit myself
As do's a *Briton* peasant; so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O *Imogen*, for whom my life
Is, ev'ry breath, a death: and thus unknown,
Pitied, nor hated, to the face of peril

Myself

Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me, than my Habits shew :
 Gods, put the strength o' th' *Leonati* in me !
 To shame the guise o' th' world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman army at one door ; and the British army at another ; Leonatus Posthumus following like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in skirmish Iachimo, and Posthumus ; he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt, within my bosom,
 Takes off my manhood ; I've bely'd a lady,
 The Princess of this country ; and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me : or could this carle,
 A very drudge of nature, have subdu'd me
 In my profession ? Knighthoods, and Honours born,
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn :
 If that thy gentry, *Britaine*, go before
 This lowt, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are Gods. [Exit.

The battle continues : the Britons fly, Cymbeline is taken ; then enter to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand ; we have th' advantage of the
 ground ;
 That lane is guarded : nothing routs us, but
 The villany of our fears.

Guid. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight.

Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons. They rescue Cymbeline, and exeunt.

Then Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself ;
 For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
 As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely. Or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Another part of the Field of Battle.

Enter Posthumus, and a British Lord.

Lord. **C**Am'st thou from where they made the
Stand?

Post. I did.

Though you, it seems, came from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, Sir, for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the King himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of *Britaine* seen; all flying
Through a straight lane, the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful, than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear, that the straight Pass was
damn'd

With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with
turf,

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
(An honest one, I warrant,) who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's Country. 'Thwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads, more like to run
The country Base, than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,)
Made good the passage, cry'd to those that fled,

Our

Our *Britaine's* Harts die flying, not our men;
 To darkness fleet souls, that fly backwards! stand;
 Or we are *Romans*, and will give you That
 Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save
 But to look back in frown: stand, stand.—These
 three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many;
 (For three performers are the file, when all
 The rest do nothing;) with this word, Stand, stand,
 Accommodated by the place, (more charming
 With their own Nobleness, which could have turn'd
 A distaff to a lance) gilded pale looks;
 Part, shame, part, spirit-renew'd; that some, turn'd
 coward

But by example, (oh, a sin in war,
 Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o' th' hunters. Then began
 A stop i' th' chaser, a retire; anon,
 A rout, confusion-thick. Forthwith they fly
 Chickens, the way which they sloop'd eagles: slaves,
 The strides they victors mad; and now our cowards,
 Like fragments in hard voyages, became
 The life o' th' need; having found the back door open
 Of the unguarded hearts, heav'ns, how they wound
 Some slain before, some dying; some, their friends
 O'er-borne i' th' former wave; ten, chas'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty;
 Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
 The mortal hugs o' th' field.

Lord. This was strange chance,
 A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't?
 And vent it for a mockery? here is one:
*Two boys, an old man, (twice a boy,) a lane,
 Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

Lord.

Lord. Nay, Be not angry, Sir.

Post. Lack ! to what end ?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend ;

For if he'll do, as he is made to do,

I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.

You have put me into rhimes.

Lord. Farewel, you are angry.

[*Exit.*

Post. This is a lord——oh noble misery,

To be i' th' field, and ask what news, of me !

To day, how many would have given their honours

To've say'd their carcasses ? took heel to do't,

And yet died too ? I, in mine own woe charm'd,

Could not find death, where I did hear him groan ;

Nor feel him, where he struck. This ugly monster,—

'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,

Sweet words ; or hath more ministers than we,

That draw his knives i' th' war——Well, I will find
him :

For being now a favourer to the *Briton*,

No more a *Briton*. I've resum'd again

The part I came in. Fight I will no more,

But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall

Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is

Here made by th' *Roman* ; great the answer be,

Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death ;

On either side I come to spend my breath ;

Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,

But end it by some means for *Imogen*.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great *Jupiter* be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken !

'Tis thought, the old man, and his sons, were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,

That gave th' affront with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported ;

But none of them can be found. Stand, who's there?

Post. A *Roman*——

Who

Who had not now been drooping here, if Seconds
Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him ; a dog !
A leg of *Rome* shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here ; he brags his
service,
As if he were of note ; bring him to th' King.

*Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus,
Pisano, and Roman captives. The captains present
Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a
Goaler. After which, all go out.*

S C E N E III.

Changes to a Prison.

Enter Posthumus, and two goalers.

1 *Goal.* **Y**OU shall not now be stoll'n, you've locks
upon you :

So, graze, as you find pasture.

2 *Goal.* Ay, or stomach. [*Exeunt Goalers.*]

Post. Most welcome, bondage ; for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty ; yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' th' gout, since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd
By th' sure physician, death ; who is the key
T' unbar these locks. My conscience ! thou art fetter'd,
More than my shanks and wrists ; you good Gods,
give me

The penitent instrument to pick that bolt ;
Then, free for ever. Is't enough, I'm sorry ?
So children temp'rai fathers do appease ;
Gods are more full of mercy.——Must I repent ?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd ; to satisfy,
I d'off my freedom ; 'tis the main part ; take
No stricter Render of me, than my all.

I know,

I know, you are more clement than vile men,
 Who of their broken debtors take a third,
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement; that's not my desire.
 For *Imogen's* dear life, take mine; and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it.
 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake;
 You rather, mine being yours: and so, great Powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel those old bonds. Oh *Imogen*!
 I'll speak to thee in silence.— [He sleeps.

Solemn music: Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with music before them. Then, after other music, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, shew
 Thy spite on mortal flies:
 With *Mars* fall out, with *Juno* chide,
 That thy Adulteries
 Rates and revenges.—
 Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
 Whose face I never saw?
 I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
 Attending Nature's Law.
 Whose father, *Jove*! (as men report,
 Thou orphans' father art;)
 Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
 From his earth-vexing smart.
Moth. *Lucina* lent not me her aid
 But took me in my throes;
 That from me my *Posthumus* ript,
 Came crying 'mongst his foes,
 A thing of pity!—

Sici.

Sici. Great Nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair;
That he deserv'd the praise o' th' world,
As great *Sicilius'* heir.

¹ *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In *Britaine* where was he,
That could stand up his parallel,
Or rival object be
In eye of *Imogen*, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage therefore was he mockt,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From *Leonatus'* seat, and cast
From her his dearest one?

Sweet *Imogen*!—

Sici. Why did you suffer *Iachimo*,
Slight thing of *Italy*,
To taint his noble heart and brain
With needless jealousy,
And to become the geek and scorn
O' th' other's villainy?

² *Bro.* For this, from stiffer seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely and were slain;
Our fealty, and *Tenantius'* right,
With honour to maintain.

¹ *Bro.* Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath
To *Cymbeline* perform'd;
Then, *Jupiter*, thou King of Gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth.

Moth. Since, *Jupiter*, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion, 'help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To th' shining synod of the rest,
Against thy Deity.

2 Broth. Help, *Jupiter*, or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.

Jupit. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!—how dare you, Ghosts,
Accuse the Thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of *Elysium*, hence and rest

Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.
Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd.

No care of yours it is: you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:

His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent;
Our *Jovial* star reign'd at his birth, and in

Our temple was he married: rise, and fade!
He shall be lord of lady *Imogen*,

And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein

[*Jupiter drops a tablet.*

Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away;—no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine;
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder, his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell; the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us; his ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields; his royal bird

Prunes

Prunes the immortal wing, and cloy's his beak,
As when his God is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, *Jupiter*!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof: away, and to be blest
Let us with care perform his great behest. [*Vanish.*]

Post. [*waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandfire,
and begot

A father to me: and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers. But, oh scorn!
Gone—they went hence so soon as they were born;
And so I am awake—Poor wretches, that depend
On Greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve;
And yet are sleep'd in favours; so am I
That have this golden chance, and know not why:
What fairies haunt this ground? a'hook! oh rare one!
Be not, as in our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our Courtiers;
As good as promise.

[*Reads.*]

WHEN as the lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,
without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of
tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt
branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive,
be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall
Posthumus end his miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and
flourish in peace and plenty.

'Tis still a dream: or else such stuff, as mad men
Tongue, and brain not—do either both, or nothing—
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. But what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which I'll keep
If but for sympathy.

Enter

Enter Goaler.

Goal. Come, Sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Goal. Hanging is the word, Sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cookt.

Post. So if it prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Goal. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir; but the comfort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth; you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain, both empty, the brain the heavier, for being too light; the purse too light being drawn of heaviness. Oh, of this contradiction you shall now be quit: oh, the charity of a penny cord, it sums up thousands in a trice; you have no true debtor, and creditor, but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge; your neck, Sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Goal. Indeed, Sir, he that sleeps, feels not the tooth-ach: but a man that were to sleep, your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for look you, Sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Goal. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictur'd: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or to take upon yourself that, which, I am sure, you do not know; or lump the after-enquiry on your own peril; and how you shall speed in your journey's-end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes,
to

to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Goal. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his manacles, bring your prisoner to the King.

Post. Thou bring'st good news; I am called to be made free.

Goal. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a goaler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger.*]

Goal. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a *Roman*: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would, we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of goalers and gallowses; I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and lords.

Cym. **S**TAND by my side, you, whom the Gods have made

Preservers of my Throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor Soldier, that so richly fought,
(Whose rags sham'd gilded arms; whose naked breast
Stept before shields of proof.) cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing:
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But begg'ry and poor Luck.

Cym. No tydings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and
living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, (the liver, heart, and brain of *Britaine*;) [To *Bel.* *Guid.* and *Arvirag.*

By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In *Cambria* are we born, and Gentlemen:
Farther to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we're honest.

Cym. Bow your knees;
Arise my Knights o'th' battle; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius, and Ladies.

There's business in these faces: why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like *Romans*,
And not o'th' Court of *Britaine*.

Cor. Hail, great King!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The Queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? but I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like herself;
Who, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess,
I will report, so please you: These her women

Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd, she never lov'd you: only
Affected Greatness got by you, not you:
Married your Royalty, was wise to your Place;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your Daughter, whom she bore in hand to
love
With such integrity, she did confess,
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? is there more?

Cor. More, Sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and ling'ring
By inches waste you. In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew: yes, and in time,
(When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work
Her son into th' adoption of the Crown:
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless; desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes: repented,
The ills she hatch'd were not effected: so,
Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

Lady. We did, so please your Highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful:
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her Seeming. It had been
vicious

To have mistrusted her. Yet, oh my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all!

S C E N E V.

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners;
Leonatus behind, and Imogen.*

Thou com'st not, *Caius*, now for Tribute; That
The *Britons* have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be pleas'd with slaughter
Of you their Captives, which ourself have granted.
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, Sir, the chance of war; the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cold, have
threaten'd

Our Prisoners with the sword. But since the Gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come. Sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer.—
Augustus lives to think on't—And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat: my boy, a *Briton* born,
Let him be ransom'd; never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like; let his virtue join [ness
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your High-
Cannot deny: he hath done no *Briton* harm,
Though he hath serv'd a Roman. Save him, Sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I've surely seen him;
His favour is familiar to me. Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,

To say, "live, boy:" ne'er thank thy master, live;
And ask of *Cymbeline* what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it:
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alack,
There's other work in hand; I see a thing
Bitter to me, as death; your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys:
Why stands he so perplext?

Cym. What would'st thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more,
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a *Roman*; no more kin to me,
Than I to your Highness: who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eye'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: walk with me, speak freely.

[*Cymbel. and Imo. walk aside.*]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One sand another

* *One sand another*

Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad.] A slight Corruption has
made Nonsense of this Passage. One Grain might resemble another,
but none a human Form. We should read,

Not more resembles, than He th' sweet rosy lad.

Not

Not more resembles, than He th' sweet rosy lad,
Who dy'd and was *Fidele*. What think you?

Guid. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, see more; he eyes us not; forbear,

Creatures may be alike; were't he, I'm sure,
He would have spoke t'us.

Guid. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent: let's see further.

Pis. 'Tis my mistress——

[*Aside.*

Since she is living, let the time run on,

To good, or bad. [*Cymb. and Imog. come forward.*

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side.

Make thy demand aloud.——Sir, Step you forth,

[*To Iachimo.*

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;

Or, by our Greatness and the Grace of it,

Which is our Honour, bitter torture shall

Winnow the truth from fallhood——On; speak to
him.

Imo. My boon is, that this Gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken That,
Which to be spoke would torture thee.

Cym. How? me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter what
Torments me to conceal. By villany

I got this ring; 'twas *Leonatus'* jewel,

Whom thou didst banish: and (which more may
grieve thee,

As it doth me) a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd

'Twixt sky and ground. Will you hear more, my
lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,

For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember,—give me leave, I faint.—

Cym. My daughter, what of her? renew thy
strength;

I'd rather thou should'st live, while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak,

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock,
That struck the hour:) it was in *Rome*, (accurs'd
The mansion where) 'twas at a feast, (oh, would
Our viands had been poison'd! or at least,

Those which I heav'd to head:) the good *Posthumus*—
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all

Amongst the rar'st of good ones)—sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our Loves of *Italy*

For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd Boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming

The shrine of *Venus*, or straight-pight *Minerva*,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,

A shop of all the qualities, that man
Loves woman for; besides that hook of wiving,

Fairness, which strikes the eye—

Cym. I stand on fire.

Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,

Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This *Posthumus*,
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one

That had a royal lover) took his hint;

And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein

He was as calm as virtue) he began

His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,

And then a mind put in't, either our brags

Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description

Prov'd us unspeaking fots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity;—there it begins:

He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreams,

And she alone were cold; whereat, I, wretch!——

Made

Made scruple of his praise; and wag'd with him
 Pieces of gold, 'gainst This which then he wore
 Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
 In suit the place of's bed, and win this ring
 By hers and mine adultery. He, true Knight,
 No lesser of her honour confident
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
 And would so, had it been a carbuncle
 Of *Phæbus's* wheel; and might so safely, had it
 Been all the worth of's Car. Away to *Britaine*
 Post I in this design: well may you, Sir,
 Remember me at court. where I was taught
 By your chaste daughter the wide difference
 'Twixt amorous, and villainous. Being thus quench'd
 Of Hope, not Longing, mine *Italian* brain
 'Gan in your duller *Britaine* operate
 Most vilely: for my vantage excellent;
 And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
 That I return'd with similar proof enough
 To make the noble *Leonatus* mad,
 By wounding his belief in her renown,
 With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet;
 (Oh, cunning! how I got it) nay, some marks
 Of secret on her person; that he could not
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
 I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon,
 Methinks, I see him now.——

Post. Ay, so thou do'st, [Coming forward.
Italian fiend! ah me, most credulous fool,
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
 That's due to all the villians past, in Being,
 To come—oh, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 Some upright justicer! Thou, King, send out
 For torturers ingenious; it is I
 That all th' abhorred things o' th' earth amend,
 By being worse than they. I am *Posthumus*
 That kill'd thy daughter;—villain-like, I lie;

That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't. The temple
 Of virtue was she, yea, and She herself.——
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 The dogs o' th' street to bay me: every villain
 Be call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and
 Be villany less than 'twas!——Oh *Imogen*!
 My Queen, my life, my wife! oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my Lord, hear, hear——

Post. Shall's have a Play of this?

Thou scornful page, there lie thy part,

Striking her, she falls.

Pis. Oh, gentlemen, help,
 Mine, and your mistress—Oh, my lord *Posthumus*!
 You ne'er kill'd *Imogen* 'till now——help, help,
 Mine honour'd lady ——

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these flaggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the Gods do mean to strike me
 To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
 Thou gav'st me poison: dang'rous fellow, hence!
 Breathe not, where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of *Imogen*!

Pis. Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulphur on me,
 If what I gave you was not thought by me,
 A precious thing: I had it from the Queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. Oh Gods!

I left out one thing which the Queen confess'd,
 Which must approve thee honest. If *Pisanio*
 Have, said she, giv'n his mistress that confession,
 Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
 As I would serve a rat.

Cym.

Cym. What's this, *Cornelius*?

Cor. The Queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem; I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en would seize
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys, there was our error.

Guid. This is, sure, *Fiddle*. [you?

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
Think, that you are upon a mock, and now
Throw me again. (*Throwing her arms about his neck.*)

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
'Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh? my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your Blessing, Sir, [Kneeling.

Bel. Tho' you did love this youth, I blame you not,
You had a motive for't. [To *Guid.* Arvi.

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy-water on thee! *Imogen*,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I'm sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely; but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord *Cloten*,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and
swore,
If I discover'd not which way she went,

It

It was my instant death. By accident
 I had a feigned letter of my master's
 Then in my pocket; which directed her
 To seek him on the mountains near to *Milford* :
 Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
 Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
 With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
 My lady's honour : What became of him,
 I further know not.

Guid. Let me end the story ;
 I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend !
 I would not, thy good deeds should from my lips
 Pluck a hard sentence : pr'ythee, valiant youth,
 Deny't again.

Guid. I've spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Guid. A most incivil one. The wrongs he did me,
 Were nothing prince-like ; for he did provoke me
 With language that would make me spurn the sea,
 Could it so roar to me. I cut off's head ;
 And am right glad, he is not standing here
 To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I'm sorry for thee ;
 By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
 Endure our law : thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man
 I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
 And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King,
 This man is better than the man he slew,
 As well descended as thyself ; and hath
 More of thee merited, than a band of *Clotens*
 Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone ;

[*To the Guard.*

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old Soldier,

Wilt

Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By hasting of our wrath? how of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three,

But I will prove, that two on's are as good
As I've giv'n out of him. My sons, I must,
For my own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good, his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave:

Thou had'st, great King, a subject, who was call'd
Belarius.

Cym. What of him? a banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath

Assum'd this age; indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence,

The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:

First, pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I've receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and faucy; here's my knee:

Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons,
Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my issue?

Bel. So sure, as you, your father's: I, old *Morgan*,
Am that *Belarius* whom you sometime banish'd;
Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason: That I suffer'd,

Was

Was all the harm I did. These gentle Princes
 (For such and so they are,) these twenty years
 Have I train'd up; such arts they have, as I
 Could put into them. Sir, my breeding was,
 As your Grace knows. Their nurse *Euriphile*,
 Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
 Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
 Having receiv'd the punishment before,
 For That which I did then. Beaten for loyalty,
 Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
 The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
 Unto my end of stealing them. But, Sir,
 Here are your sons again; and I must lose
 Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
 The benediction of these covering heav'ns
 Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
 To in-lay heav'n with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st:
 The service, that you three have done, is more
 Unlike, than this thou tell'st. I lost my children—
 If these be they, I know not how to wish
 A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while——
 This gentleman, whom I call *Paladour*,
 Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
 This gentleman, my *Cadwall*, *Arviragus*,
 Your younger princely son; he, Sir, was lapt
 In a most curious mantle, wrought by th' hand
 Of his Queen-mother, which, for more probation,
 I can with ease produce.

Cym. *Guiderius* had
 Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
 It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
 Who hath upon him still that nat'ral stamp:
 It was wise Nature's end, in the donation,
 To be his evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I

A mother to the birth of three! ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more; blest may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! oh *Imogen*,
Thou'lt lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord:

I've got two worlds by't. Oh, my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? oh, never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister: I, you brothers;
When ye were so, indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Guid. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the Queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through? this fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our *Roman* captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither?—These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance: but not the time, nor place,
Will serve long interrogatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon *Imogen*;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy. The counter-change
Is sev'rally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.
Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

[*To Belarius.*

Imo. You are my father too, and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season!

Cym.

Cym. All o'er-joy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good-master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well become this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.

Post. 'Tis I am, Sir,
The soldier, that did company these three,
In poor Beseeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, *Iachimo*, I had you down, and might
Have made your finish.

Iach. I am down again:
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee, [*Kneels.*
And then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest Princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power, that I have on you, is to spare you:
The malice tow'rd's you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better!

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help'd us, Sir,
As you did mean, indeed, to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, Princes. Good my lord of *Rome*,
Call forth your *Soothsayer*. As I slept, methought,
Great *Jupiter*, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can

Make

Make no collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Phi'armonus,——

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

[Reads.]

WHEN as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,
without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of
tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt
branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive,
be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall
Posthumus end his miseries, Britaine be fortunate, and
flourish in peace and plenty.

Thou, *Leonatus*, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being *Leonatus*, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[To Cymbeline.]

Which we call *Mollis Aer*; and *Mollis Aer*
We term it *Mulier*: which *Mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the Oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipt about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This has some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal *Cymbeline*,
Personates thee; and thy lopt branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by *Belarius* stoll'n,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose Issue
Promises *Britaine* peace and plenty.

Cym. My peace we will begin, and, *Caius Lucius*,
Although the victor, we submit no *Cæsar*,
And to the *Roman Empire*; promising,
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queen;

On

On whom heav'n's justice (both on her, and hers)
Hath laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the Powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace: the vision,
Which I made known to *Lucius* ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd. For the *Roman* eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o'th' sun
So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our princely eagle,
Th' imperial *Cæsar*, should again unite
His favour with the radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the Gods!
And let the crooked Smokes climb to their Nostrils
From our blest altars! publish we this Peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
A *Roman* and a *British* Ensign wave
Friendly together; so through *Lud's* town march:
And in the Temple of great *Jupiter*
Our Peace we'll ratify. Seal it with feasts.
Set on, there: Never was a War did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a Peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

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The End of the Eighth Volume.

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